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THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT, AND THE NEW CHIEF-JUSTICE.

By AUSBURN TOWNER.

THE United States Supreme Court Room in Washington, with its surroundings, probably possesses more historical interest than any one particular locality in the capital. It is small in comparison with the other apartments in the Capitol; a half-circle in shape, the seats of the Justices being at the diameter and looking west.



MELVILLE W. FULLER, CHIEF-JUSTICE ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

Vol. XXVI., No. 1-1.

It was formerly the United States Senate Chamber, and within its walls have been heard the voices of all the great men of this country for the past eighty years. There is a famous old steel engraving, very popular thirty or forty years ago, and seen now in country farm-houses, offices of old lawyers or out-of-the-way taverns, giving a picture of the then Senate Chamber. Henry Clay is on his feet, in the midst of a great speech, and around him are the worthy men of those days, each face a likeness. In the gallery opposite the presiding officer's desk are all the women noted for their beauty, or for being the wives or daughters of well-known men. You get the impression of a roomy apartment, but as you look at the same place now, you wonder how so much of humanity could be squeezed into such a small space. The gallery, supported by its slender columns, has been taken away, and, as well, the big stoves that stood in the niches underneath it. Along the circular wall are now placed the marble busts of the six Chief-justices that preceded the one recently dead. There is another somewhat well-known picture which is very deceptive as to the apparent size of the room. It is the one representing the Electoral Commission, that declared Hayes the choice of the people for President, at its work. The number of persons crowded upon the canvas, most of them not present at all, is stupendous. Back of the seats of the Justices is a row of columns of peculiarly marked stone, something like "pudding-stone." It was quarried near Acquia Creek. Back of these columns is a narrow lobby, light and airy. Over this is another gallery.

The acoustic properties of the room are very bad, and somewhat peculiar. In some parts of the space railed off for the Bar a man speaking can scarcely be heard by the Bench, while at the north end of the latter, at the Clerk's desk, a whisper can be heard at the other end, where the Reporter sits. There has been a box made and covered with black velvet, looking something like that on the desk in a country church. This is placed on the long table in the bar, and behind it the lawyer stands when he is addressing the Court. From that point one can be heard clearly all over the room. At the north end of the bench is the Clerk's desk, and at his right a small space railed off for the use of the Attorney-general. At the other end of the bench is the desk of the official Reporter. Three rows of seats run around the semicircle, outside of the railing for the Bar, for the use of the public and spectators. An interesting plan in a frame hangs up at one side near the entrance to the lobby at the back of the bench. It shows the Senate Chamber in 1850, the seats being numbered, and the number showing to whom they belonged. The names of Seward, Webster, Sumner and others appear, a reminiscence of what seems to be ancient history.

A gilt eagle, poised, with wings outspread, is stationed on the wall just back of the Chief-justice, and looks sometimes as if about to alight on the head of that dignitary. A gilt shield is placed aloft over the outer door opening into the chamber from the corridor. Except for the associations connected with the place, it is all scarcely up to the greatness and grandeur of our country, or in harmony with the surroundings of the other co-ordinate branches of the Government. The offices of the officers of the Court are near at hand, that of the Marshal, J. Montgomery Wright, of Kentucky, who was appointed in January of this year, being just south, and near by his is a little room devoted to the uses of the Attorney-general—a very small room, bare and uninviting. He might possibly leave his hat and overcoat there, but not much else. The offices of the Clerk of the

Court, James H. McKenney, are on the opposite side of the corridor, and are roomy and pleasant. They were formerly the offices of the Clerk of the Senate, when the Court held its sessions in what is now the Law Library. In these offices is a large, round gilt clock that has a history. It stares you in the face on your first entrance. Years ago, when the Court assembled at eleven o'clock in the morning, there were laggards and prompt ones, as there will always be. The former blamed their delay upon their watches, and none of them ever agreed.

"I'll fix this," said Mr. Justice Story, "and we'll get a clock that we can all go by."

Mr. Justice Story was one of the prompt ones. And he had this clock made. On its pendulum are these words: "Made in Boston by Simon Willard, in the 85th year of his age. Boston, July, 1837."

It just a little reminds one of an inscription on a tombstone, only that points toward eternity, and this toward time. The clock goes now, keeps the most accurate record of the wagging hours, and seems to be good for another half-century.

There are two oil portraits in these offices that attract one from the long services of those they represent. One is a likeness of William Thomas Carroll, of the famous Carroll family of Maryland. He was the Clerk of the Supreme Court from 1827 to 1863. The other is the likeness of D. W. Middleton. He was Deputy Clerk for many years, and was Clerk from 1863 to April, 1880, when he was succeeded by the present incumbent. No other court-room in this country has what this has, a "robing-room" for the Justices. It is a long and narrow chamber, dimly lit, curtained with deep-red curtains, and gives one something the same feeling that a sacristy or a vestry-room in a church gives. Large portraits of Chief-justices Jay and Taney adorn the walls, and two of Chief-justice Marshall. One of these of Marshall is by Peale. There is also there an engraved likeness of Lord Chief-justice Coleridge, of England, presented by himself to the Supreme Court of the United States. This robing-room used to be the room of the Vice-president. In a sort of a vestibule, between it and the corridor, the robes themselves are hung in closets with glass doors. The long black vestments give a sombre appearance to the chamber, and remind one somewhat of the line: "The trailing garments of the night."

The robes are mostly of heavy black gros-grain silk, while some have been of satin. Each Justice furnishes his own gown. They are made very full, requiring about twenty yards. Some of the Justices have a new gown frequently, while others wear the same one for years. In all instances, they are an expensive part of the Court's outfit.

Between the second Monday in October and the second Monday in May, with a recess of three or four weeks in January, to allow the Justices time to write up their opinions, the sessions of the Court begin every day, except Sunday, at noon. Just before the hour is struck, the door from the robing-room into the corridor is opened, and the procession of the Court, led by the Marshal of the Court, followed by the Chief-justice, or the Senior Associate-justice, is begun to the court-room. The corridor is the one leading from the Rotunda toward the Senate Chamber, and while the procession is crossing to the opposite door, opening into an ante-room of the court-room, the throng of those going and coming is halted, and very frequently there is quite a block there.

It is always an imposing sight to see this procession of the Court, eight or nine dignified, elderly gentlemen, clad in flowing robes, moving with stateliness to take

their places on the bench. The robe adds to their dignity, and one feels impressed with the notion that beneath its folds there can lurk nothing not in harmony with justice and law. There would be more dignity in the State Courts if the Judges were similarly clad when on duty.

The procession passes through the ante-room and enters the court-room by a side-door, coming in first behind a screen. At its appearance in the room, every one therein rises, and the crier, now Dudley W. Rhode, catching sight of the Marshal, announces: "The Chief-justice and the Associate-justices of the Supreme Court of the United States."

The first six in the procession pass behind the columns into the lobby, while three halt near the end of the bench. Three, headed by the Chief-justice, ascend from the lobby by the door in the rear of the chair of the Chief-justice, and the other three pass on. The Senior Associate-justice takes his place at the right of the Chief-justice, the next to him to the left, and so on alternating, the ones bearing the latest commissions being the furthest removed from the Chief-justice. The Court then bows formally to the Bar, the salutation being deferentially returned. Then all sit, and the Chief-justice, with a nod, bids the crier open the Court, which is done in these formal and old-fashioned words: "Oyez, oyez, oyez! All persons having business before the honorable the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable Court."

Then the business of the day goes on. The sessions of the Court are not closed with quite so much formality. As the Chief-justice may direct, the crier proclaims: "This honorable Court is now adjourned until to-morrow at twelve o'clock noon," or such time as has been determined upon.

This reads somewhat like the directions for an old-time minuet, or the business in a comic opera, but it looks far different. There is nothing like it in any public body in this country, and its quaintness, to one accustomed to the hurrah and hurry and the entirely commonplace character of the opening of a court elsewhere, makes it very striking.

The Court used to sit from eleven in the forenoon until three in the afternoon, and allowed lawyers on each side four hours to present their cases. It took, therefore, sometimes two days to get through an argument, for who ever knew a lawyer that couldn't talk four hours at a stretch when he was once fairly started? The time is limited now to two hours, and the business of the Court, therefore, expedited.

The former court-room is just underneath the present one, and the apartment is now occupied by the Law Library of the Court. There are on its shelves about 74,000 books. The Librarian in charge is Charles W. Hoffman, and he has occupied the position for many years. In this chamber, and the one above, all of the sessions of the Supreme Court have been held since the foundation of the Government, except the first two, held in Philadelphia. The apartment is semicircular in shape, and is very bright by means of a large window looking toward the east. It is one of the sightliest rooms in the whole Capitol, and the books are so arranged in their low cases that they can be easily come at.

In the doorway and vestibule leading from the east entrance to this Library are some columns that are the only characteristic specimens of pure American art in the country. One would scarcely notice them unless his attention was directed that way; they look, at a casual

glance, so near like an ordinary Corinthian column. The shaft seems to be fluted, but is, in reality, cut to resemble the stalks of Indian corn, the joints and texture being very realistic. The capital is made up of ears of Indian corn with the husks just opened out at the top, enough to show, perhaps, a third of the kernels. The impression that this architecture gives is that of utter commonplaceness, and that is, perhaps, the reason that the experiment of a new architecture ended here in the basement vestibule.

Relatively, the Clerk's offices of the old Court were the same as they are now, just across the corridor opposite. These rooms are now used for the consultation-rooms of the Justices. In the old robing-room, just underneath the present robing-room, there is a long table, covered with black leather, and nine comfortable chairs stand about it. Of course the Chief-justice, when there is a consultation on hand, sits at the head of the table, and the Associate-justices are ranged about him in the same order as when they are on the bench.

These rooms—there are three of them—are very attractive, cozy and homelike, are fitted with books and pamphlets, and have the appearance of a court in undress uniform.

The Court goes on for ever, but its constituent elements seem to be constantly changing. There has been scarcely one President who has not had three or four vacancies to fill. The Senior Associate-justice dates his commission back to 1862, but many have come and gone in his time.

There have been, since the foundation of the Government, eight Chief-justices and forty-five Associate-justices. Of the Chief-justices, Washington commissioned three, and Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant and Cleveland each one.

It is somewhat peculiar that it has fallen to the lot of only the most distinguished of our Presidents to make Chief-justices, and it would seem that the selection, in each instance, has been a striking one.

Of the Associate-justices, Washington commissioned nine; Adams, one; Jefferson, three; Madison, four; Monroe, one; Jackson, five; Van Buren, three; Tyler, one; Polk, three; Taylor, one; Pierce, one; Buchanan, one; Lincoln, three; Grant, three; Hayes, two; Garfield, one; Arthur, two; and Cleveland, thus far, one.

These do not include those appointed and confirmed, as in the case of Roscoe Conkling, nominated February 24th, 1882, by Arthur, and confirmed by the Senate, March 2d, the office being declined; although in the list is the name of Edwin M. Stanton, who was also nominated and confirmed, but never qualified.

The Court, as is the habit in all matters connected with law, has a number of customs that were established at its formation and have been followed ever since. One of these is to meet on the first regular day of their session in October, only to adjourn immediately to the next day, and then go in a body to call upon the President and ask politely after his health. It is always one of the most formal and stiff of official visits. Another is, that the wives of the Justices, if they have wives, shall have their receptions on Mondays of each week during the season and the session.

In social matters the Justices and their families stand very high, although exactly where they belong in rank, or in the way of precedence, has never been definitely settled, being a question that arises almost annually at the opening of the season.

Do they take precedence of Cabinet members, or *vice versa*? At the great state dinners and other high official



JUSTICE MILLER.



JUSTICE BLATCHFORD.

events, they are usually placed directly after the Diplomatic Corps, which is an indication in their favor.

The exalted position of Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, for that is the title provided by the Constitution—a position held by many to be superior in some respects to that even of the President—always attracts great attention, from itself and from the eminent men who have filled the station, and especially when a new one is to be made; an attention and interest second only to that of the election of the President himself.

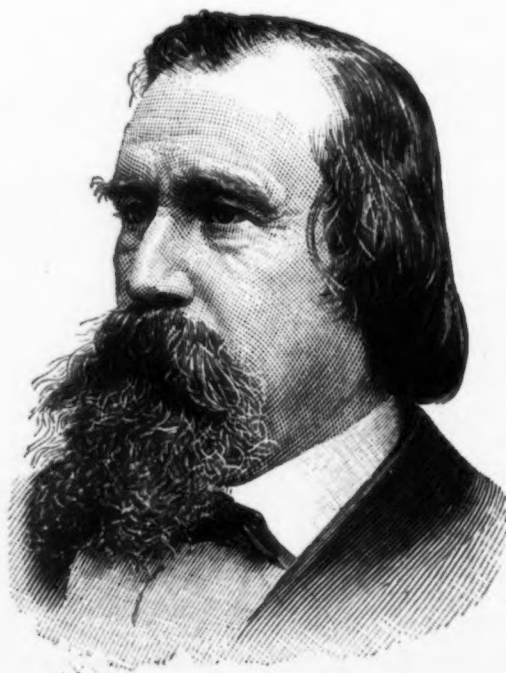
The Hon. Melville Weston Fuller, nominated to the high office by President Cleveland on April 30th, 1888, comes of one of the finest families in the State of Maine, and inherits the legal abilities which have made him a marked man in his profession from both sides of his house. His father was Frederick A. Fuller, and his mother was a daughter of Chief-justice Nathan Weston, from whom he gets his middle name. He is the young-

est man on the Supreme Court Bench, and the youngest man ever appointed to the highest position thereon, having been born in Augusta, Me., on February 11th, 1833, thus having but just completed his fifty-fifth year. He passed his schoolboy days in Augusta, at his home, fitting himself for college there, and was graduated at Bowdoin in 1853, when he was twenty years of age. Some of the men who have made their mark in the world were in his class, or in college with him. Among these were William D. Washburne, one of the famous Washburne family, who is now known as the "millionaire miller of Minneapolis"; one also of the equally well-known family of Fessenden; the Hon. William L. Putnam, of the recent Fisheries Commission; and William Goodenow, at one time United States Consul to Constantinople.

Young Fuller was a great favorite in college, a popularity that he has carried with him all through his life, his classmates and companions even now alluding to him



JUSTICE MATTHEWS.



JUSTICE LAMAR.



VIEW OF THE SUPREME COURT ROOM.

as "Mel" Fuller. He was a brilliant man in college, all agree; active in politics, quick, witty, ready in debate, and eloquent, taking a prize one year for excellence in elocution.

He studied law in Bangor, in the office of his uncle, George M. Weston, and also attended lectures in the law department of Harvard University. He was admitted to the Bar in 1856, and was almost immediately elected City Attorney and President of the Council of the City of Augusta.

Like many another person subsequently rising to distinction, the first efforts of his early manhood were in the direction of newspaper work. At this time, he was one of the publishers, principal editors and reporters of the *Augusta Age*, the recognized Democratic organ of the State of Maine. While in college he had become a member of the Chi Psi Fraternity, one of the oldest and most exclusive of the college Greek letter societies. In the Summer of 1855, he pronounced an address at Springfield, Mass., before the annual convention of that organization, on the subject, "The Crusade of Genius," which is characteristic of the man, and contains sentiments that seem to have guided him through life. One or two brief extracts will manifest this. "The history of all great movements," he says, "testifies to an ideal aim as their end, whether outwardly indicated or not. As it was in obedience to a religious enthusiasm that Europe

threw herself upon the East in the Crusades, so in political revolutions, in religious reformations, and in all advances of science and of letters, there appears a higher purpose and a loftier end than are embodied in external things—a purpose and an end entirely religious as effected in the advancement of humanity. For the end of religion is not the belief of speculative and theorizing minds—it consists in the actual result arrived at; and consequently the exertion of the really great to bring into exercise the latent forces and capacities of the mind, obedient as it is to this spiritual self-prompting, and aiming, as it does, to raise mankind to a purer and more elevated state of being, is in its highest sense religious. The true idea of life is based upon religious activity—an activity which, as it accords with the divine

instinct and teaching, seeks to impart that growth in power only obtained by the cultivation of our spiritual being, and the endeavor to perform acts for the everlasting good of ourselves and humanity."

Pretty good notions for a youth to present for the consideration of an audience of youth; worthy even to be taken into the chair of the Chief-justice and held up as a guide to conduct.

In 1856, Justice Fuller removed to Chicago, and has made that city his home ever since.

He did not at once "assume a prominent position at the Bar," but won a place at the top by continuous and persistent



- RESIDENCE OF JUSTICE MILLER.

effort. He is a domestic man in all senses. He loves his home, and always hastens to it with delight. He was early married, his first wife having been Calista Reynolds. His second wife was a daughter of the banker William F. Coolbaugh, and she is the mother of his eight children, all girls, the eldest of whom is at Wells College, Aurora, on Cayuga Lake, the institution where the wife of President Cleveland graduated.

Judge Fuller has always been a Democrat, as he started out in life on the *Augusta Age*, but has never been prominent in caucuses, conventions or other public political gatherings. But he has always been present when he was needed. That seems to have been a principle in his life. If he was needed in court, he was there, earnest, zealous and painstaking; but, the business finished, he did not linger. If his voice was needed at a convention, it was sure to be heard, strong and potential, but when he was through he was done. His neighbors, clients, friends, learned to rely implicitly upon him. He is one of that kind of men of whom it is said, "He is never in the way, and never out of the way." Among the first offices he held in his adopted residence was that of a member of the Illinois State Constitutional Convention of 1861. Its duties were in harmony with his profession. The year following he ran for Member of Assembly, and was elected, although the district was largely Republican.

Among those who became very strongly attached to him was Stephen A. Douglas, and it is a compliment to any man to say of him that he won that remarkable man's friendship and confidence. On the occasion of the great Douglas reception in Chicago in 1860, Judge Fuller was selected to make the address of welcome. It is remembered yet as one of the most brilliant and scholarly of productions.

Only recently, at a public dinner, Judge Fuller responded to the toast, "Stephen A. Douglas," in a style equally characteristic and manly.

As to other political positions, Judge Fuller was a delegate to the Democratic National Conventions of 1864, 1872, 1876 and 1880.

In his profession he has won substantial success, so much so that, financially considered, the position of Chief-justice is no temptation to him. He made his first oral argument in the Supreme Court of Illinois in 1859, three years after he settled in Chicago, and he has been an active pleader ever since. There is no name at that Bar that has more frequent mention in the Court reports.

He became well known all over the country in the early '70's by means of the famous ecclesiastical case of Bishop Cheney, who was then the rector of a church whose bishop had placed him on trial for heresy. He was defended by Judge Fuller, first before the Church tribunal, and afterward in the civil courts. He was defeated, but his congregation held to him, and he is now bishop of a Church of his own. In this controversy Judge Fuller manifested a knowledge of ancient and modern ecclesiastical law that was a subject of marvel to the Church and the legal profession.

Of late years Judge Fuller has had much practice before the Court of which he is to be the presiding officer, and his face is by no means unfamiliar there.

It is a handsome and attractive face, full of character and intelligence. The hair is plentiful and well-sprinkled with gray, and the full mustache is white. There is not another mustache on the Bench of the Court, unless accompanied by a full beard, the majority of the Justices rejoicing in smooth-shaven faces, after the old-fashioned manner.

We have become accustomed to the full beard and

mustache, generally speaking, but what a great change it would be, and how it would alter the effect of everything, if we should see Daniel Webster, or Henry Clay, or Thomas H. Benton, or Washington, or any of the worthies of the Revolutionary times, with whiskers!

The nearest to the new Chief-justice in age, of those on the Bench with him, is Mr. Justice Harlan—John Marshall Harlan. Some prophetic godmother must have been on hand when he was christened, to indicate by the name bestowed his ultimate destination. Justice Harlan is also fifty-five years of age. The Justices oldest in years are Bradley, at seventy-five, and Miller and Field, each at seventy-two, these three having already arrived at an age when they are entitled to retirement. There is a heavy weight of years on the Bench, the aggregate number of which arises to 584, nearly six centuries, an average to each Justice of nearly sixty-five years. In physical stature Bradley is the smallest, but there will not be much difference between him and the Chief-justice when the latter once takes his seat.

The whole Bench might be described as being a selection from the best blood of the country. All sections are represented except the extreme West, so far as birth is concerned. Two, Miller and Harlan, are Kentuckians, the latter first drawing breath in that beautiful and luxurious "blue-grass region." Connecticut and Massachusetts each furnish a member of the Court, Field from the former and Gray from the latter. New York has two, Bradley and Blatchford; and Ohio, one, Matthews. Georgia gave Lamar; and Maine, the new Chief-justice.

None of them are what are known in popular books of biographies as "self-made men," or men like Lincoln or Andrew Jackson, who hewed their way from the bottom; and all are thoroughly educated, possessing diplomas from some collegiate institution. Perhaps Miller and Bradley, in their earlier years, had a hard struggle, but none of them had a bitterer experience than that of a schoolteacher. It might be truly said that their paths to their present distinction have all been clear and smooth, and the moralist who would teach a lesson to the struggling youth without friends or means would have to go elsewhere than to the Supreme Bench to find an illustration of comfort or a point on which to hang the youth's ambition.

If there is an aristocratic tone to any branch of our free government, not so much in effect and intention as in appearance and inference, it is the Supreme Court. Its members are appointed for life, or during good behavior, and their positions are lifted entirely out of the reach of the people. Congresses and Senators and Presidents may come and go, but the Court goes on for ever. It is permanent.

Being in a high social position, the Justices all entertain a great deal, in a dignified manner, at dinners and formal receptions. Most of them are in fine circumstances and live handsomely. Even the bachelor member of the Court, Horace Gray, Jr., credited to Massachusetts, holds forth for his friends very elegantly. He has just finished a new residence at the corner of Sixteenth and I Streets, where he will keep bachelor quarters in great style.

Although the constituent elements of the Court seem to be changing not infrequently, the inferior officers, many of them, have tarried a long time. The very urbane and pleasant-faced outer doorkeeper, Thomas Welch, a colored man, appointed from Virginia, has been at his post since 1855. Archibald Lewis, also of Virginia, came first to the Court as a messenger for the Marshal, in 1849. None of the present Court was here

when he first made his appearance, and the changes he has seen are numerous.

W. H. Reardon, the Assistant Marshal, came first in 1858, and was appointed to his present position in 1867. The Clerk, James H. McKenney, is of more recent date, having been appointed in 1880. The other officers are still later comers. The Reporter, the Hon. John C. Bancroft Davis, dates his appointment from 1883. He is the nephew of the historian George Bancroft. He has been the Minister to Germany, and was Assistant Secretary of State under Arthur and Frelinghuysen. The Marshal, J. Montgomery Wright, of Louisville, Ky., succeeded John G. Nicolay, formerly one of the private secretaries of Abraham Lincoln, in January of this year; and the Crier, Dudley W. Rhodes, is also an appointment of this year.

Most of the most noted lawyers of the country are to be seen now and then before this Court. Senator Edmunds makes a frequent appearance, and is a profound reasoner, although his arguments are mostly so dry that the benches for spectators are not crowded when he talks. Philip Phillips, of Alabama, has many cases. He may be remembered by some as the lawyer for General Sickles when he was tried for the homicide of Key. Roscoe Conkling was retained in a number of cases, and his practice before the Court seemed to be growing up to the time of his fatal sickness. During his Congressional career, he argued a number of cases before the Court. Of other lawyers, perhaps those as frequently seen are Wheeler H. Peckham, Esq., General G. P. Lowry and E. H. Chamberlain, of New York.

CORCHUELO.

IN 1809 General Vally, an officer of the Empire, had been left at the head of a small body of infantry, strengthened by some cannon, in the neighborhood of San Gael in Navarre.

A chief of *guerrilleros* had devastated for some time the country around that village. This man, who refused to recognize the supremacy of the tranquil Joseph, the brother of the Emperor, called himself Corchuelo.

"With the aid of 200 'blades' as determined as himself, and trained like him to endure everything, Corchuelo had established a sort of little army, which increased every day like an avalanche, gathering to itself all the needy ones and the roughs among the mountains of Navarre until it had become very dangerous and menacing.

Empecinado also, at this time, occupied the country to the south of Navarre, and it was necessary, at all hazards, to prevent the junction of these two bands; therefore, while General Hugc was attending to Empecinado, General Vally was expected to exterminate the army of Corchuelo, and he succeeded in doing it.

In a last decisive encounter the whole band had been surprised one evening at twilight, encamped on the edge of some precipices. They were reposing after a fatiguing day, and quietly engaged in making soup, while their wives sat by the fires nursing their children. The combat was terrible. For two hours the wildest shouts had waked the echoes of the mountain.

In this hand-to-hand contest, where Frenchmen and Spaniards killed all that they could reach, the dead and wounded fell together into the ravines. Men, women and children were shot, bayoneted, crushed or dispersed, and the soup of the *guerrilleros* was appropriated by the French, but Corchuelo had escaped.

A corporal had seen him flying, and had pursued, but soon lost sight of him, yet he could not be far off, for the corporal had seen that he was wounded, and had given him a little "plum" in the back.

On their return to San Gael the general offered a thousand francs to any one who should bring him the head of Corchuelo.

At the end of a month the mountain was entirely tranquil, and the scattered goatherds had brought back their flocks. One of these, who was called little Juanillo, a handsome young fellow, with a clear complexion and bright eyes, went every evening to sell his goats' milk at San Gael.

His home was in a small cave in the rock, near which he had constructed a pen for his goats. The place was almost inaccessible for any other than a goatherd and his goats, but Juanillo trod the narrow ledges and projecting points with a light but firm step that never slipped or faltered.

One evening, as he neared the pen on his return, he gave three sharp cries at regular intervals, as if to herald his approach, and soon after called out in a clear voice, "Good-evening."

His salutation was answered by a man who had been lying on some dry grass at the entrance to the cave, and who rose up to meet him. He was attired in the coarse dress of a peasant, and a ragged handkerchief was tied around his head. He seemed about thirty years of age. He was tall and thin, and his face was very sad.

"Is there anything new?" said he.

"No," was the answer. "The French are there all the time. They keep trying to find Corchuelo, and the general has offered a thousand francs for his head; but the mountain is a sure retreat, and his friends are faithful. If Corchuelo still lives he will not be betrayed, and if he be dead, may God receive his soul!" Juanillo raised his hat and then added: "Death is a sure refuge."

"Yes," said the man; "I am thinking of it."

"Why so?" said the young goatherd. "Are you not comfortable here? Be content. I am young, but I am no babbler. When I took you to my home you were wounded and almost dead. I closed up the wound made by your enemy's knife. I did not even ask your name. Stay here as long as you wish. We shall always have milk, bread, water and fruits. As to your lodging, it is not I that gives it, but He that made the mountain."

"You are a good fellow," answered the other. "But listen. Corchuelo and his companions had wives and children. Did the Frenchmen kill them all? Do you know whether any one of them escaped?"

"Not one of them. They say that Corchuelo had a wife and a little boy. If he still lives I pity him."

"Yes," said the unknown, sadly. "There is nothing more for him to do now."

"When one loves a woman and she dies, that ought to be as if one were to tear out what beats here in one's breast."

"Do you think so? You know, then, what it is?"

"Ah, yes! I love to death a young girl in San Gael."

"Is she beautiful?"

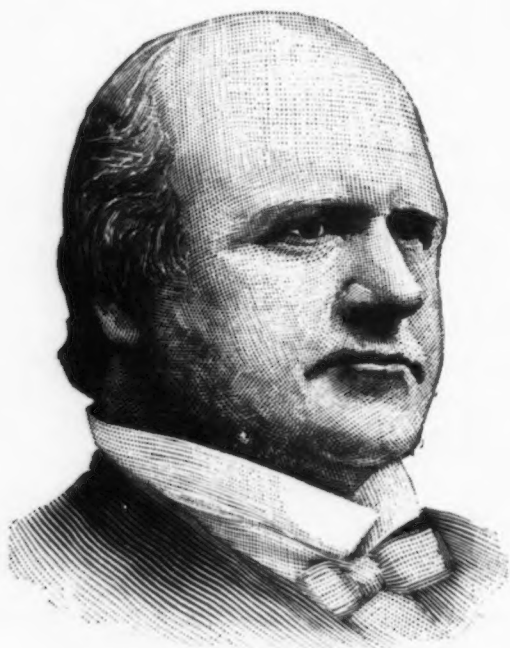
"Holy Virgin of the Column! Dolores beautiful? When I see her my knees give way, and I am too weak to withstand a little child."

"And she loves you?"

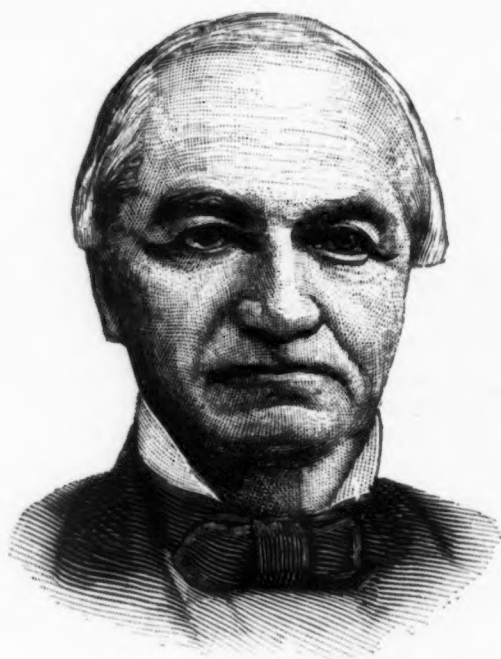
"Yes."

"Why do you not marry her?"

"Ah! there it is. She is the daughter of old Ferro-guzza, you know, the one that sells old iron near the bridge over the Zadorra. He is a scamp, who has never



JUSTICE HARLAN.



JUSTICE BRADLEY.

loved anything but money. He told me that I could have his daughter on the day on which I could give him twenty of those pieces of gold that the French call napoleons."

"He wishes to sell her?"

"He says that will be her dowry, and that he will invest it for me in his business."

The man straightened himself up and fixed his eyes upon a corner of the sky that could be seen through an opening in the rocks, and murmured:

"It would be a good thing to do. There would be one unhappy one less and two happy ones more." Then he added, aloud: "Youngster, thou shalt have thy Dolores. I must go down to San Gael when the night has come."

"What to do? Why, by all the saints, your legs could never carry you as far as that."

"My legs are solid, my young friend, but I shall not see my own Dolores." He sighed deeply, and said to himself: "Perhaps I shall not see her up above."

An hour afterward, when the night had closed in, and moonlight alone lighted up the sleeping valley, the man descended slowly toward the town. He reached the outskirts of the French camp.

"Who goes there?" said the sentry.

The man answered: "I wish to speak to the general about something."

A few moments afterward, escorted by a sergeant and two soldiers, the man stood in the presence of General Vally, who jumped up hastily, thinking it an alarm, and dreaming that the band of Corchuelo had reunited and had attacked San Gael.

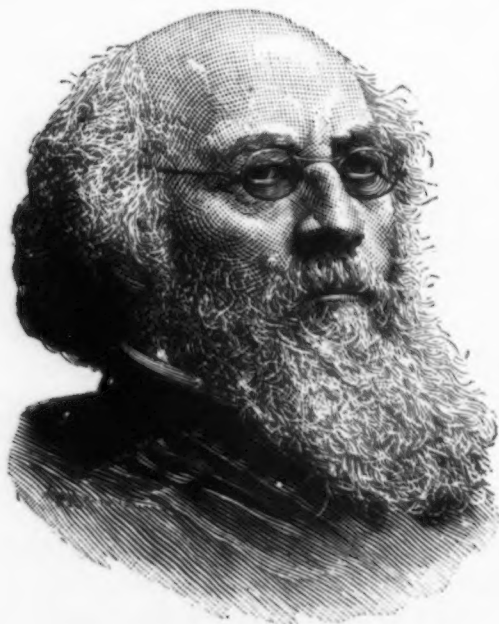
"Who are you?" said he.

"I am a man."

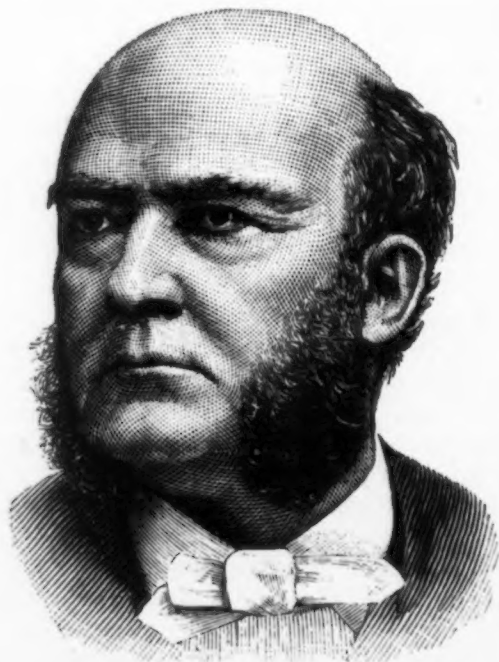
"What is your occupation?"

The unknown waved his hand.

"This must be some vagabond. Or, perhaps, he may be some bandit!" muttered the general between his teeth. Then, aloud: "Well, what do you want?"



JUSTICE FIELD.



JUSTICE GRAY.

SEE PAGE 1.

"I want to talk to you about Corchuelo."

"Ah, Corchuelo! This is the tenth time I've been spoken to about him, but no one knows where he is."

"I know."

"Yes, they all say that," said the general, with an oath. "Sergeant, take this man back to the guard-house. Let him pass the night there."

"I know where Corchuelo is," said the Spaniard, with energy. "If you will give me twenty napoleons he is yours."

"You shall have fifty, if you tell the truth; but reflect well. If you deceive me, if you do not give him up, you shall be punished. I shall put you into a dungeon."

"So be it," said the man, with a disdainful smile.

"Well, then, tell us. Where is he?"

The Spaniard stretched out his hand and said: "Give me the money, and I will take it to a certain place not far from here. You can send two soldiers with me, or three, or four, or as many as you choose. As soon as I have done that, I will give up to you Corchuelo."

The general shouted, swore, raged, threatened and refused, but, at last, he accepted the conditions, subdued by the quiet determination of this mysterious informer. He gave him the amount promised, and ordered a small squad of soldiers to escort him.

"What scoundrels these Spaniards are!" said the general, smoking his pipe furiously; "betray him for a thousand francs. Yet he is a brave fellow, this Corchuelo. What scoundrels!"

In an hour the soldiers returned, and the Spaniard stepped forward.

"Well, now you have hidden your gold! You were afraid of losing it, Mr. Judas. And Corchuelo! What about him?"

The man shrugged his shoulders, looked down on the ground, and then far out into the distance, and said, quietly: "I am Corchuelo."

The general, utterly astonished, said: "You are deceiving me!"

Corchuelo answered: "You have my description. Here, on my arm is the mark of the wound that I received the other day, and on my chest is my name, tattooed by the blacksmith of San Gael. Besides that, you can ask the people here."

As he said this, he bared his broad, hairy chest, on which appeared, in blue letters, "Corchuelo."

The general grew serious, was silent for a moment, and at length said, in a softer voice: "Why do you give yourself up?"

"My friends are dead; my wife is dead; my little boy is dead. You have killed them all. Why should I live



RESIDENCE OF JUSTICE LAMAR.

on? There was a young shepherd who received me, and took care of me. He had need of twenty napoleons so that he could marry his sweetheart, Dolores, the daughter of Ferroguzza. Poor fellow! if you could have seen him just now, when I gave him the gold! He shed tears. He kissed my hands. At any rate, he will be happy. He will love and be loved. As I was going away, he asked whether I was going to see my Dolores. I told him Yes."

Corchuelo was silent, and stood with folded arms until all were ordered off to sleep.

In the morning he was recognized by the people of San Gael, and the general, much moved by the quiet heroism of his bearing, sent for him, and said:

"Listen! I must kill you. If I were my own master, I would send you back to your mountains and your freedom, but I have my orders. You are a soldier, also, and you understand that you must die?"

Corchuelo nodded, and said: "That's what I came here for, general."

"What can I do for you?" said the general.

The other reflected for a moment, and then said: "Give me a loaded pistol; let me say my prayers, and when you give the command 'Fire!' Corchuelo will be no more."

The general looked steadily at him for a moment, and then said: "So be it!"

In a short time the troops were all drawn up in front of a rising ground in the centre of the camp. It was six o'clock, and the sun was low in the horizon.

Upon the higher ground stood the general and Corchuelo, immovable as statues.

Corchuelo was looking toward the mountain, where at that moment Juanillo must be with his Dolores. General Vally was holding in his hand a pistol, loaded by himself, and was waiting until the courageous chief should be ready for his death.



RESIDENCE OF JUSTICE MATTHEWS.

In a moment Corchuelo fell upon his knees, and began to say, in a clear voice: "Our Father, who art in heaven—"

A sudden movement passed along the line of bayonets, and the general took off his cap. Save the voice of him praying, no other sound was heard.

When his prayer was ended, the chief rose up, and, stretching out his hand for the pistol, placed its muzzle in his mouth, and waited for the word.

The general coughed slightly to clear his voice, and, straightening himself up, said, in a clear, prompt, military voice, "Fire!"

A CAUTIOUS TIGER.

THE sun now set. Instantly the hum of countless myriads of insects arose far and near through the forest. The bullock fastened to lure the tiger stared at the same part of the jungle and appeared restless. Presently the loud, angry chattering of a troop of monkeys arose within the forest, and, after a minute or two, I could see them in the tree-tops on its edge, where they were throwing themselves about from branch to branch in a state of the wildest excitement. I now felt convinced that the tiger was approaching. Still he did not appear. At least five minutes passed like this, when suddenly there emerged from beneath the trees, where the monkeys were still swinging themselves, a brownish-yellow object, which appeared about the size of a monkey, and for a moment, in the failing light, I thought it was one. It darted rapidly along the bare ground for about twenty yards at a time, moving toward the bullock, and stopping at the end of each run behind one of the tufts of grass about two feet high. Over this it peeped, then sinking down again and gliding forward as before. It was now nearer, and by this time I could see that it was not one of the monkeys; but still I could not clearly make out what it was. It reminded me of a very ugly, large yellow-and-black mask at a pantomime. I could see no legs or body. Now it reached a tuft about forty yards from me, over which it also peered, staring intently at the bullock. By this time I was convinced that it was a tiger, though it looked about the size and shape of a horse's head. But was it possible that this small and strange-looking object was the mighty tiger—the king of the jungle? A very large one, too, as we knew from its foot-prints. In another moment this thought met with an answer. The tiger appeared not to wish to approach the bullock, which was facing him, over the open ground intervening between them. He suddenly rose to his full height. It was an immense tiger. Looking round at the bullock, he turned off, and disappeared in two or three strides behind the bushes near the belt of trees in which mine was situated. I now fully expected that he would advance upon the bullock under cover of these trees; the only danger was that he might wish to pass between my tree and the river-bank, so as to rush upon the bullock from behind. In this case he would be down-wind of me. This is no doubt what actually occurred. After waiting for some time I heard a twig snap near my tree, behind me, toward the river-bank. I could not have fired in that direction, seated as I was, nor even have turned round to look without the risk of breaking a twig or making a leaf rustle. There was nothing for it but to wait patiently. But the tiger never came out in view. The bullock remained staring at the spot where the tiger had disappeared behind the bushes. At last it became quite dark. I was sure that the chance was over, and I descended from my tree and returned to camp.

THE HINDOO MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

By A. S. D.

[The Hindoo maidens set little leaf lamps afloat on the Ganges, and watch them drifting down into the darkness. The longer the prayer-laden vessel keeps its oil burning, the happier is the maid who launched it.]

FALLS the evening o'er the forest,
And the sun behind the trees
Tinges all the leaves with crimson,
As they flutter in the breeze.

Swiftly flows the sacred river,
Darkling with the glowing night;
Fireflies flash, across the water,
Little streams of lustrous light.

Through the tangled forest creeping,
Comes a soft-eyed Hindoo maid,
With a leaf-boat, that, fire-freighted,
Sends a halo through the shade.

Now upon the sacred river
Launches she the little boat,
And the wind and water playing,
Hurry to the lamp afloat,

Till the wavelets, lapping, lapping,
Trickle o'er the tiny leaf;
Hindoo maiden, watching, watching,
See, thy bark has come to grief.

For the flickering gleam has vanished,
Gone like spark in wintry air,
Leaving on the river darkness;
Leaving in thine heart despair.

All the dreams thy young heart cherished,
All the hopes thou lovedst so long,
Shattered—for the sacred river
Never gives its omens wrong.

Morning dawns across the river,
Bearing seaward on its breast,
Here a leaf, and there a maiden;
And the maiden is at rest.

A VILLAGE MYSTERY.

By ISHMAEL YORK.

DR. STUART GRANT, by not taking due heed unto his ways, got a fall upon the ice, while returning from a professional visit at a neighbor's house. Dislocation of the ankle-joint was the result, and confinement within-doors for a series of days became necessary.

Dr. Stuart Grant resigned his patients to a fellow Æsculapius, and himself to indolence and a sofa; being in nowise disposed to quarrel with the fate that offered what he had ceased to have any knowledge of except as a pleasing reminiscence—rest. During many a weary drive the doctor had sighed for rest. In the face of sleet, or biting winds, or furious elemental wars, he had longed for rest. But never at the bedside of the sufferer. Never, when alleviating distress in any form; for Dr. Grant's heart was in his work. But now that opportunity for repose was afforded, he accepted it gratefully; and believed in his heart that nothing better could have befallen him. He devoted himself with vigor to the business of resting.

The first day within-doors, he gathered about his sofa a pile of unopened volumes in speckless bindings, and pamphlets with the leaves uncut. Magazines and political speeches, poems and reviews, essays and statistics, novels and sermons, all got a share of the doctor's attention that day. If he had had a wager that within the period from sunrise till ten in the evening he would skim the cream from a given number of cubic feet of current literature, he could scarcely have been more assiduous.

The second day he devoted himself to literature, but with less impetuosity. The hours got on but sluggishly.

The third day he caused to be exhumed from its packing-case an old violin, with one string broken and another missing. Joe, the doctor's office-boy, was sent to the village variety store for two new strings and a lump of rosin. The instrument was restrung and got in tune. Then strains, thrilling, to say the least, were awakened in the quiet study of Dr. Grant. No one would have been disposed to question the performer's veracity when he asserted, with a rueful smile, that he was *rather* out of practice. After much coaxing, joined with protracted rasping, and promiscuous finger practice, the instrument got to be less unmanageable. Then marches and quicksteps, schottisches and negro melodies, hymn-tunes and national airs, were flung off with as much eagerness, and as little discrimination, as had characterized this impetuous physician's reading on the first day of his incarceration.

The fourth day, a small cabinet of minerals was rearranged, and a case of surgical instruments inspected. An article for the *Quarterly Æsculapius* was dashed off, and sent off. A pile of old letters—home letters—was re-read. But, spite of all, twilight delayed its coming. A musical entertainment, both vocal and instrumental, helped off the long evening.

By noon of the fifth day, Dr. Grant confessed to himself—with a mental reservation, that nothing was to be said about it to any one else—that it was very tiresome resting so long. Before three of the same afternoon, for a patient man, he was in a very decided state of impatience. About this time Joe, thrusting his head in at the half-open door, was very nearly taken off his feet by the sharpness with which the doctor demanded:

"What now, Joe? What do you want?"

"Nothing. There's a young lady to see the doctor."

"Confound you for the type of stolidity in the nineteenth century! How do you think I am to see young ladies? Did I not tell you to send everybody who inquired for me to Dr. Hamilton?"

"But the young lady says it isn't a doctor she wants to see. She only wants to speak with you."

"Well, king's evil, or doctor's pest—which is the next evil in order—bring the young lady up."

"Yes, sir."

"Stop a bit. What sort of lady is she?"

"Do you mean is she pretty?"

"Yes. How does she look?"

"White eyes and sky-blue complexion—I mean—white complexion, and sky-blue eyes, with stars in them."

"Chiseled lips and coral features—I mean chiseled features and coral lips—with rosebuds in them, I suppose," said Dr. Grant, twisting his features comically. For he was too cross to laugh.

"Yes. Well, I don't know, though. I hope, sir, you are not laughing at her. She isn't the sort of lady to be laughed at."

"Rare Joseph! most discriminating Joseph! What are you waiting for? I told you to bring this lady in."

Between the two, they had made out such a description of her, that Dr. Grant was getting interested.

When she came in, he scanned at a glance her trim figure and highbred face—a pleasant face with starry eyes in it, and violet lights in the eyes.

"Are you Dr. Grant?" she asked, nervously drawing one fur-trimmed glove through and through the small hand which was covered by its fellow."

"If I had been somebody else, I suppose the boy would not have taken you here, since you asked to see Dr. Grant."

"No; I suppose not. I came here, Dr. Grant, because a gentleman, who seemed to know you well, sent me. I am a stranger in Glenvale, and when inquiring at the hotel where I would be likely to get board in a quiet family, the gentleman said that Dr. Grant's would be just the place."

"He did?"

"Yes, sir. And so I came to see if you will please to take me?"

"Do you know the gentleman who sent you here?"

"I have never seen him until to-day. He rode in the stage with me a few miles."

"Should you think him a man to be trusted? Did he look like a gay deceiver?"

"Sir?"

The starry eyes had grown larger, and the violet lights intenser.

"Did he tell you that Dr. Grant is an old bachelor, who lives in his office, and has for cook, waiter and chambermaid the boy Joe, who let you in?"

The faintest lingerings of a bright smile faded out of the pleasant face, and the starry eyes shot troubled, irate glances.

"If he had told me that, should I have come here, do you think? He said that Mrs. Grant stands in mortal fear of you, and would not think of taking me unless I consulted you first."

Dr. Grant was greatly amused. Joe was in the habit of saying that, "when the doctor was tickled, he laughed all over." He laughed "all over" now.

The girl's face grew crimson.

"I see that by obeying the directions of your friend I have been made ridiculous. I wish you good-day, sir," she said, with proud dignity.

"No, no; don't go!" cried Dr. Grant. And he sprang up, forgetful of his disabled ankle. That slighted member had its revenge, however, and brought him to his seat, writhing in pain. "Wait a bit. Oh, this limb!"

"Can I do anything to relieve you?" asked the girl, with ready sympathy.

"No; it is an angry power now, and will not be appeased till it has punished my thoughtlessness. But no matter. While up, I got a glimpse of a face through the window—Harry Newton's—the veriest scapegrace that ever stood between earth and sky. Gentle Dullness herself never loved a joke better than Harry Newton. We have been exchanging little civilities, in the shape of practical jokes, ever since we were in college together. In our last passage of that kind of arms I rather got the better of him. To balance accounts, I suppose, he represented me to you in the character of a domestic tyrant, and sent you here to-day."

"Is he in the habit of placing other people in as unpleasant a position as mine is now, for the sake of a joke?"

"I am bound to say that Harry Newton, though a good-hearted fellow in the main, would be the last person to consider any one's feelings if his own amusement were the alternative. But in this case he probably thought no great harm would be done, since I, knowing the place better than he, can, doubtless, help you to a boarding-place."

"Will you send me to some lawyer who lives in his office? or to a minister who has lodgings in his pulpit?"

"I will send you nowhere that you need fear to go, if you trust me so far."

"Well, then?"

"Mrs. Wood's will be a good place. The lady is a widow, and her daughter is to be married to-morrow; a



RESIDENCE OF JUSTICE GRAY.

great piece of folly, no doubt, but there never was a moth yet that learned to avoid a blazing candle by seeing every moth that approached it scorched in the flame. Mrs. Wood told me, not long ago, that when Mary leaves home, she would like to take a boarder—some young lady who would be a companion when loneliness gets insufferable."

"Where does she live?"

"I will send Joe to show you," he said, ringing the bell. But Joe failed to appear.

"Joe is out, the rascal! How dare he leave the office without permission? But he'll not stay long! You had better wait."

"I can wait no longer. If you will direct me to the house, I can easily find it."

"It is on the second street below—a straw-colored cottage, with blinds a shade darker. The rest of the houses on the street are white. So you cannot fail to find it."

"Thank you! Good-day."

Strange! When she was gone, the cheerful study grew black and comfortless, like a house that has been long uninhabited. Dr. Grant tried to escape the feeling; tried to reason himself into certainty that he was no more lonely, no more desolate than before his room had been thus invaded, and thus vacated.

It would not do. When was argument ever known to sway the heart? In the new feeling of desolation that had sprung up within and around him, Dr. Grant longed for love. He, to whom his profession had been all the world, began to pine for a world beyond—a world in rose-color, where lovers dreamed, and woke to find their dreams reality.

"Bah!" he said, impatiently. "Dr. Stuart Grant, you show symptoms of softening of the heart—a more dangerous disease, in your case, than ossification of that member. None of that, old boy, at your peril."

He wheeled his sofa to the window and looked out,

hoping to change the current of his thoughts. A light snow was falling

"Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken;
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken."

Silent and soft and slow the snow descended. In its pure surface, the young girl's footmarks were imprinted. They might have been impressed by fairy steps, they were so slender and so shapely. Dr. Grant, in fancy, placed the print of his own stout boots beside them. The idea made him laugh grimly. Steadily falling, the snowflakes were settling slowly over the fairy footprints. They stirred all the antagonism of the doctor's nature. Why could they not leave him his pictures? He wanted to study them at leisure. A piece of bristol-board and some drawing-pencils lay on the table beside him. A thought struck him. He would save his pictures yet. He would sketch them upon paper, and he did. He laughed at his folly when the sketch was made, but placed it where his eyes would rest upon it on looking up during the whole evening.

The days now drew their slow length along. The phlegmatic Dr. Grant was nervous; he could settle his mind to nothing; he railed at himself; he uttered stinging sarcasms, pointed at his own softness; he wondered what Dr. Stuart Grant meant by making such a fool of himself! But all his bitter gibes had not the effect to induce composure.

One day Harry Newton visited him in his office. He was one of those genial fellows unto whom all manner of shortcomings are forgiven, because they are so amusing.

"What did you do with the young lady I sent you some days ago?" Newton inquired, after greeting his friend briefly.

"What should I do but try to atone for the deceit which had been practiced upon her, by directing her to a suitable boarding-place?"

"And where might that suitable boarding-place have been?" asked Newton, lifting a chair by the lower rung, as he spoke, and holding it poised over Dr. Grant's head.

"At Mrs. Wood's."

Newton dropped the chair, and began to blow away imaginary chaff. "She has never been there," he said.

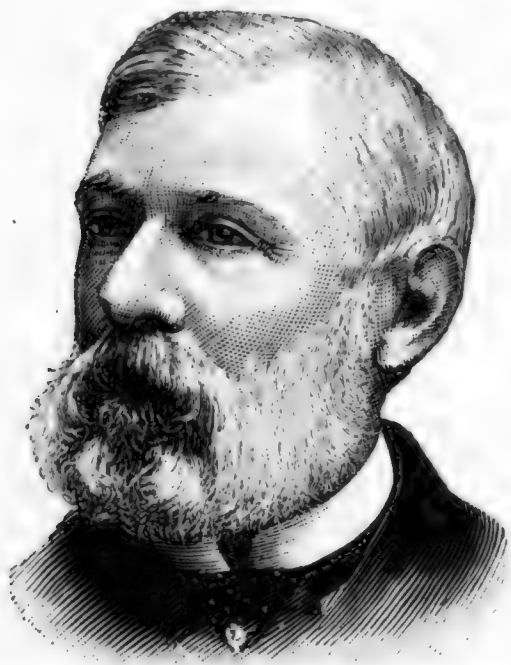
"Has never been there?"

"No."

"Where did she go, then?" questioned Dr. Grant.



RESIDENCE OF JUSTICE HARLAN.



JOHN C. BANCROFT DAVIS, REPORTER, UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.—SEE PAGE 1.

"That is what I hoped to learn from you. No one has seen her since she entered your office a week ago."

"Harry Newton, what do you mean?"

"What I say. She has vanished."

"And I am, perhaps, suspected of having spirited her away. Possibly, you may expect to find her imprisoned in some one of the vacant rooms of my establishment. There is the garret. In the highest part one might contrive to stand erect, perhaps. You had better search the place. And the closet under the stairs. By compressing her skirts, she might have been got in there, in a sitting posture. There is the key. You shall make a careful inspection of the premises."

"I say, doctor, you haven't been tampering with the black art, and shut her up in a pill-box, have you?" and immediately Newton began to remove the covers and scrutinize the contents of every box on the office-shelves.

"I cannot say. I think the black art may have been tampering with me. For the aspect of things has appeared to me particularly sooty of late. Tell me what you know about this girl."

"Very little. We were stagecoach companions for a half-dozen miles. I have the vanity to think she was rather struck with my splendid nonsense."

"Why do you say that no one has seen her since she left my office?"

"Her baggage was left at the hotel. It was marked to A. S., at Glenvale. She said she would send for it that night—it has never been sent for. I saw Mary Wood yesterday, and inquired if she had seen such a girl in the place. She had not, and knew of no one who had."

"Why did you not come here before?"

"I have been out of town, tasting the sweets of country life—that is, living on salt pork and freckled biscuits. Concluded the sweets of such an existence to be mostly imaginary—especially when I found the girls freckled as well as the biscuits. Only got back yesterday. Found the landlady considerably exercised about A. S.'s baggage. So I decided to come and see what solution of the mystery you can offer."

"Without doubt the girl is quietly established in some house in the village, and has not yet found it convenient

to send for her baggage. That is the probable solution of your mighty mystery."

"I think it can scarcely be. The village is not very large, and every one knows the affairs of one's neighbors so well."

"Newton, I have an idea."

"Found, one idea; system, original; composition, one part spirituous, two parts gaseous. I am glad the species is not extinct. I scarcely expected it would ever be heard of again, except, perhaps, ages hence, under the head of fossiliferous remains."

"Fudge! This is the age of ideas, only, never having happened to stumble upon one for yourself, you find it convenient to ignore that fact."

"Fairly hit. Well, doctor, bring out your idea. But don't crush the fragile thing. Give it a stimulant. Brace it up with careful nursing:

"Take it up tenderly,
Lift it with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

"Like many another *débutante*, its insignificance will be the more apparent from its having been the subject of so much comment. But the idea is this: You know there are cases of smallpox in the next town, and everybody in Glenvale is, of course, alarmed. Now I propose that we begin to-morrow morning, and visit every house in the village for vaccination purposes. In that way we cannot fail to learn whether the young lady is, or is not, leading a life of retirement in Glenvale."

"Ay, ay. It's carried unanimously. Halloo! what is this?" In a general handling of the movables about the office, Newton had come upon the doctor's pencil sketch of footprints in the snow. "Oh, solè-patterns! I hope you are not going to quit healing men's bodies and practice healing their soles."

The doctor laughed so heartily that he got red in the face. Harry Newton thumped him on the back, to help him recover breath; promised to be down early in the morning; pretended to drink from a bottle containing a black-looking liquid; made a wry face, and went off.

Within the two days following, they went through the village, as proposed, but found no trace of the young



J. MONTGOMERY WRIGHT, MARSHAL.

lady. Dr. Grant soon after resumed the care of his patients. The people of the village were not slow to observe that their favorite physician was less genial than formerly—that his heart was less in his work.

The young lady's mysterious advent and disappearance became the village topic. The fact that she had last been known to enter Dr. Grant's office, and the doctor's own changed appearance, were commented on. Suspicions began to be darkly hinted. The people of Glenvale had got a mystery of their own, and were determined to make the most of it.

The little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, gathered and spread itself over the whole social horizon of Glenvale as days and weeks went by and the trunk was still unclaimed. The mutterings of suspicion were indistinct; but around the nucleus of the fact that the girl had been last seen with Dr. Grant floated vague, vapory clouds, surcharged with mysterious guessings. The doctor felt the suffocating influence in the social atmosphere, and waited for the storm to burst. The clouds gathered and scattered, only to gather and scatter again in some other place. Dr. Grant was, meanwhile, daily losing his practice and his patience. Dr. Hamilton was a shrewd man, who knew how to take this tide in his affairs at the flood. He affected contempt for the village gossip, but took good care that it did not die out; not that he was personally hostile to his brother Grant; not that he loved him less; but that he loved himself more.

Dr. Grant had no need to sigh for rest from professional cares now. While Dr. Hamilton's gig was rolling about the town almost incessantly, Dr. Stuart Grant's pony was getting sleek and fat in his stall. Possibly the pony liked it, but his master did not. He lost his temper at last.

"I will bear it no longer," he said to Harry Newton.

That gentleman had favored the party who "found cause for suspicion" at first; it was *such* a good joke on the doctor. But when the matter got serious, he grew indignant, and supported his friend with stanch fidelity.

"What will you do?" asked Newton.

"Leave Glenvale to-morrow, and not return until I have hunted out the mystery of that girl's sudden disappearance."

"*Bon voyage!* Off with you! Seat! Shake the dust of this ungrateful town off your boots."

"I am going, but let it be well understood that I shall return when I have found the young lady."

"Going where? What clew have you got?"

"None."

"Dr. Don Quixote, I humbly salute you, and beg you, of the fruits of your knight-errantry, to bring your devout admirer a windmill."

"Fudge, Newton. You are too modest. A man of your known ability to raise the wind, should speak for nothing less than a Dakota blizzard."

"Your munificence overpowers me. Let it be genuine, though, and no counterfeit. I hate humbugs. But are you really going, Grant?"

"I really am going."

"And you know where no more than the man in the moon?"

"No more."

"If one were to get a peep inside that trunk, one about to make a voyage of discovery might wade in seas of useful knowledge."

"The prying landlady of the hotel has already tried your expedient, and, instead of seas, found not so much as a drop of useful information. The only scrap of writing found was a fragment torn from a buff envelope,

on one side of which was written Glenvale, and on the other, Frankfort; carelessly scribbled half a dozen times, as if without thought or volition."

"Here is your clew, then—Frankfort."

Dr. Grant remained some moments silently musing.

"It may be," he said, at last. "This is worthy of consideration. Harry, if I find her——"

"Well?"

"Glenvale will get a more healthy atmosphere, I hope. That is all."

"All you intend to tell me, you mean. Well, old fellow, I hope you may find her. Write to me, will you? And, I say, don't forget the blizzard."

Every town in the United States bearing the name of Frankfort was sought out and visited by Dr. Grant within the next year. He went over the ground carefully, and gained nothing. Still he was not discouraged. He sailed for Europe. He landed in Germany. He arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Main. By persistently following the thread in his grasp, he had come to have faith in it as the clew to his labyrinth.

He established himself in a hotel at Frankfort. By day, he traversed the streets, or haunted the bazaars and public galleries of art, scanning closely the face of every young girl whom he met. At night, he visited places of amusement. He began to be spoken of at the places he frequented as the American detective.

One morning, on looking from his window, he saw that a light snow had fallen during the night. It was the first snow of the season. Involuntarily, his thoughts were directed to Winter and wintry scenes in New England. Glenvale, rolled in a snow-fleece of feathery flakes, came before his mental vision, and on its downy surface slender footprints were impressed.

Marvelous! There were the very same footmarks leading to the street from his hotel in Frankfort-on-the-Main. He brushed an imaginary mist from his eyes, and still the impressions remained. Going to his trunk, he took out the sketch which Newton had named "sole-patterns." He was not mistaken. There were the same slender outlines, the same graceful curves, the same angle and distance between the steps.

"She is found!" he cried, in his gladness; "she is found!"

Down the stairs he sprang, leaping three at a bound. When he reached the bottom, he trembled so much that he could scarcely stand.

"Dr. Stuart Grant," he said, with severe self-discipline, "if you disgrace yourself now by showing the softness of a rhyme-smitten swain, I'll give you no peace while you live."

Dr. Stuart Grant grew flinty thereupon, and proceeded to inquire among the hotel-waiters what lady had left the house that morning.

"The Frau Steinmitz," said one.

"Describe her."

"Large, old and ugly."

"The Fräulein Wurstmüller," said another.

"Was she also large, old and ugly?" asked Grant.

"No; a little, dwarfish maiden, with hands and feet so large that they seemed to be seen through a microscope when united to so small a figure."

He could get no description more nearly approaching the figure in his mind than these. Following the foot-steps, he went out into the street. When, in the trodden highway, they were lost in a chaos of tracks, he seemed to have suffered a personal loss. He wandered up and down until noon, then came back to his room. It never occurred to him to doubt that the recognition of the foot-

marks was accurate. He had only to wait and watch. Wait and watch he did.

Some days after, while lounging before his window, looking idly out upon the *Hauptstrasse*—he was watching still, but, for the moment, he had forgotten it—Dr. Grant saw the trim, graceful figure of a young girl approaching the hotel. He scrutinized her with a searching glance. She had a pleasant face and starry eyes. He hurried down the stairs and met her at the door.

"You could hide yourself from me no longer," he cried. "You are found at last!"

His impetuosity frightened her. She retreated as he advanced.

"You are found at last—found at last!" he repeated.

"I never knew, until now, that I had been lost," she answered. "I think you must be Dr. Grant, of Glenvale?"

"I am Dr. Grant. I was of Glenvale, but you ruined my practice there, and drove me from the place!"

"I?" she replied, opening wide her starry eyes.

"Yes, you."

"Come up-stairs and let me introduce you to my brother. So serious a charge requires closer investigation than this public place will allow."

"Who is your brother?"

"Philip Schuyler."

Philip Schuyler was a student in the University of Heidelberg. He had come to Frankfort-on-the-Main to meet a party of friends halting at that place. His frontal development was massive, and his face pale and sallow, as if yellowed by the smoke of the midnight oil. It was relieved by large blue eyes, and a mouth whose lines indicated at once sweetness and power. He laid aside his meerschaum, and rose to receive his visitors.

Dr. Grant was introduced in due form. Philip Schuyler greeted him courteously, and waited for what was to follow.

"Is this young lady your sister?" Dr. Grant inquired of Mr. Schuyler.

"Our relation is that of sister and brother."

"What is her name?"

The massive brow frowned, but the blue eyes and flexible lips could not repress a smile.

"Upon my soul, Anna," he said, "it appears that you should first have introduced yourself to this gentleman before performing that friendly office for me."

"Mr. Schuyler," said Dr. Grant, "as a physician in Glenvale, I had a lucrative practice, and the confidence of all who knew me. I have not deserved to lose these, but your sister has taken them from me. I was an easy-tempered man, to whom nothing in life seemed worth fretting about. She has caused my nights to be sleepless through anxiety, and my days to be full of vexation. Have I not a right to know her name?"

"My name, sir," said the young lady, "is Anna Schuyler. Now, sir, explain yourself! Make these ridiculous charges appear something else than the ravings of a lunatic, or, if there's a strait-jacket in the German Empire, you shall put it on before night!"

Philip Schuyler leaned back in his chair, and looked from one to the other in grave perplexity.

"It is you who should explain," said Dr. Grant. "How did you leave Glenvale so suddenly and mysteriously that all trace of you was lost in my office? What right had you to make people point to me, in connection with your unaccountable disappearance, and whisper of abduction, murder, and a compact with Mephistopheles? How had I injured you, Anna Schuyler, that you should desire thus to destroy me?"

Philip Schuyler laughed heartily. His sister began to weep.

"Pardon me, Dr. Grant," said Mr. Schuyler; "this matter may have been serious enough to you, but to me it seems irresistibly funny that Anna's Glenvale escapade should have become an event of such magnitude. The burden of the explanation will, I think, rest upon me. Anna, shall I tell Dr. Grant in what consists the head and front of your offending?"

"Tell him nothing. Or, rather, tell him that I was in league with his most bitter enemy to batter down his reputation. Tell him that the savor of Dr. Stuart Grant's good name had become repugnant to my nostrils at a distance of fifty miles, and invested me with the malignancy of a destroying angel."

"I think, Anna, that I will tell Dr. Grant the truth," said Philip Schuyler, gently. "My sister and I were left to each other at an early age, and two years ago were pursuing our studies—she at Mount Holyoke, and I at Amherst—when an uncle, living in Frankfort-on-the-Main, wrote to me most unexpectedly that he had in trust for me a sum sufficient to complete my education at a German university. He desired me to set out immediately, and bring my sister to reside in his family, while I remained in Germany. A party of his acquaintance was to leave New York at a stated time, and he would expect us to come with them. There was barely time to arrange my affairs at Amherst, go to South Hadley for my sister, and get to New York in time for the boat by which my uncle's friends were to sail."

"Monsieur arrives at Mount Holyoke," Anna interrupted, and learns with dismay that his bird has flown. I have been told that he was in a grand passion. I wish I could have seen him. Mount Blanc, in its glacial glory, is no more sublime than is my brother when, angry-white, he restrains the expression of his manly ire."

"Mademoiselle had had some sort of foolish quarrel," Philip resumed, "and in indignation, more breezy than sublime, had left the seminary that day, designing, I believe, to enter the academy at Glenvale."

"Monsieur got a team at the nearest railway depot," Anna again interrupted, "and made a great dash upon Glenvale. His fugitive was the first person he met after entering the village. I was tumbled into the sleigh with more haste than ceremony, and was a mile on the way before I got breath to gasp out that my trunk was left at the hotel. Fortunately it contained nothing that I could not easily do without; for monsieur had no idea of going back for it. I am not aware that any cloud obscured our departure from the town, but we certainly were not long in losing sight of it."

"Hinc ille lachrymæ," said Philip Schuyler. "Hence the troubles of your villagers. Will this explanation satisfy them that you, Dr. Grant, were in no way responsible for the young lady's sudden and mysterious disappearance?"

"I think nothing less than a sight of Miss Schuyler herself would satisfy them. If I were to go home with this story, they would at once pronounce it an ingenious fabrication."

"Anna, have you a mind to make a second journey to Glenvale, to undo the mischief of your first?" queried her brother.

"Will they hang Dr. Grant if I don't? Will it be a case of trial and conviction on circumstantial evidence?"

"Possibly it may end in that," said her brother, greatly amused.

"Now you are laughing at me, Phil; but I don't care. I have read of such things."

"To save me from such a fate, would you return to Glenvale?" asked Dr. Grant.

"I think not. You don't deserve that I should. Why were you so cross to me when you knew I was not the least to blame for what has happened, and could not fail to regret it as much as yourself?"

"Mr. Schuyler," said Dr. Grant, abruptly, "what sort of man do you take me for?"

"An honest one, I am sure."

"Then will you allow me half an hour's conversation with your sister, alone?"

"Upon my word, sir, this is coming to the point with a vengeance. Don't you think so, Anna?"

But Anna was diligently drawing figures in the frost-work upon the window-panes, and did not seem to hear.

Mr. Schuyler put on his hat, said he would return in half an hour, and left them together.

"Miss Schuyler," said Dr. Grant, "you asked me why I was so cross to you. Shall I tell you why such was the case?"

Anna now looked up, wondering that his tones had suddenly grown so low and tender. There was a world of revelation in that single gaze. The fringy veil of her lashes drooped quickly over her starry eyes, and her whole face became crimson. Dr. Grant went on: "Shall I tell you that I dared take no other tone, lest I should betray the tenderness that is in my heart for you? That my days have been troubled and my nights full of unrest, because I could not cease loving you? that the greed with which the Glenvale villagers gloated over their mystery gave me less pain than the thought that I might see you again—never more? that the triumphant scattering of their delusions would give no less happiness than to have you bid me hope, by-and-by, when you know me better, that I may gain your love? May I cherish such hopes, Anna?"

"So, sir; the moth must learn by experience that the flame of a candle will scorch."

"Do you remember that nonsense?"

"My memory is rather retentive, I believe."

"Yet you have forgotten to answer my question. Are you angry that I have spoken, Anna?"

"No. Ask me no more now. I am not angry with you, Dr. Grant."

"Let us not evade the point, if you please. I must still ask for an answer to my question. May I hope to gain your love?"

"Never!"

Dr. Grant rose to depart. He staggered like one who had received a sudden blow. Anna glanced up at him, shyly, and got between him and the door.

"Wait, sir," she said, imperiously. Dr. Grant bowed, and staid to hear *why* he was to wait.

"I said you cannot hope to gain my love—because—it

is yours already. I have loved you ever since I saw you at Glenvale."

Somewhat later, Glenvale was electrified by a special bulletin announcing that "the young lady" had reappeared and carried off her trunk; that she had come accompanied by her husband, and that her husband was Dr. Grant.

Glenvale, on being thus summoned to yield up its mystery, was at first indignant, but grew more reconciled when it had

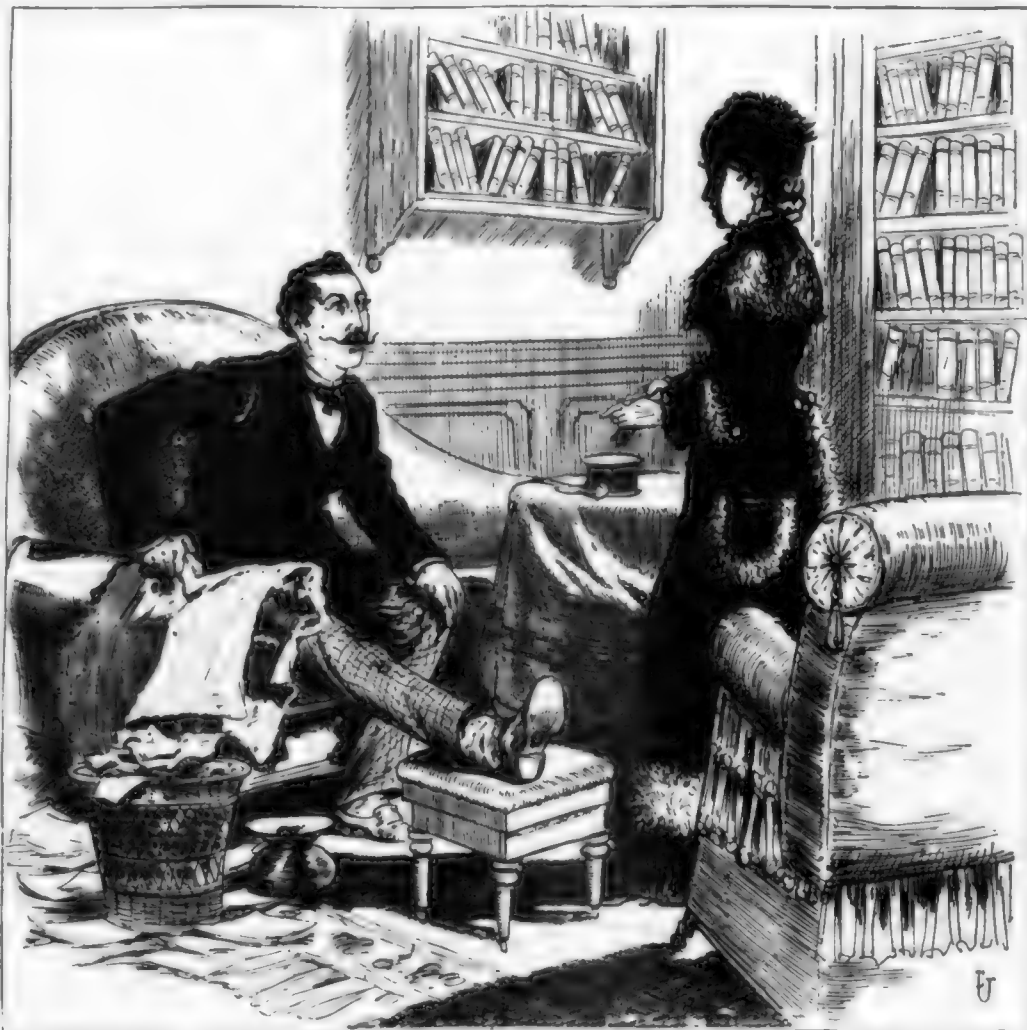
been convened at a grand entertainment given by Dr. and Mrs. Grant at their new residence.

After all, the villagers were glad to have their favorite physician back again, and he grew more popular than ever.

Harry Newton never saw Mrs. Grant without asking her opinion of practical jokes, and hoping that she bore no malice.

She always heartily assured him that she did not.

THAT a humorous man should be melancholy is what we might naturally expect, for humor is precisely due to the combination of a deep sense of pathos with a keen eye for the incongruities of the world.



A VILLAGE MYSTERY.—"ARE YOU DR. GRANT?" SHE ASKED, NERVOUSLY DRAWING ONE GLOVE THROUGH THE SMALL HAND WHICH WAS COVERED BY ITS FELLOW."

CAPTAIN ANTOINETTE.

BY INDE.

"CAPTAIN, I hear the clatter of hoofs down the road. Somebody coming, sure," reported one of my men—Virginians, of Jeb Stuart's Cavalry—on picket duty.

I hurried forward to listen. It was all that could be done. The raw November fog—gray, pliable and blinding, shut off objects scarcely more than five yards distant. It was an abominable day, with a certain shadowy

the reins to wring her hands, distractedly, "they've taken Nettle! they've stolen Nettle—my darling Nettle! Oh, captain, can't you save Nettle!"

"Is the enemy near?" I inquired, alarmed at what might lurk in the opaque depths of this miserable fog.

"No, no; they are half-way back to Alexandria, and they have my—my poor Nettle!" She broke almost into



"PROMISE ME, ALL OF YOU, TO KILL MAJOR WESTON, IF EVER YOU HAVE THE CHANCE—PROMISE, I SAY!" "WE'LL DO IT!" EAGERLY RESPONDED THE MEN, QUITE IN ACCORD WITH THE RAGE OF THE PRETTY CREATURE."

apprehension and mystery pervading it by no means comfortable to videttes on an advanced outpost, and the enemy reported by the scouts not three miles away. Somebody certainly approached. I distinctly heard the even tramp of a horse, despite the soft mud, and close at hand.

Before I could speak, horse and rider seemed to leap out of the fog directly in front of me.

It was a woman.

"Oh, captain!" she breathlessly cried out, dropping Vol. XXVI, No. 1—2.

a sob, although her magnificent eyes flashed angrily. A rapid survey showed me that she was wretchedly mounted on a broken-down army hack; also, that even while rage and grief struggled for mastery, she certainly was very charming and striking in appearance. A long, black plume waved in her jaunty hat. The dark blue-gray habit glittered with Confederate buttons, the sleeves gleamed with elaborations of gold braid, the close-fitting collar bore the three bars of a captain, while round her waist was clasped a belt and pistols. But for the fog,

this semi-military costume might have been gairishly bright and tinselled. In the fog, it only heightened the effect of her beauty.

"It was a barbarous outrage!" I said, sympathetically. "Can you tell me how it happened?"

"I rode Nettle over to old Abe Koon's cabin, and they came there and took Nettle and Abe's horse, the villains! They left this brute behind! Oh, how I hate them—that evil-faced major!" she went on, a vindictive ferocity in every accent. "I only hope he may be at my mercy some day!"

"If you can identify him!" I ventured.

"Identify!" she broke in, fiercely; "I would know him anywhere. He is Major Weston, a savage fiend, and he has robbed me of Nettle. Promise me, all of you, to kill him if ever you have the chance—promise, I say!"

"We'll do it! We promise to make short work of him!" eagerly responded the men, quite in accord with the rage of the pretty creature.

"I'll be avenged on him, if I live!" she cried, excitedly. "He has taken my Nettle, the cutthroat! Oh, how bitterly I hate them all! I'm going to the general."

"Pardon me!" I laid a detaining hand on her bridle; "my orders are to pass no one without the countersign."

She looked at me scornfully.

"What do I want of the countersign?" she demanded, with a laugh. "You must be a stranger not to know me! I will go on."

"Even if I had the honor and pleasure of knowing you, I dare not disobey orders," and my grip on her horse's bridle tightened.

"My orders to you are to stand aside, and let me pass."

"Not without the countersign."

"*Tais-toi*, then! Come nearer."

She bent down, and, to my astonishment, whispered the countersign into my ear.

"There, incredulous rebel!" she said, breaking off with almost a moan of "Oh, my poor Nettle!"

"One moment," I said, as she gathered up the reins; "won't you tell me who it is that is possessed of our countersign?"

"Captain Antoinette."

The answer was given half tauntingly, in evident displeasure at my lingering suspicion, and then our charming stranger lashed the wornout horse into a spasmodic trot, and vanished in the fog.

I made my toilsome round of the guards, and returned to our bivouac for a night of vigilance. The abominable day was followed by an abominable night, and the fog somehow fostered distrust; besides, it happened that none of my men had any knowledge of Captain Antoinette.

However, this could be no matter of wonder, for we had been detached for several weeks on distant duty, and had only rejoined the command within the last few days. A bright, clear morning soon dispelled my doubts, and by noon I was back in camp, relieved of my bespattered boots, and comparatively refreshed and clean. With restored tranquillity came a determination to know more of our pretty visitor on the outpost. No one would, probably, be better informed of the neighborhood beauties than my cousin and messmate, Jack Allston. He was easily found.

"Jack, who is Captain Antoinette?" was my abrupt inquiry, which he answered by scanning me from head to foot in most depreciative scrutiny.

"You have been absent, haven't you, Jim?"

"You know that, confound you!"

"How long did you say?"

"I didn't say how long, but it has been a month," I replied, shortly, my temper a trifle nettled by his manner—half compassionate—half contemptuous.

"That accounts for it," retorted Allston. "My dear Jim—I am sorry for you—in five minutes you will see Captain Antoinette—for she is coming down the Chantilly road now with the general and his staff."

"Why not call her Miss Antoinette? It's rather free to dub a lady Captain Antoinette," was my somewhat disgusted comment.

"Perhaps you don't know that she is a captain. It was her whim, and old Jeb Stuart is too gallant to refuse a beautiful woman, so one fine morning it came out in general orders that she ranked as a captain and must be obeyed as a captain—otherwise she is Antoinette Deene—daughter of old Deene, and that is all I know. Here they come."

A moment later Stuart and his staff had dashed by, at a full gallop. Every man in the brigade riveted his gaze upon the lady at the general's side.

It was the fair loser of "poor Nettle," not now subjected to the humiliation of a jaded army hack, but riding a fine bay, too full of fire and wickedness for a timid rider. She returned our salute saucily and gracefully. Her eyes sparkled and face glowed, from the frosty November air and exhilarating exercise, which might have been the *animus* of the ripple of sympathy underlying the wild yell that always greeted the general.

"Poor little Antoinette? We'll look out for that major?" laughed Allston. "She is a fire-eater out and out—a patriotic little devil—nothing counts with Antoinette but downright, bulldog fight-for-the-cause. I'll take you over to old Deene's this evening."

I returned to the tent, and waited for Allston with all the impatience of a man idle enough to become excited over trifles. Seeking solace in a pipe, I weighed my chances of favor in Captain Antoinette's sight, as balanced against those of the general and his handsome staff. The general himself had the charms of a hero for women. They adored him, and the radiance of his popularity shed itself in some oblique way upon the officers of his staff. Tiresome and slow as he was, Allston at last announced himself ready for "old Deene's."

We found Captain Antoinette demurely knitting woolen socks, of a dull-gray and brown yarn. A huge Newfoundland dog lay stretched at her feet; a tiny white kitten nestled among finished socks in the work-basket. The dog wagged his tail lazily—the kitten lifted its head and stared gravely, then both dozed off quite undisturbed by the click of spurs.

"We know each other—that is, we have met before," she mystified Jack by saying to me; "but if you are both of the same name, what shall I call you?"

"Call me Jim," I struck in, boldly.

"Jim—well Jim, I am glad to see you, although I can't say you pleased me when we last met," laughed the fair captain, shrugging her shoulders significantly, while she held out a dainty white hand.

"You don't mind my calling you Captain Antoinette?" I asked, while Allston established himself in an arm-chair in front of her.

"Mind it!" she exclaimed, with charming surprise; "I am proud of it; but I see by your face that you think me over-bold. I don't care for individual opinion."

"I think you are perhaps devoted to your cause—and self immolation in you must inspire us."

"It is all I can do. I live for our cause—dear Jim;

don't for one moment suppose that I have any other motive than to show you all that a weak girl has as brave a spirit as any of you—do you believe it?"

"Firmly."

"They won't let me fight, because I am a woman. Don't you pity me?—this is all I can do;" she held up the knitting, a pretty, pathetic mockery in her manner; "but, Jim, I'll do something more heroic before this war is over. Ah me! it is terrible to be a woman."

Antoinette looked so lovely at that moment, although so much in earnest, that it seemed an irony to suppose she coveted the freedom of a man in preference to the absolute sovereignty of a beautiful woman.

"Your influence is our ruling power," remarked Jack Allston.

"I wish you could hate as I do," she said, in soft, musical tones, while her eyes blazed into fiery brilliance. "One must have bitter hate—implacable—to be a dreaded enemy. I want you to hate those marauders."

"You are too barbarous, in your war-to-the-knife creed," remonstrated Allston, lifting a sock from the heap in the basket. "One so good and sweet as to do this for us cannot be so ferocious to enemies."

"All the difference lies there," cried Antoinette, her face aflame with half-angry enthusiasm; "you are my friends—my people—they are my enemies, and I do wish I could grind them into atoms under my heel."

She stamped her little heel, and clinched her white teeth, in a sudden outburst of rage, disagreeably real.

"Yes, I am war-to-the-knife; think of Nettle—my poor, pretty Nettle!" and Captain Antoinette bent over her knitting with a faint sob, and tried vainly to count the stitches through blinding tears. After all, she was only a woman.

"Poor little captain! It was an atrocity!"

The intensified sympathy in Allston's tone verged upon irony.

"It was atrocious!" she said, in resenting emphasis. "You have promised me vengeance, Colonel Allston. Now I ask it of Jim. Promise not to spare this Major Weston if ever you meet him!" Antoinette entreated, with a persuasive persistence difficult to resist or parry.

"She has already exacted the same promise of half the brigade," remarked Allston, on our way back to camp. "I am afraid it will go hard with the New York major if the men should fall foul of him while we are in Antoinette's vicinity."

"A small thing embitters a woman," I said, comfortable in the reflection that no woman had a grudge against me in these perilous times, so conducive to the wiping out of old scores.

All that Winter I devoted myself to the delightful, but dangerous, task of softening the direful bitterness and venom in Captain Antoinette's heart. Moderate tenets, however, I am bound to admit, gained no ground with Antoinette, so that, apart from the piquant pleasure of having a lovely girl constantly endeavoring to show me my error, I had but small reward.

The men championed her warmly, and watched for her coming on bright days, when not kept indoors by stress of weather. She would gallop into camp with Stuart and his staff, and for the nonce dispel the tiresome monotony of military inactivity. Her sparkling eyes, gay laughter and dauntless spirits seemed to ameliorate the rigors of Winter under canvas. It came to be an honor to rank as one of Antoinette's friends. Numerically, they were limited. She drew the line upon men who had, as yet, given no proof of valor.

"Only tried soldiers. I decline to know any except

brave men, ready to die for the cause," she invariably declared. "Bring me fighters, and haters, too. As for myself, I have vowed, come what may, never to speak to, or, if I can help it, look at one of these Northern invaders."

"Such a confounded little fire-eater, but true as steel," Allston would comment, and not a man of us but indorsed the amendment, and whiled many an hour on bleak outposts in talk of Captain Antoinette's whole-souled patriotism.

We made startling reconnoissances through the slush and mud and piercing cold, and brought in frequent "batches" of prisoners. Antoinette never failed to ride over in hot haste, with always the selfsame question, "Is it Major Weston?"

The perpetual reiteration, like the oft-recurring refrain of a war-song, was taken up by the men. On our return to camp, usually half frozen, half starved and utterly exhausted, the men would rush out and shout, eagerly, "Is it Major Weston?"

I felt sincerely glad that it never chanced to be the ill-starred major, and wished, for his own sake, that Major Weston might never fall into our hands while pretty Antoinette was near enough to stir up the rage of the troopers.

However drear and severe the Winter had been, it waned at last. The army was already moving back from Manassas. Countless delusive feints were made by the cavalry to blind the enemy, who buzzed uncomfortably about our vicinity.

Late, one evening, we had information of a troop of cavalry bivouacked for the night a few miles from us in a great body of pines. I was sent out to capture them. We had quitted the picket-post, more than a mile back. The road was lonely, the men silent and watchful. Suddenly, a single rider moved from the sheltering darkness of a clump of cedars and wheeled into column at my side.

"Oh, Jim," exclaimed the clear, familiar voice of Captain Antoinette, heedless of the score or two of carbines leveled upon her, "let me go with you! It's Major Weston. Let me go, Jim! I must go!" she pleaded, in her swift, sweet treble, somewhat high and breathless from suppressed excitement.

"How do you know, Antoinette? Where did you get your information? It is certainly very dangerous for you to be here," I said.

"Will you let me go if I give you information of value?" she asked, warily.

"Impossible, Antoinette! I have no right to endanger your life. Give us your news, and we will do our best."

"I know everything, and I will go, Jim!" she interrupted, excitedly. "I can take you by a short cut and surprise them. I tell you, Jim, you needn't consent—I am going whether you consent or not. I mean to help you to trap that wretch, and—and, maybe, get poor Nettle."

Captain Antoinette looked me squarely in the eyes, an expression of such immovable resolve upon her fair face as to convince me that I simply wasted time and breath in remonstrance.

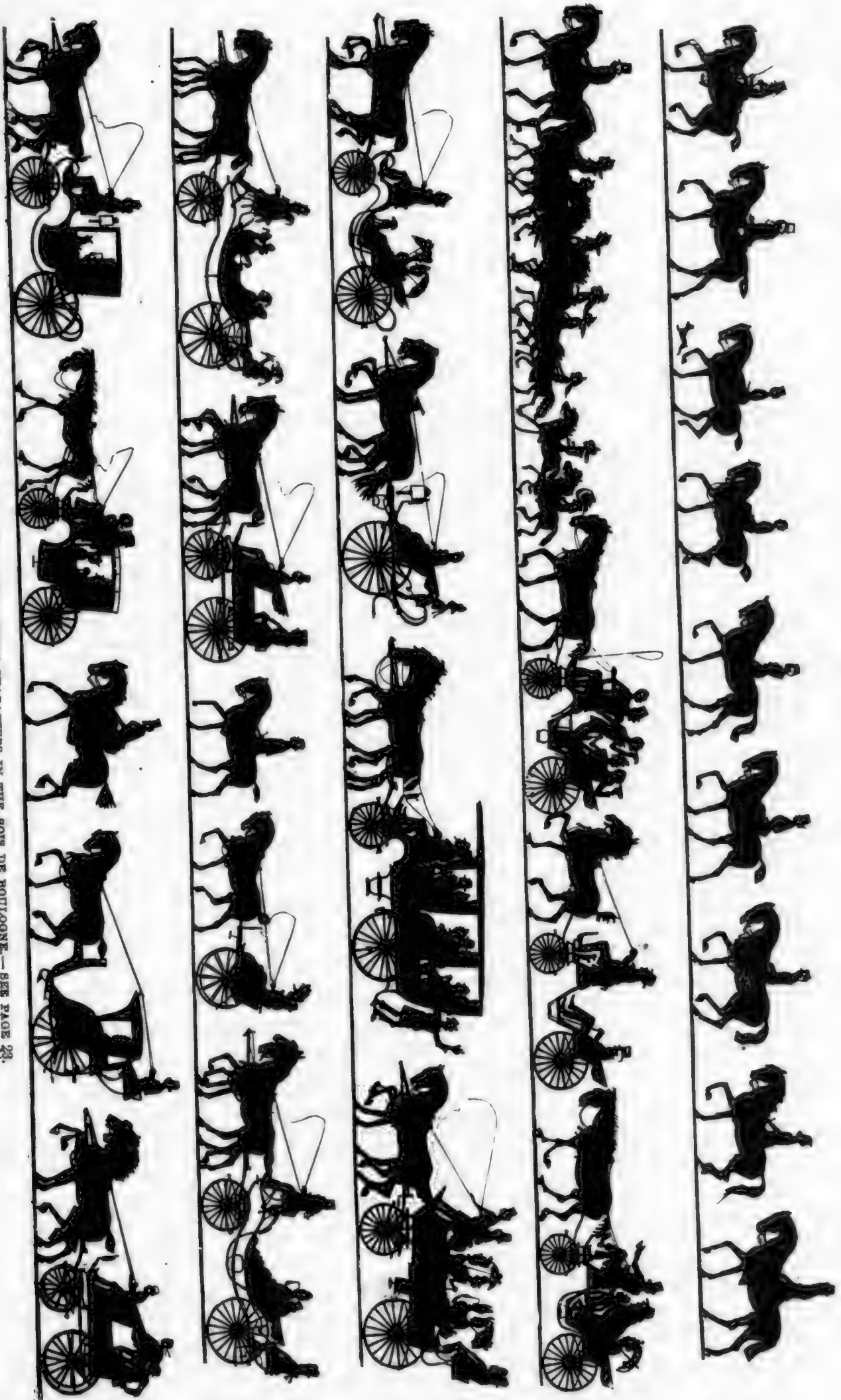
Still, a fear of the consequences in case this Major Weston should be captured induced unusual effort to dissuade the girl from her mad enterprise.

"You may as well give over talking about it, Jim—I am going. Besides, I have the information, and you haven't," she retorted, cogently. Then, raising her voice a trifle, she called: "Abe! Come here, Abe!"

A man emerged from the gloom of the cedars, and approached us rather charily.



THE RIDES OF THE WORLD.—THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 23.



THE RIDES OF THE WORLD.—WELL-KNOWN CHARACTERS IN THE FOIS DE BOULOGNE.—SEE PAGE 23.

"They be in the pines, captin'," he began, without waiting for question. "That ar blue-coat major, es tuk my critter, he's done sot hisself down in my cabin, en he h'ain't brung the critter back, but I knowed him. We-uns h'ain't forgittful."

"How did you get here if they hold your cabin?" I inquired.

The backwoodsman smiled knowingly.

"I be in the woods a-gettin' fat pine, w'en a passel uv em rid in. H't wa'n't no time tell I seed the head man es tuk my critter en Miss Antynette's. I kin tek you up the branch, captin, till we git ter the road, en them ar picket-standers beyondst won't know no better, kase they're too fur out, en they h'ain't 'spicioned the branch."

"Very well; push on," was my brief order.

In less than an hour we came out of the shallow branch, within a short distance of the cabin and clearing. We were safely inside their pickets. On a slight rise in the ground, a few hundred yards away, the still figures of mounted videttes defined themselves against the cloudless sky. The heavy padding of cone and pine-needle deadened every footfall as we passed stealthily and silently along the narrow road, shut in by an arabesque of slim, gray trunks and grizzled stems. Their bivouac was a terrible blunder, when once we held the key to it.

"Jim," whispered Antoinette, "I won't go any further. I might hamper you or—or something. I'll dismount and get behind these fallen trees."

"Charge!" I shouted.

In the onset I had a dim impression of seeing Antoinette drop from her horse into a thicket, and then, with a fierce yell, we were down upon them. Wild confusion and panic, shouts, mingled with cries of bewildered men, and the rapid orders and passionate curses of an officer vainly striving to rally his flying band. He fought like an animal at bay, with his back set against a giant pine, stubbornly resolved to sell his life dearly. The moonlight fell upon his bare head, and the narrow rivulet of blood trickling down one cheek from a sabre-cut over the temple. His face, pale and resolute—even the aquiline nose and thick mustache—seemed photographed indelibly upon my memory in one instantaneous glimpse. Stopping only to give an order, I spurred my horse toward him. His desperate valor proved resistless. He had beaten off his assailants and escaped into the sombre labyrinths of the pines. It was Major Westop. In my heart I felt glad not to number him among our prisoners. Ten minutes later we were on our way back to camp.

Antoinette, smiling and expectant, joined me at the verge of the clearing. Her glance ran in searching scrutiny over the prisoners.

"Did you capture him? Where is Major Weston?" she questioned, eagerly.

"He has escaped—"

"Escaped?" ejaculated Antoinette. "You coward! How could you let that wretch escape? You promised me not to spare him. Oh, how I hate you for it, Jim!" and Antoinette burst into a flood of tears of angry disappointment, thereby enhancing my satisfaction that the brave officer had fought his way out of our clutches.

"Don't speak to me, Jim," she interrupted, petulantly, when I endeavored to explain.

"Never you min' 'long o' that 'ar, Miss Antynette," cheerily shouted the backwoodsman in our rear. "I hev the critters. I'm erback o' my beas' now, en I hev done got yo' Nettle 'long side o' me."

The discovery of her pet among the captured horses

appeased Antoinette's ire. In her joy over Nettle good-humor returned, although baffled of her vengeance in its entirety.

"I dunno nuthin 'bout w'at they're fitin' 'bout, onliest I be sartain en sho' that ar critter's mine, and the boss man h'ain't no righter techin' him," moralized the countryman, proudly, stroking his ancient mare; "en I'm gwine ter the haid ginrel now fur ter tell him es this heah beas' 'longs ter me."

A brisk trot soon brought us to the crossroad leading off toward the Deene place. By that time Antoinette was in charming spirits.

"You see, Jim, those nasty bullets have such a fiendish hiss," she naïvely confessed, "that I laid flat on the ground until the firing was over."

"Don't you dread what may be said of this escapade?"

My own anxiety prompted the question.

"Not in the least. People have no time for scandal," was the confident assurance. "At least I have Nettle, and my worst foe is *hors de combat* from a sabre-cut; but, hear me, Jim: I will never—never pity or forgive him. Good-night, Jim."

Before I could remonstrate she had galloped off at a furious speed by the crossroad, homeward.

The next morning our regiment had marching orders. Sage little Antoinette had counted upon a certainty when she said, "People have no time for scandal." We were moving to the Peninsula rapidly and secretly. If we had had leisure to think of anything beyond the present we might have compassionately remembered that the griffes of the enemy had closed upon Antoinette and obliterated her pretty travesty of military officiality.

We might have wondered how her fiery animosity bore the presence of the foe. Perhaps her glowing face pictured itself sometimes in the retrospect as we plodded through mire and rain and scorching heat—but not often. How could we think of bright smiles and jocund laughter in the blaze and roar of the cannonade, with the yell of the onset perpetually ringing in our ears, and the carnage always before our eyes; with poor Allston lying dead on the Chickahominy, and our comrades falling like Autumn leaves in a hurricane! Surely we may be forgiven the forgetting of Antoinette in those days of iron storms.

So the year rolled around. The short Winter rest beguiled us into thinking again of fair friends, never so much to be desired as when time hung upon our hands, in the dreary routine of camp existence without the fight. About this time, having a furlough, I volunteered on a reconnaissance made by some of Mosby's Rangers. The route, as outlined, would bring us in Antoinette's neighborhood. I may as well acknowledge that the hope of seeing her was the impetus of this impromptu thirst for military glory. Good fortune attended the adventurous troop. We scudded back, in the icy starlit night, unchallenged by sentry, and unobserved by travelers or midnight prowlers.

"In two hours we will reach the Deenes' and make a halt," observed the captain. "We are sure to fare uncommonly well there. The little captain is as redhot a rebel as ever, and just as pretty. Hallo! there's a vehicle coming this way—stop it, boys—can't go on."

"Halt!" The one low-spoken word sufficed. The carriage stopped instantly, and the men pressed around it eagerly.

"Oh! oh! they are our own soldiers!" cried a sweet, soft voice from within. Its vibrant tones thrilled me, just as they did in those initiative gala-days, before Malvern and Seven Pines; before I became a worn,

rugged, weather-beaten veteran. I spurred my horse forward, to behold dear little Antoinette.

"Jim? My dear old Jim? Can I believe my eyes? Oh, how delicious to see our own brave fellows once more!" was her enthusiastic greeting. "I haven't seen you for so long, Jim, but you're a thousand times handsomer than ever. Oh, dear, if it was not business of father's—so awfully important too—I'd turn back; but we can't—can we father?" she inquired, sweetly.

In the starlight, as she leaned out the carriage-window, I thought Antoinette had never appeared more lovely or radiantly happy. Of course this gayety and light-heartedness was largely due to her joy at seeing us, but that made it all the more captivating. I noted, too, that a third person sat in the coach, who evinced not the slightest desire to become acquainted, or enter into conversation.

"How daring and splendid you all look!" went on Antoinette, in her most winning accents, quite oblivious of any reply from her father, who resigned the talk to his daughter. "It breaks my heart to think of you, fighting—fighting, and having such hard times, while we are shut up in the enemy's lines," she added, pathetically. "But I tremble at your danger now, dear grand old rebels that you are!"

"Yes; we must get on at once."

The captain, mindful of lost moments at this critical time, straightened himself in his saddle.

"Captain Antoinette, I know your father is all right. Can you vouch for your friend?"

"Vouch for him?" she exclaimed, in sublime scorn! "Hear that, Jim—as if I would have a friend I couldn't vouch for. He is my cousin, Tom Emmett, from down near the river. There's no fight in him—more's the shame—though he adores the South—here is my hand on it."

She extended her soft white hand, and laid it confidently in the captain's rough palm. Certainly Antoinette had lost none of her old charm.

"Say that he will do us no harm, and be responsible for him. I will take your word for it," insisted the officer, over-cautiously, I thought.

"Yes, I want you to trust me, captain. You are always so good," Antoinette replied, persuasively. "It shall not harm you to let Tom pass—shall it, Tom?"

Thus appealed to, the stranger turned his face toward the window. I had, undoubtedly, seen that face somewhere; possibly in the past—at the Deenes'. It was perfectly familiar.

"It can do no harm," he briefly agreed.

"All right then—farewell."

"So like my own dear, noble soldiers!" murmured Antoinette. "Farewell! it breaks my heart to say it—farewell!"

For obvious reasons, we passed the Deene place that night, and made a comparatively secure halt several miles distant.

Somewhat this meeting with Antoinette perplexed me. Divested of the glamour of her presence, a disagreeable sense of mystery and clever evasion remained. I remembered that she had not told us her destination, nor given direct answer to a single question.

I lay down to sleep, tormented by uncanny doubts, and asking myself, over and over, who on earth was the reticent stranger, and why was his face so familiar to me? My wildest conjecture never verged on the truth. Two days later, I met the captain of Mosby's Rangers.

"Have you heard the news of Antoinette?" he inquired.

"No; what is it?"

"She cheated us out of a prize we have run down over and over again. Made fools of us all that night with her pretty smiles, and right under our noses, as it were, carried off the best and shrewdest officer they've ever sent out after us."

"I can't credit it! You must be mistaken!"

"I wish I was mistaken," grimly replied the captain, pushing a pistol into the holster viciously. "It's the perversity of women. The fellow has given them no end of trouble. He had Antoinette arrested and imprisoned in the Old Capitol! She hated him like a little fury that she was; turned her back on him; shut the door in his face; and now, confound her——"

He hesitated.

"What?" I queried, in pained suspense.

"She married him, by George! Saved him from us that night, and married him next morning in Washington. She was on her way to Washington when we met them. It was the bridal party."

"She distinctly stated that he was her cousin, Tom Emmett."

"She distinctly lied, then," was the sardonic answer. "He wasn't her cousin, and wasn't Tom Emmett."

"Who was he?"

"Major Weston."

THE UNSEEN GUIDE.

BY FRANCES M. OWEN.

My child went forth into my garden fair
Having no wish or will to stay by me;
But that I patiently had followed there
He could not see.

He passed on from the garden to the wild
Where cruel and fierce-roaring monsters lie;
I drove them back, but nothing told the child
That it was I.

He saw his brothers toiling on the road,
"I will give life and strength for them," cried he;
But that I made him strong to lift their load
He did not see.

Soul-thrilling words of love bade him rejoice,
And filled with music all that desert place;
And yet he never knew it was my voice,
Nor saw my face.

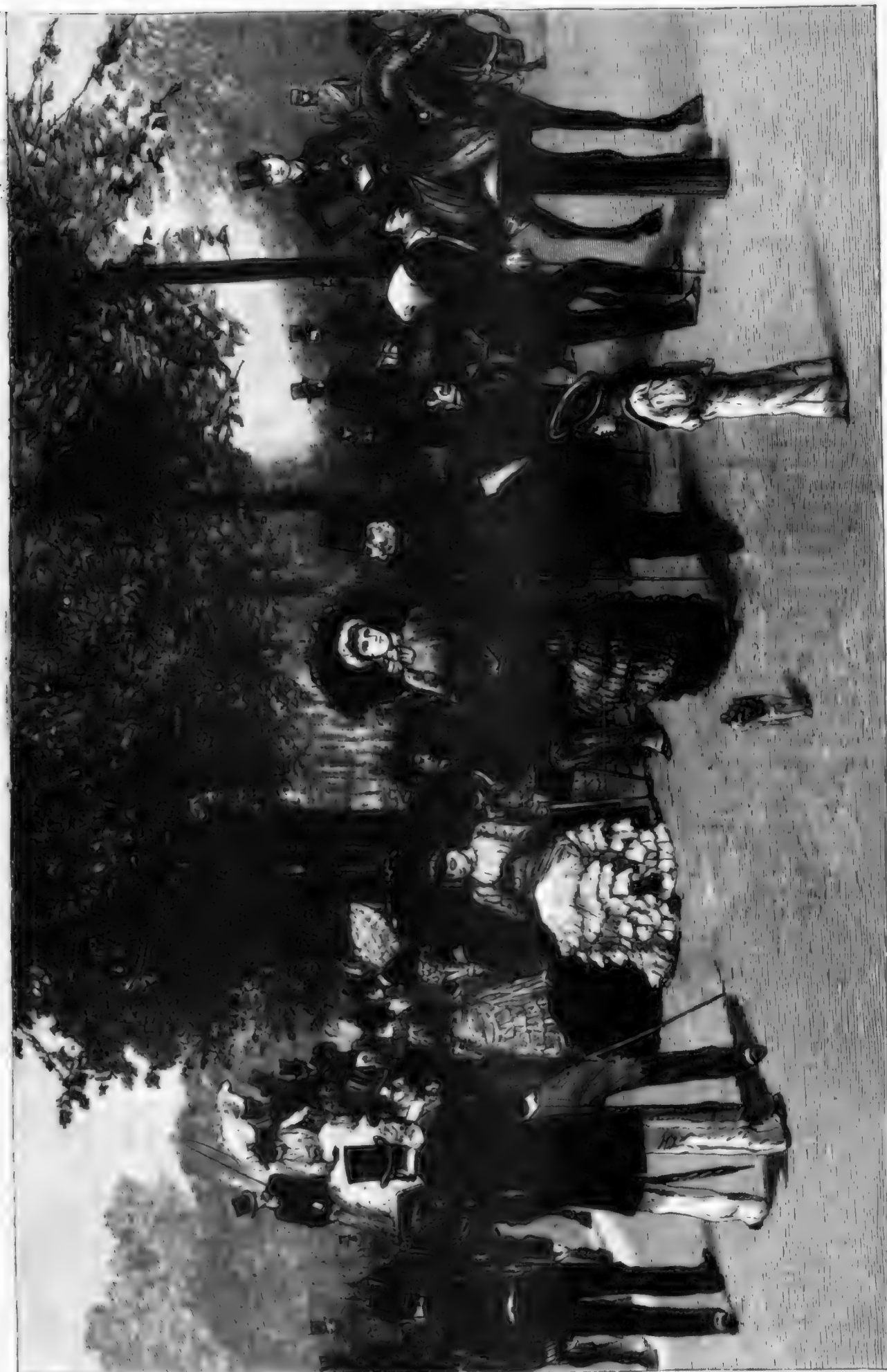
And when the night came and his eyes grew dim,
And dark and chill the mists about him lay,
He did not know my hand was guiding him
Till it was day.

THE RIDES OF THE WORLD.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

THE title of this article conveys a great deal at the first glance. What does it mean? The horseback performances of such centaurs as rode to Khiva or across Africa? Not a bit of it. By the Rides of the World I mean those parks, lanes, alleys, and even streets, attached to the great capitals, where rank, fashion and beauty are to be found in high season, displaying human-flesh and horse-flesh, and where "movement" is seen at its best.

To the Bois de Boulogne, that right lung of glittering Paris, I give first place. There is more of color, vivacity, *chic* and go in the shady alleys of the Bois than in Rotten Row, the Prater and Central Park rolled into one. Gayety uncontrolled, laughter unchecked, and flirtation unmatched, are in the Bois. The naughty and the nice rub skirts and wheels, and the *cocotte* saucily cracks her



THE RIDES OF THE WORLD.—BOTTEN ROW, LONDON.—SEE PAGE 23.

bejeweled whip under the aquiline nose of a princess of the Faubourg St. Germain.

The men, too, are more worthy of study than the average male biped one sees elsewhere. The Parisian dandy is a "caution." His hat is always too small, his cravat too large, his boots too high-heeled. He looks shiny and barbered to the last hair. He is *en évidence*, on show, and feels it. Take him on horseback, and he sits as if all the world were assembled to gaze at him. Not so with the Englishman. Even though Sir Briton condescends to take his equestrian daily in the Park, he is *riding*, and if not after the dogs of the Pytchly or the Quorn, or for a stretch on the Downs at Brighton, he is riding all the same. The Frenchman don't ride. He sits his horse as though in a circus, and ambles as if the band were giving him the step.

What fun it is, after your *déjeuner à la fourchette*, to hire an open cab by the hour, and roll up the glorious

Elysées on a May morning, and it is one vast, moving mass of bloom. In addition to the rainbow hues of the toilets, are flowers, artificial and natural—flowers everywhere; for it is correct form to stop under the shadow of the Church of the Madeleine, dismount, take a turn around the booths, purchase a bouquet, and place it on the front seat of the carriage, so that the perfume may waft itself into your nostrils as you go upon your way.

Out into the Champs Elysées, with their wondrous *cafés chantants* flanking you, with Le Doyen's, where the dinner is so tasty and the bill so high; past the building where are 7,000 pictures, the Salon, where fortunes are made and marred, and hopes raised "high as heaven" or shivered to infinitesimal atoms; past the Punch-and-Judy shows, so dear to youth and its nursemaid and the attendant *militaire*; past the swell residences of Ministers, Ambassadors and High Finance, with gates and walls such as fair Lily Lanctry vainly essayed in her



THE PRATER, VIENNA.

Champs Elysées! There is no such avenue in the wide world, take it up or down, crowned at one end by the Arc de Triomphe, at the other by the—alas! new buildings of the Tuileries. Once you pass the Cercle Rue Royal, that famous club in which baccarat is king, and where the ex-Khedive's brother lost every acre of his vast estates on the Lower Nile in one night—once you pass this den of destruction into the Place de la Concorde, what a charming vista opens up!

On either side of you, five deep, are vehicles of all sorts, shapes, sizes and descriptions, largely interspersed with equestrians and equestriennes. And what piquant figures these ladies present in their perfect-fitting habits, jaunty hats and satin-coated horses! The grooms, too, add to the picture—in splendid liveries, half-moon collars, cocked hats, leather belts, white buckskin breeches and "pickle-jars," as the Londoners irreverently term top-boots.

In the carriages, principally victorias, are morning toilets which no Englishwoman would know how to wear. An American? Yes, most decidedly. Roll up the Champs

New York residence; past hundreds of people sitting beneath the trees; past white-capped, blue-aproned, short-skirted women; past blue-bloused, peak-capped men; past gigantic omnibuses drawn by three Normandie horses with plaited tails; past an infantry regiment, marching badly, and talking like factory-girls during meal-hours; past grave-looking, motionless *sergents-de-ville*; past the Arc de Triomphe, craning your neck to gaze upon the history of France as written by the Great Napoleon, and you enter the Avenue of the Grand Army, and then the famous Bois de Boulogne.

Here, then, is the principal ride of the world, and hither Paris daily exhibits her prettiest women, her handsomest men, and her most valuable horse-flesh.

The Bois de Boulogne, in which the "high world" of Paris disports itself in the forenoons of April and May, comprises a surface of 873 hectares, or nearly four square miles. Before 1789 the wood was dying from sheer old age. The revolutionary ax in part cleared it, and whatever was then spared was felled, in 1814, to make palisades against the approaching then allied armies, and in

1870 the wood was again felled for the purpose of enabling the beleaguered Parisians to put the approaching victorious army of the late Emperor William.

The Bois contains the Hippodrome de Longchamps, and it is on this famous and fashionable racecourse that the Grand Prix de Paris, or blue ribbon of the French turf, is run for on the first Sunday in June, which was won by the American horse "Foxhall" in June 1881. It contains 62 hectares (153 acres), being 1,500 meters in length by 300 in breadth, and was inaugurated on April 26th, 1857. There are four stands (or *tribunes*, as they are called in France), two on each side of the President's Pavilion, which stands alone and is splendidly fitted up, containing a saloon and sitting-room, opening on a platform, from which a double staircase descends to the racecourse. The platform is protected by an awning, resting on six cast-iron pillars, the whole surmounted by a gabled roof in the style of an ornamental Swiss cottage. A square terrace for the President's suite rises behind, with a square tower containing the staircase. The pavilion, like the other stands, has an entrance on the side toward the Seine, but the President generally prefers ascending the double staircase in front. The two stands flanking this pavilion, from which they are separated by passages, are called *les grandes tribunes*, and are each 35 meters in length; they contain ten rows of seats, six of which are protected by a vast awning, supported by cast-iron pillars and divided, in the western stand, into seven compartments, which are reserved for the Minister of Agriculture, Commerce and Public Works, the Prefect of the Seine, the Prefect of Police, the Municipal Council, the Members of the Presidential *cercle*, and other great *cercles* of Paris, and, lastly, for subscribers and persons provided with tickets giving admission to the weighing-place. The compartment nearest the President's Pavilion is reserved for members of the *Administration de Haras*. The eastern stand has fewer divisions, and is set apart for the members of the Jockey Club, who have specially arranged a compartment for ladies. The roofs of these two stands are surmounted by terraces accommodating 400 persons each. The extreme lateral stands contain eight rows of covered seats each, but have neither uncovered ones nor terraces above. All these stands are entered from an inclosure on the side facing the Seine. The middle ones are flanked by square towers, containing stairs leading to the terraces and galleries, which give access to the seats in front. The galleries on the first floor are, also, accessible by central flights of stairs descending to the inclosure. The ground floors contain a weighing-room, a saloon for ladies, another for the members of the Jockey Club, a third for refreshments, a guard-room, etc. The buildings are conceived in a style of elegant rural architecture. The race-ground is infinitely superior to that of the Champ de Mars, and much larger than the adjoining *Ancien Sport*. It is so arranged that it can be turned into two courses: one of about 1,900 meters, and the other of about 3,000. The stands are situated so as to avoid the glare of the sun, and, being near the first turning, they allow of a straight run-home of between 800 and 900 meters. In front, as at Chantilly, a wide, sloping space is railed in, forming an inclosure, which is the favorite resort of sporting characters. The course commands splendid views of Baron de Rothschild's villa, the hills of St. Cloud, Meudon and Bellevue, Mont Valérien, the Seine, etc. Ready access to the course is provided for carriages and horsemen, and spectators can reach the ground by the right-hand railway to Suresnes, the railway to Auteuil, the horse-cars and omnibuses to Boulogne, the omnibuses to Neuilly,

and, lastly, by steamboats running from the Pont de la Concorde.

Close to the racecourse, and commanding an excellent view of it at its western extremity, on an elevated base, is the *Moulin de la Galette*, a remnant of the old Abbey of Longchamps, dating from the thirteenth century.

The *Cascade de Longchamps* is now one of the favorite places of resort for visitors to the Park.

The *Croix Catelan* is a venerable but mutilated relic, which has outlived all the political disturbances and revolutions of France since the fourteenth century. It is a pyramid, erected by Philippe le Bel, to commemorate the murder of a celebrated troubadour, named Arnould de Catelan, whom he had invited to Paris from the Court of Beatrix of Savoy. The King had sent an escort of men-at-arms to conduct the troubadour safe through the Bois, then infested with robbers. The bard having, in an unguarded moment, boasted before these men of the rich treasures which he was the bearer of to the King, they resolved to murder him, and executed their bloody purpose at this spot. To their mortification, the rich treasures they expected to find turned out to be nothing more than a few bottles of valuable essences of Provence manufacture. They returned to the royal palace, and gave out that they had waited in vain for Catelan, who had not arrived. Search was made, and the body found; but the murderers would, most probably, have escaped discovery, had it not been for one of them, who had the imprudence to perfume his hair with one of those essences, which was so rare that he could not have procured it in Paris. Suspicion being awakened, the guilty parties were apprehended, confessed their crime, and were condemned to the stake.

The first person you meet is Ferdinand de Lesseps, riding a thoroughbred, surrounded by children of all ages, from five to sixteen. He rides straight, and there is a houp la! about the youngsters that causes envy. Bon-langer rides in uniform, attended by an aide. He rides to show off, and his horse is a blue roan. M. Wilson, before his downfall, used to ride every forenoon, always with a party, one brunette, on a black satin-coated horse, keeping very close to him. She could have told something anent those decorations if she had a mind to. The divine Sara advertises herself in a quaint chariot, such as Cleopatra would order were she in the flesh. Judie drives a fat little pony, attached to a sort of laundry-basket phaeton; while Theo rides a superb chestnut. The queen of the *demi-monde*, Toinette La Salle, changes horses and grooms in the Bois each morning, never permitting any of her too numerous adorers to ride with her. She is a most daring horsewoman, and a skillful one to boot. Marshal MacMahon still mounts a horse, and on a sunny morn rides slowly down the Avenue of the Acacias, his keen eye penetrating everything, as though endeavoring to pierce the cannon-smoke. Marshal Canrobert rides a cob, and has the seat of an English farmer. The young French misses ride clumsily, and, as a rule, are very "fat, ungainly things." As a matter of fact the *cocottes* make the bravest show, are the best mounted, and the best hatted and habited. The Princess de Sagan has a good seat, and the ultra leader of *ton*, the Countess Kessler, whose villa at Etretat is a veritable dream, handles her reins to perfection. The Rothschilds ride well, and their servants are worth a franc a head to see.

The Prater is the happy riding-ground of the Viennese. Here the beauteous Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, and the best horsewoman in Europe, used to disport her magnificent figure, escorted by the Master of the

Horse, Prince Egon von Thun and Taxis. Here she used to ride her favorite hunters, "Donnybrook," "Maid of Kildare" and "Shillalagh," all Irish, and all used to the fences of Royal Meath. Every Spring day, before dinner—the Court dinner-hour is three o'clock—the Empress, accompanied by a brilliant cavalcade, used to gallop through the crowded alleys of the Prater, and anybody invited to the Court balls—you must be of noble blood to receive the Imperial commands to dance in the wondrous old hall of the Palace—used to appear upon horseback, all halting till the right royal equestrienne dashed past, usually at a full gallop. I have seen her magnificent hair fall down her shoulders, but whether this was done on purpose—for Imperial Eliza is very vain of her capillary crown—or whether her dresser received a wiggling afterward, it is hard for me to say. The Princess Metternich is a famous horsewoman whom the sightseers of the Prater love to gaze upon. The Princess Alexander von Thun and Taxis, and her chum, the Baroness Albert Rothschild, are two especial favorites with the frequenters of the Prater. Prince Alexander Taxis has the seat of an English jockey, and is the winner of many a fiercely contested sweepstake at Baden-Baden. His stable, at the Palace of Lancin, in Bohemia, is a model. His head groom is Grimshaw, brother of the celebrated winner of the blue ribbon of the Derby; and some of His Highness's horses have been coveted by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The Archduke Rodolph, and future Emperor of Austria-Hungary, is a better whip than rider, and he tools a four-in-hand, or a tandem, with the cool expertness of an English Guardsman. To see him in his dog-cart *en route* to the *Tir Garten*, near Schönbrunn, is to see him at his best. It is a most fetching turnout, and well handled.

The Prater swarms with the swarthy nobles of Hungary and their captivating sisters, cousins and aunts. Such blue-black hair, such rich, ripe complexions—the blood leaping beneath the skin—and such forms! The Austrian women, pink and white, with yellow hair and demonstrative bosoms, are heavyweights, and are usually mounted on weight-carriers. The Hungarian ladies, on the contrary, ride small, wiry steeds of blue blood and immense action. As for the Magyars, their horsemanship is superlatively good.

Hyde Park, within whose 800 acres lies Rotten Row, the ride of the Briton, takes its name from the Manor of Hyde, which belonged to the Abbey of Westminster. The first Park was inclosed by Henry VIII., and the French Ambassador hunted there in 1550. In the time of Charles I. the Park was thrown open to the public, but it was sold under the Commonwealth, and Evelyn complained that "every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the State, as they were cal'd." Oliver Cromwell was run away with here, as he was ostentatiously driving six horses which the Duke of Oldenburg had given him, and as he was thrown from the box of his carriage his pistol went off in his pocket, but without hurting him.

Opposite Hyde Park Corner, near Apsley House, the residence of the great Duke of Wellington, stands a statue of Achilles by Westmacott, erected in 1822 in honor of the "Iron Duke" and his companion heroes, from cannon taken at Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and Waterloo. Between this statue and the open screen, erected by Decimus Burton in 1828, is the entrance to Rotten Row, a mile and a half in length.

The first fragment of the walk, on its southern side, is the fashionable promenade during the season from twelve

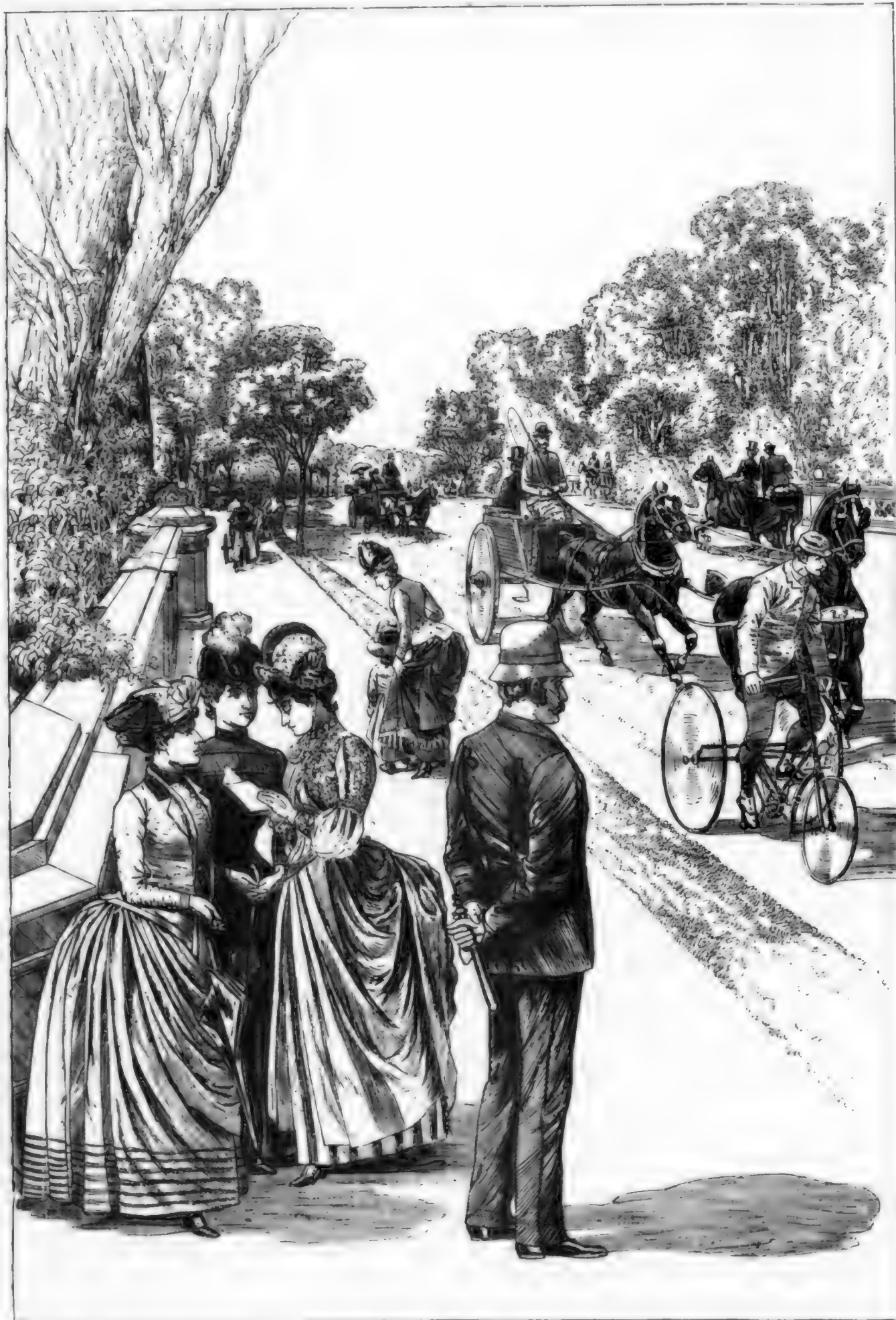
to two, as the corresponding walk, toward the Queen's Drive, is from five to seven. At these hours the walks are thronged, and the chairs, two cents, and the arm-chairs, four cents, along the edge of the garden, are amply filled. Hyde Park was already a swell promenade two centuries ago, the "season" then being considered to begin with the 1st of May. "Poor Robin's Almanack" for May, 1698, remarks:

"Now, at Hyde Park, if fair it be,
A show of ladies you may see."

People seldom suspect that the odd term Rotten Row is a corruption of *Route du Roi*, or Road of the King, yet so it is. The old royal route from the Palace of the Plantagenet Kings and Westminster to the royal hunting forests was by what are now called "Birdcage Walk," "Constitution Hill" and "Rotten Row," and this road was kept sacred to royalty, the only other person allowed to use it being (from its association with the hunting-grounds), the Grand Falconer of England. This privilege exists still, and every year the Duke of St. Albans, as Hereditary Grand Falconer, keeps up his rights by *driving* once down Rotten Row. The "Dook" nobly thus earns his pitiful salary of ever so many thousands.

A little to the north of Rotten Row is the Serpentine, an artificial lake of fifty acres. Near this are the oldest trees in the Park, some of them oaks, said to have been planted by Charles II. In this part of the Park was the "Ring," now destroyed, the fashionable ride and drive of the last century. It was at Rotten Row that Charles II., on foot, attended only by the Duke of Leeds and Lord Cromarty, met the Duke of York returning from hunting. The latter alighted, and expressed his disquietude at seeing the King walking with two gentlemen only in attendance. "No kind of danger, James," said the King, "for I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you King."

Miss Braddon, in "The Lady's Mile," gives the following vivid description of the famous Row: "It was high tide—springtide, if you will—at half-past six o'clock on a warm June evening; not the commonplace ebb and flow of a vulgar river, but the mighty tide of fashion's wonderful sea, surging westward, under the dusty elms and lindens of the Lady's Mile. If you had driven round this very Park between four and five on this very afternoon, you would have been gratified by the sight of some half-dozen nursemaids with their straggling charges, an occasional girl and perambulator, a picturesque Lifeguardsman here and there, like a glimmering flock of crimson amongst the wavering shadows of the trees, a few hulking idlers in corduroy and bluchers, and a tipsy female sleeping on the grass. Now, the excited policemen have enough to do to keep the four ranks of carriages in line and to rescue foot-passengers from the pawing hoofs of three-hundred-guinea steeds. The walk under the trees is as crowded as the inclosure at Ascot, the iron chairs are as fully occupied as the seats of a fashionable chapel. The pouncing proprietor, with his leathern pouch at his side, has hard work to collect his rents, so rapidly do his customers come and go, and is distracted by vague fears of levanting tenants and bad debts. On all the length of the rails between Hyde Park Corner and the Serpentine there is scarcely room for one lounge more; for the rule of fashion is so subtle a bondage that it has compelled millions of people, who never in their lives had spoken to one another, to wear the same order of garments, and talk the same slang, and ride in the same line of carriages, and eat the same class of dinners, and congregate in the same places, at the same hour, year



THE RIDES OF THE WORLD.—CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

after year, and century after century, from the earliest dawn of civilization until to-day.

"The uninitiated lawyer's clerk from Holloway, lounging in the same attitude and wearing the same pearl-gray gloves and the same pattern of whisker as the initiated young patrician from the crack West End clubs, may wonder whether the occupants of the splendid equipages rolling slowly by him are there by right divine of noble birth or lofty position, or by virtue of that golden *open sesame*, that wonderful *passe-partout* which success bestows so often on the struggling plebeian. The uninitiated from Holloway sees that there is not so much interchange of becks and nods, or friendly greetings, as might be expected if those elegant barouches and useful landaus, those dashing mail-phaetons and dainty little broughams, belonged only to the privileged classes, whose highest privilege is the honor of being known to one another. Perceiving this, the uninitiated perceives, also, with astonished aspect, certain inhabitants of the Eastern Hemisphere, known to himself in the form of money-grubs, but transformed here into butterflies of fashion, and driving mail-phaetons. Advertising agents, money-lending lawyers, professional betting men, dashing brewers, popular distillers, pass before him side by side with dukes and duchesses, and only to be distinguished therefrom by an impalpable something which has no name. The uninitiated, growing melancholy, begins to think

that it is a hard thing not to have high-stepping horses and a mail-phaeton, and turns sadly from so much splendor toward his way northward, while high-born elbows close in upon the half-yard of railing which he leaves vacant. Perhaps, of all places calculated to inspire discontent, the Lady's Mile is the worst. Pale Envy stalks to and fro under the sheltering trees; Greed of Gain lurks miserably behind the iron chairs; Disappointed Ambition waits at the corner ready to whisper in the poor man's ear: 'Time was when you thought it such an easy thing to win a place amongst these! Time was when you thought to see your wife sitting behind high-stepping horses, and your boy trotting his pony in the Row. Go home, poor drudge, with your blue bag on your shoulder, and look at the slatternly drab leaning over the washtub, and the shabby whelp gambling for

marbles in the gutter! Compare the picture of the present with the vision you once made for yourself of the future, and then be an agreeable husband and an indulgent father, and enjoy your domestic happiness and your penny newspaper, if you can."

All the world hies to Rotten Row. The Princess of Wales, with her daughter—the mother looking like the elder sister—spins past in a victoria, frantic policemen galloping along the line to announce the approach of England's future Queen, and to stop the concourse of vehicles until Alexandra, graciously smiling and bowing, whirls down the Row. The Prince, tooling a cream-colored pair of Arabs—the gift of Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt—rattles after his wife, or bestrides a cob worth a King's ransom, shaking up his royal liver prepar-

atory to a big feed. The Marquis of Hartington, his hat always over his eyes, is on the lookout for the still-beautiful Duchess of Manchester, the dame who proudly boasts of the hands and feet of an American, and that she can dance as well. The "Grand Old Man," conspicuous by his enormous shirt-collar, ambles on a sturdy weight-carrier—almost every man, save some rabid member of the Carlton, raising his hat to England's foremost statesman. The entire Ministry, as well as the Opposition, turn out, and, as a rule, are superbly mounted. John Bright sits squarely upon a square-looking steed. "Joe" Chamberlain rides a weedy chestnut. Lord Randolph Churchill a rattling

bony bay, and his fair wife a glorious chestnut. The English *cocotte* is vulgar. The English gentlewoman rides her down. In the Bois de Boulogne it is the other way. Edmund Yates caracoles on a weighty hunter. The Archbishop of Canterbury aspires to a cob, so does the Bishop of London. All the people who ride in the Row know one another, at least by sight, and a new face, especially a new horse, excites universal comment. There is no better way of passing an hour than to lean on the railings, and, with some one who is posted, watch the passing show. A runaway is the sensation of the period, and this occurs almost daily. People who are nobodies ride, and people who are on the fringe of society ride. The swells, though, have it all to themselves, and Lady Clara Vere de Vere is all in her glory in the Lady's Mile. In the Sister Isle, the fashionable ride is in the Fifteen



UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN—STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Acres. A beauteous bit of pasture is the famous Phoenix Park, lying outside the walls of Dublin City. The Fifteen Acres gained a gruesome notoriety as the place where gentlemen having a little difference to settle used to meet in the early dawn, the "barkers," with hair triggers, under the arms of their friends. Many famous duels have been fought on the Fifteen Acres, especially during that exciting period when Ireland's independence was being bought and sold by the infamous Lord Castlereagh.

You will see some splendid horseflesh in the Phoenix Park, and the class of steed known as "highflyer." Men and women ride hunters that have cleared six-barred gates in Royal Meath, and stone walls with the "Blazers" in Galway. The garrison turn out in great force, and that class of young lady known as "garrison hack," young old girls, who have danced and spooned with the passing regiments for a decade, and who never lose the hope of catching a marching ensign or a plunging cornet.

In the Phoenix Park to-day the Lord Lieutenant with a couple of aides, followed by a train of mounted detectives, takes a breather in the direction of Knockmaroon Hill. The Lord High Chancellor (Lord Ashbourne), when the gout permits him, airs a cob. The much abused Chief Secretary, Balfour, rides well, and always a thoroughbred. The Castle hacks, or English officials, muster pretty strong, with a sprinkling of the Bar, and ambitious citizens, who yearn for Viceregal invitations, and cringe for a nod, beck or wreathed smile from the Lord Lieutenant as he rides upon his way. Some of the mounts are weedy and seedy, but the majority show good breeding; the country gentlemen, and the gentlemen farmers, holding their own against all comers.

The ladies do not show in numbers. Those who ride do so for the appearance of the thing, and sit their horses after a very gingerly fashion. Their habits are ill-cut, their hats shabby, and their horses—well, they are simply fit for the knocking-yard. Not one woman in twenty is properly mounted, and the show is a very poor one indeed. Again, there is no particular hour for the ride, as in London and Paris, nor is there any given route. Frisky matrons and laughing maids from Merion and Fitzwilliam Squares appear in the Phoenix when they can, and it is only the English wife of some cavalry officer stationed at the Royal Barracks, or some woman connected with the household, who regularly turns out. Nowhere in the wide world is there such sod, or such picturesque surroundings!—the undulating Park, the silver Liffey, the background of the Dublin Mountains, the dales shaded by lordly elms, the roadway lined by hawthorns, which in the month of May are laden with blossoms that bend the branches like perfumed snow.

Unter den Linden in Berlin is dear to the German heart, and deservedly so, for it is the brightest spot in a dreary city, and would be bright in any city of the globe. It is full of life, specially military, while the *cafés* that line its sidewalks are thronged with gayly dressed people who come to see and be seen. The perpetual *pickelhaube* shines here at all hours, and flaxen-haired, spectacled military men jostle you at every turn. The poor old Emperor used to gaze up and down this favorite rendezvous of his faithful subjects, and never seem to tire. The present manly sufferer loved it from a child, while the Empress has openly declared it to be more frequented than Rotten Row. Here are to be seen all the celebrities of the German capital, but at uncertain hours, and all the decorated warriors who passed through the awful gates of '70-'71.

The Nevsky Prospect at St. Petersburg is at its best during the ringing of the merry sleigh-bells, and for fast horses and magnificent furs it surpasses every other drive.

The road to the Castle of Chapultepec, leading from the City of Mexico, is full of color every afternoon from four to six o'clock. Punctually to the minute a military band strikes up the stirring strains of a *Zarzuela* or opera bouffe, and the carriages roll by in quick succession. The dark-eyed señoras and señoritas wear no hats or bonnets, and always sport real flowers. The caballeros ride prancing mustangs, and occasionally appear in full *charro*, that is, leather leggings trimmed with silver braid, a jacket similarly adorned, and a gray felt *sombrero* richly laced. These gentry ride superbly, but, as an English friend of mine observed, "take 'em out of their armchairs of saddles, put 'em on the pigskin and into plow, and where would they be?" Unhappily, young Mexico affects young America, and is leaving off the picturesque national attire. The ladies, too, save when going to church, or driving in the afternoon, wear cheap French fashions, discarding the graceful mantle, comb and veil.

The Puerta del Sol at Madrid is quite Parisian without the glitter, as is the Rue Royale at Brussels. The Corso at Rome is only thronged during the carnival, and the English promenade at Nice displays a braver show, Young America being very much to the front in the latter.

Though last, yet not by any means least, comes our own beautiful Central Park, admired by every traveler who has ever visited the Empire City, and gushed over by not a few transatlantic writers of eminence and taste. At all seasons of the year this pleasure is a thing of beauty, whether in a mantle of Winter snow or robe of Spring flowers. Of course the Park is at its best in the merrie month of May, and the equipages, save for the liveries, are worthy of the rank and wealth of this great city. The horses, especially of late years, are so finely bred as to evoke enthusiasm even in Anglo-Saxon breasts, while the turnouts are as remarkable for good taste as for variety. The only mistake that the average American makes is the fit, or misfit, of his coachman's coat; the bad shape of the hat, the execrable attempt at pickle-jars or top-boots. Not one servant in a thousand is properly attired, and many coachmen destroy the appearance of an equipage otherwise in the most correct taste. This is an eyesore that must be removed, and if republican simplicity is to be rigidly maintained, assuredly a well-cut coat could not offend the most puritanical taste. The Anglomaniacs affect tilburys, dog-carts, gigs, and what not? Two-thirds of these are not properly hung, and the overdressed dudes do not know how to drive. They are learning, however, and will rapidly acquire the habit of keeping their hands down, and their elbows close to their ribs.

In the late Spring all the wealth of Gotham pours into the Park about five o'clock, while the rides are filled with superb mounts, the ladies mustering in considerable force, and riding admirably. It is considered good form to take a canter in the morning, but better form to gallop around the Park when everybody is on show.

In the Winter the sleighing scenes are full of color, and the number and variety of sleighs worthy of the Nevskoi Prospect, or Mount Royal at Montreal. The Russian sleigh has come into vogue, drawn by three horses, like a drosky. This innovation upon the time-honored cutter is due to Count Gregor, First Secretary of Legation at the Russian Embassy in Washington. Ho

is by no means fast, but the best of everything is good enough for him. The Bradley Martins vie with the Ogden Goelets in the newest thing in sleighs, but the old Vans are content with the cutters of their great-great-grandfathers.

The days when colored coachmen were the fashion have died out, and a darkey on the box is now regarded as old foggyish. The hat with the broad band of thick velvet and silver buckle is relegated to the past, and to behold either in Central Park denotes a "Southern family." Basket carriages and village carts hold their own, driven by pretty maidens in ravishing toilets. You never see one of the male sex in a village cart; the empty spare seat looks sweetly inviting, and when it is occupied it is invariably in possession of a petticoat. The four-in-hands always prove an attraction, and although the horses may be weedy, the guard's yard commands respectful admiration. The increase in four-in-hands is on a par with the building of palaces, and we may confidently look forward to forty coaches at the next meeting of the club. A prettier sight it is difficult to see than the shining coach, gaudy if you will, its four spanking horses and glittering harness; the ladies in bewitching toilets dappling the roof; the men in regulation white hats and Newmarket cutaways; and the crisp guard on the alert with his horn, ready to toot, toot, toot to obstructionists along the road.

The tandem is simply a nuisance in Central Park, for the simple reason that the men who tool them don't know how. The leader should never cease cantering, the wheeler trotting, but this rule, as a rule, is absolutely reversed. Half the blocks in the drive are occasioned by the luckless but daring driver of a tandem becoming hopelessly involved in a tug of war with its leader, who ultimately turns right round to gaze upon the idiot hoping to lead him.

The victoria is the vehicle of Central Park, and it is here seen at its perfection. Take a pair of seventeen-hand horses, a coachman with the shoulders of an athlete, a footman who knows how to cross his arms and see nothing, a victoria with its faultlessly toileted occupant revealing a dainty foot and a *souppçon* of stocking, and you have as pretty a sight as it is possible to gaze upon.

The horseback-riding people keep to themselves in by-ways and backways, and everybody knows everybody. In Winter they ride in the schools, and latterly, to music, in the manner of a circus. There is great rivalry in these academies, and the pupils at School A consider that they know how to ride, while those of School B regard the performances of School A as ridiculous. The flirtations commenced during the Winter in the circus are continued far into June in the Central Park, and it is only on Sunday, when the German element, in peaked caps and knee-boots prevails, that these flirtations cannot be carried on with impunity; not that the Germans object, but that there are so many of them.

It is the fashion for the equestriennes who frequent Central Park to wear flowers in their bosoms. The bright colors relieve the darkness of the habit and produce a very charming effect. One or two *horizontales* attempted to introduce light gray and brown habits, but they were so laughed at that they were quickly dropped in favor of the regulation hue. The ultra-swell women wear high silk hats, and with that grace which is the heritage of the American woman. Soft felt and hard pot-hats are, however, more popular, while some flaxen-haired Teutonic women sport the hard, black velvet jockey cap, a perfect horror.

Every leading city of the world has its ride and drive;

always excepting beautiful Venice; and it is to this ride or drive that the intelligent traveler should repair, if he would see the choicest of the nation disporting themselves.

UNITED STATES DIAMONDS.

DIAMONDS have occasionally been found at a number of localities in the United States; but the crystals are of infrequent occurrence, and never in sufficient quantities to warrant any extended mining for them. The total number found is not more than two hundred. The largest authenticated diamond crystal was found opposite Richmond, at Manchester, Chesterfield County, Va., by a laborer engaged in grading the streets. Its original weight was 23½ carats, but it had a large flaw in one side, and had been injured by the finder putting it into an iron furnace in order to prove its genuineness. After cutting, it weighed 11½ carats. It passed into the hands of Captain Samuel Dewey, and was by him named the "Oninor," or Sea of Light. John Morrissey once loaned \$6,000 on it, but owing to its poor color and other imperfections, it probably is not worth more than ten per cent. of that amount to-day.

A number of diamonds weighing one carat each have been found in North Carolina, at various times from 1846 up to the present time. They are usually found in the gold washing, associated with gold and other rare minerals. This *débris* is usually the result of the old gneissoid, and, perhaps, the decomposed peridotite rocks. A diamond weighing 4½ carats was found on the Alfred Bright Farm in Dysartville, McDowell County, North Carolina, in the Summer of 1886, by the twelve-year-old Willie Christie, who was sitting at a spring, and saw "a pretty marble." He picked it up, took it home, and it was two weeks before its value was discovered.

A MAN ATTACKED BY SQUIRRELS.

COLONEL J. L. CULBERTSON, of Edwardsport, Indiana, tells this story of his experience in 1854, the time of the great migration of squirrels from the East to the West. The *Evansville Courier*, which publishes the story, says that the colonel is a gentleman of "unquestioned truth and honesty." He was a young man then, and one day took his rifle and went about a mile from town to hunt. He was going through the woods when he met the army of squirrels. They became so thick around him and seemed so fearless that he stood in amazement. Finally he struck one with a stick. The squirrel uttered a sharp squeak, and instantly myriads of squirrels from all directions rushed to the defense of their associate and attacked Mr. Culbertson, who kicked them off and clubbed at them with his gun. They climbed up his legs, jumped upon his back and on the top of his head. He fought desperately, but the more he succeeded in hurting, the louder the chattering and screaming around him became, which only brought greater numbers of the infuriated little animals to the attack. They bit his legs and arms, and gashed his face and neck, and lacerated his hands, fairly scrambling over each other in their assault. He dropped his gun and retreated as fast as he could, fighting as he went. Blood streamed down his face and neck and hands. They bit him through the ears, and held on until they actually tore their hold loose. He got out of the woods, and still scores followed him and clung to him until they were pulled off by men in a store into which he rushed for assistance.



KING SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR ARTHUR CLAY.



"THEY DID NOT WAIT LONG WHEN, FROM THE CRACKLING FLAMES, CAME TOTTERING TOM CURTIS WITH HIS INSENSIBLE BURDEN."

GEORGE RODNEY, COWARD.

By E. S. CRANNELL.

"And that is all you have to say?" he asked.

She gave her head a little defiant shake.

"Is it not enough?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, bitterly; "it is enough." And yet he looked at her longingly, his blue eyes pleading for a kind word.

She looked up at him at last, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright with anger.

"Well!" she exclaimed.

"Is it Good-by, then?" he queried.

"Yes," she answered, passionately, "it is Good-by, and for ever."

He drew the ends of his tawny mustache through his fingers nervously; then he turned suddenly and walked down the path.

She raised her eyes from the ground and looked after him.

She noted the bend of his shoulders that gave him such a narrow-chested look. How often she had, half in fun, half in earnest, told him to "brace up." He was walking with his usual lagging step, one foot slipping a little as he lifted it from the ground. When he came to the gate he opened it gently, walked out and closed it, and then, leaning one arm upon its top, stood still and looked back at her as she stood leaning up against the vine-clad porch.

"I hate him!" she said, passionately, her hands clinched tightly, and her foot beating a tattoo on the gravel walk. "Oh, if he would only get mad! If he had spoken to me as I have to him, I would have rushed out of his sight, slammed the gate off of its hinges, and never came back; but there he stands, pleading in his silent way for me to come to him. Well, I'll go if he wants me!"

And she ran down the walk till she reached the gate. Then she laid her two hands on the top, and drew herself up till her black eyes were on a level with his.

"Do you want me to tell you what I think of you, George Rodney?" she said. "I think you are too cowardly to merit the regard of any half-spirited woman, that's what I think of you. You, a man, to let little Tom Curtis say to you all the mean things he could think of, and then to end up by throwing his glove in your face, and you not resenting it! Oh, I feel as if I would like to strike you for it! And the whole village calling you a coward! 'George Rodney, coward!' that's the way I have to think of you."

"Tom was drunk, Lucy."

"Well, what of that? I would have taught him such a lesson, drunk, that he would have remembered it when sober, and feared to get drunk again."

"But I promised his mother, before she died, to be kind to Tom, and—"

"Oh, yes, and you promised to take care of his sister Nellie, too, didn't you?"

"His mother was my friend when most I needed one, Lucy. She took me to her heart when my mother died, and I had no other living friend, and it is but little I can do to repay her kindness!"

"But every one knows you wouldn't fight, so they all impose upon you!" impetuously.

"Scarcely that," he said, with a smile.

The smile rekindled Lucy's anger.

"Well," she said, "I know you are a coward, and I hate you! I never want to see you again! And if there is any one thing under heaven that can make you angry, tell it to me, so that I can say it to you."

"I could never be angry with you, Lucy."

"That's what makes me mad. I want you to be as angry as I am."

He smiled again.

"Darling!" he said, softly, bending down toward her, "there is nothing you could say or do that would make me angry at you. You might grieve and sadden me, but I could not be angry. I have loved you too dearly for that. But you have not loved me, and so it is all over between us. I will go away. I could not stay here and see you every day. No, I must go away. You will be kind to Tom and Nellie when I am away, they have so few friends. And now, good-by, little one!"

He laid his hand upon hers.

The warm tears had crept up to her eyes while he was talking. She loved him so. It was only because she loved him that she grew angry when he placed himself in a false position, as he had the night before. She knew he was no coward. She knew what it cost him to hold down the passion that made his veins swell and his brow throb when Tom Curtis insulted him, but she wanted others to know it. And so her anger had been slowly ebbing away as he talked, but when he asked her kindness for the man who had caused her all this trouble, she grew indignant again, and the kind words she had been ready to speak died out upon her lips.

Let him go away! He would not stay long. She could stand it as long as he could. And so she drew her hand away from him and said, coldly, "Good-by!"

She turned and walked back to the porch, and sat down upon the lower step.

George was lighting a cigar. She could see his face as the light flamed up, and then she watched him walk slowly down the road. She was angry that he could smoke at such a time. "He doesn't care!" she said, over and over again, and yet she knew in her heart that

he did care, and that she herself was most to blame for her present unhappiness. Why did she listen to Jennie Moore when she told her how Tom had insulted George, when she knew Jennie told it through jealousy of her? Jennie had always tried to win George. She leaned her head back against the pillar. How still the night was! the breath of the May roses filled the air; a sparrow chirped a little lonely roundelay; the wind whispered softly among the leaves; down at the village inn there was a sound of revelry that floated up to her ears; then there came sounds of feet upon the board sidewalk; then men's voices in converse. As they neared the house she recognized the voices and heard the words:

"I tell you, doctor," said Judge Edwards, "there is good stuff in young Rodney. I knew his father well; always in a fight or lawsuit, quick-tempered, passionate to a degree, and young George is like him, but see how marvelously he controls himself."

"Yes," said Dr. Foster, "and they say he gives all the credit to Mrs. Curtis."

"Yes; she was more than a mother to him, after his mother—a weak, inoffensive woman—died. Mrs. Curtis was a wonderful woman and the making of young Rodney." And then the voices died in the distance.

The tears were rolling down her cheeks. She had listened to the maligning of her lover by a jealous girl, and had chided and insulted him, when such men as Judge Edwards and Dr. Foster spoke in his praise. Oh, if he would only come back! He might. She would wait and hope.

And so she sat and listened, the sound of approaching feet causing the blood to dye her cheek and her heart to throb fiercely; but as they passed and died away in the distance, she would sink back quietly into her place and wait. Old Rover came slowly around the side of the house, smelled of her dress and poked his cold nose into her hand.

"Oh," she said, with a little start, "is that you, Rover? You frightened me, old fellow! Lie down and keep me company."

Rover ascended the steps and rested his head upon her lap, thumping his tail in acknowledgment of his acceptance of her invitation. It was twelve o'clock before she went indoors. The lights had been extinguished long before, but the porch-door was never locked, and Lucy had made no sign as the servant looked out into the night before turning down the hall-light.

This was the beginning of her waiting. When three days had gone by without his making his appearance, Lucy walked down to the village store hoping to meet him on her way, but he was nowhere to be seen. Coming back, she met Nellie Curtis.

"Oh, Miss Stanley," she said, "Mr. Rodney left a package with me for you."

"Why should he leave it with you?" asked Lucy, coldly; "couldn't he bring it to me?"

"He has gone away, you know—" Nellie began.

"Gone away?" said Lucy, hastily; "gone where?"

"To New York. Didn't you know? He's going to be secretary to Mr. Ruggles, who fished here last Summer."

Lucy hurried her on.

"Get me my package," she said; "quick—I am in a hurry."

Nellie ran into the house and brought it out.

"We do miss him so much, Miss Stanley," she said, "Tom and I. Tom was ugly to him when he was drunk, but he is awfully sorry now that he is away."

Lucy did not wait to hear more. In the privacy of her own room, she opened her packet. There were only a

few leaves torn from a diary, in which his passionate anger leaped up and dealt blow upon blow upon the drunken boy who had publicly insulted him; and then a little line of regret that even his hand should get the better of him to pen his angry thoughts, and a hope of forgiveness from his dear Mother Curtis; and, last of all, a little line to Lucy.

"I want to show you, dear," it ran, "that I am not so near the perfect man as you believe me or as I desire to be."

The weary days went on. Summer came with her passionate love for the roses, and scorched them to death with her hot breath; the sound of the mowers whetting their scythes; the rattle of the moving-machines, as they cut deep swaths of fragrant hay; the merry laughter of the children, as they rode homeward on the loaded wagons; the hum of the bees about the honeysuckle-porch, were things of the past. The hop-yards were alive with men, women and children, busy picking the hops. The box-tenders were hurrying about bringing the hop-laden poles to the boxes at the cry of the pickers for "hops." There were shrieks of laughter as some buxom maid was lifted from the ground by a rustic swain and thrown into the hop-filled box which she had been waiting for the hop-gatherer to sack.

Squire Stanley walked slowly through the hop-yard accompanied by his daughter Lucy.

"How many boxes picked to-day, John?" he asked his foreman.

"Twenty-four so far, squire," answered John; then, after hesitating a little, he added: "I should like to go down to Squabble Holler to a dance in Kling's hop-house to-night."

"But who will tend to the drying of the hops to-night?" asked Mr. Stanley.

"I thought perhaps you could get Sam Waggoner," answered John.

"Why, you know, John, I wouldn't trust Sam in my hop-house. There have been four hop-houses burned this Fall, and if Sam should drink too much, as he probably would, there is great danger of fire, as you know, besides the chance that he would not dry them properly."

"Wall, squire," said John, "I ain't been to nary a dance this Fall, an' I've made up my mind to go to this one to-night."

Mr. Stanley turned about and walked off.

"The impudence of that fellow!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Why didn't you teach him his place, father?"

Mr. Stanley smiled.

"My dear," he said, "you know as well as I how hard it is to get decent workers during the hop-picking season. John knows his value. There are any number of hop-yards whose owners would be glad to get him, and if I said one word to him away he'd go."

"What will you do to-night?"

"I scarcely know. There isn't a man to be hired for love or money. Last year, you know, George Rodney helped me out on an occasion like this; now that he is not here, I suppose I must go in myself. It is rather hard work for a man at my time of life—tending to the fires, keeping the kiln on which the hops are drying at just such a temperature, with a wood fire that requires constant attention the night through."

"Couldn't I help you, father?"

Mr. Stanley laughed.

"Yes," he said, "by going to bed like a good girl, and by not bothering me with your regrets at my enforced night watch."

Mr. Stanley had raked the hops carefully over the kiln,

had filled the huge stove beneath with chunks of wood, had placed the sulphur that was to color the hops on top of the stove, and then closing the doors, he went into the outer room and lay down upon a bunk. He had not slept much for several nights. He had been worried over the burning of his neighbors' hop-houses. Tramps did it, they said, but he knew the shoulders of the tramp often had to carry the misdeeds of the village vagabond. He had made many enemies during the twelve years that he had served as justice of the peace. It could not be otherwise. And there were many who would be glad to see misfortune come to him. He thought he heard footsteps outside. He rose and walked to the door. What a dark night it was! He could not see further than a few feet from the door. All was quiet, however. There was a load of hop-pickers going back from the "hop-dance." They were singing and laughing as they passed by. He went back into the hop-house and looked at his watch. It was a little after one. He would look at the fires again, and then go up-stairs and lie down on John's bed. It would soon be daylight.

Lucy had not slept soundly until she, too, heard the return of the hop-pickers. How long it was after that she did not know, when she was awakened by the fearful cry of "Fire! Fire!" She ran to the window. The hop-house was burning! Over the plank sidewalks came the sound of running feet, while the cry of "Fire!" accompanied by the ringing of a bell, rang through her dazed brain. She never knew how she had dressed herself and found her way to the hop-house. There was a line of men passing pails of water from the well to the man in front, who dashed them upon the blazing house.

"We can't save the hop-house, Miss Lucy," said one as he saw her; "but we will try and keep the fire from spreading. You had better get some old blankets or carpets and have them wet, and thrown over the roof of the house, or I am afraid it will go too."

"Where is father?" she cried.

"I don't know. I haven't seen him. I thought he was in the house."

"No," she said, "he is in the hop-house. He dried the hops to-night."

"My God!" he exclaimed; "he is dead, then!"

She gave one shriek "Father!" and rushed toward the building, when she was caught in some one's arms.

"What is it, Lucy?"

"Oh, George, father is in there! He is dead, or he will die."

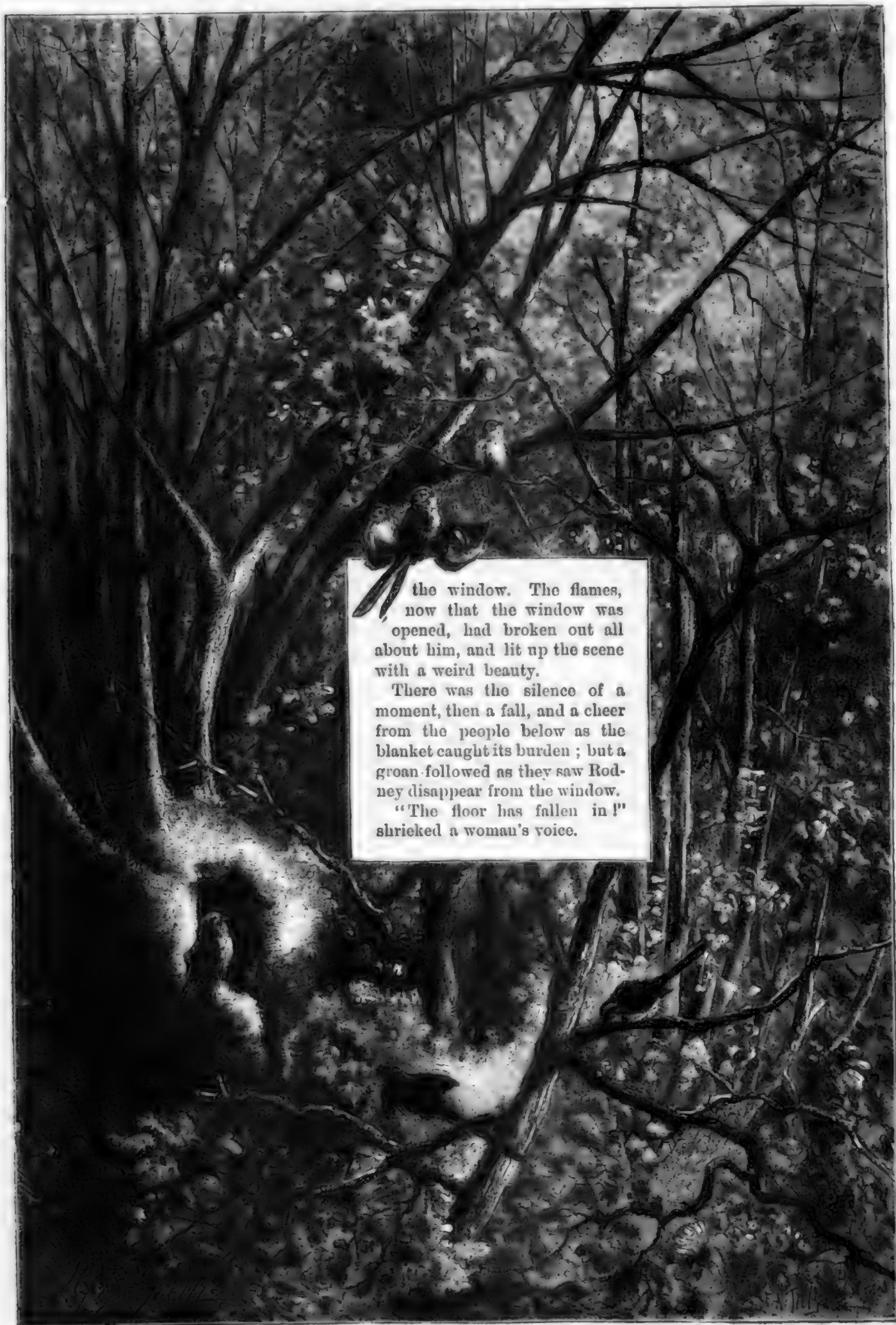
"Stay here," said George Rodney, and pushing the men aside, he entered the burning building and made his way toward the stairway. He had tied his handkerchief about his mouth as he hastened on. The stairs were burning in places, and as he ascended his weight caused them to fall beneath his feet. He grasped the side of the upper floor and drew himself up, and made his way toward the window. With one blow he knocked out the panes, and the fresh air came in just in time to keep him from falling. Then he turned to the bed, dimly seen through the smoke, and bore the insensible form of Mr. Stanley to the window. The men and women below had stopped working and were gazing upward with pallid faces.

"Catch him!" called George. "I can not hold him long."

Some one, foreseeing this, had brought some blankets from the house.

"Hold fast, boys!" he said; "we can catch him in this."

George Rodney pushed the unconscious form through



the window. The flames, now that the window was opened, had broken out all about him, and lit up the scene with a weird beauty.

There was the silence of a moment, then a fall, and a cheer from the people below as the blanket caught its burden ; but a groan followed as they saw Rodney disappear from the window.

"The floor has fallen in!" shrieked a woman's voice.

"Will no one save him?" cried Lucy.

There was not a voice in answer. Men looked down at the ground and then at each other shyly. It was almost certain death to enter the building now, and one life was as good as another. Suddenly Lucy felt herself pushed aside. Some one rushed past her and disappeared in the building.

Her pallid lips framed the question:

"Who is it?"

Answered in a whisper by some one near her:

"Tom Curtis."

They did not wait long when, from the crackling flames, came tottering Tom Curtis with his insensible burden.

Blankets were rolled about them to extinguish the flames, and efforts made to revive Mr. Stanley and George Rodney.

Tom Curtis opened his eyes upon his sister's face, who ran to him as he fell fainting on the threshold.

"Is it you, Nellie?" he asked, huskily. "I can't see well."

"Yes, dear," she said.

"Did I get him out all right? Is he all right?"

"Yes, dear Tom," sobbed Nellie.

"Then I've done one good thing in my life. Don't cry; dear, I've never been of much use to you, always pulling you down, so it don't make much difference."

"What do you mean, Tom?" she cried.

"It's all over with me, Nellie. I can't breathe. Ask George to forgive me. I guess he will now."

A cry rang out in the stillness that those who heard it never forgot:

"Oh, Tom, Tom, don't die don't; leave me alone!"

* * * * *

In the quiet village churchyard, with its pretentious monuments side by side with moss-grown graves, stands a newly erected headstone with this inscription:

"Here lies Thomas Curtis, who died to save his friend, September 20th, 1866."

It was here that I, prompted by curiosity excited by this inscription, heard the story, and as I sat musing by



BOONE'S CAVE.

the side of his grave, I saw a man approaching leaning upon the arm of a beautiful black-eyed girl.

They stopped near the grave.

"Is it just what you wished, George?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," he answered; and then taking her hand in his, said, quietly: "You are sure you will not regret your promise, Lucy?"

"Oh, my darling," she answered, "how can you ask me so foolish a question?"

"And you will never grow angry at me because I am 'George Rodney, coward'?"

"How can you be so cruel! I shall kiss the scars on your face and hands and thank God that he sent my brave lover back home for his vacation the night my father's hop-house burned." 65,598.



BOONE'S GRAVE.

KENTUCKY'S BIRTHPLACE.

BY HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

LITTLE more than a century ago Kentucky was an unbroken wilderness, not tenanted even by a tribe of red men. The land of the long river was left by white man and Indian to the denizens of the forest.

In the Spring of 1774, a party of some forty men, in roughly constructed boats, came down the Ohio from the country of the Monongahela, to seek new homes in the Western lands which Virginia claimed, but which few Virginians had ever seen.

They reached the mouth of the Kentucky River, toiled up its current for miles, then landing on the silent shore, struck toward the southwest through the unbroken forest, and finally encamped for the Summer on the site of the present town of Harrodsburg. Settlers in after days long pointed with respect to the exact spot beneath an immense elm-tree, near whose refreshing shade was a beautiful and never-failing spring which to this day feeds the stream that runs through the now ancient town. To this natural fountain they give the name of Spouting Spring, because, after a heavy rain, a considerable volume of water is thrown up to the height of several feet. The sides of this reservoir are funnel-shaped, and the spring is of great depth, with clear and ice-cold waters.

The elm-tree grew on land afterward owned by my grandfather (a descendant of the Samuel Adams mentioned in early Kentucky history), and I yet recall the friendly shelter of its wide-spreading branches, as, in my youth, I indulged in that luxurious pastime so dear to all small boys—wading in the creek; and, as this fascinating pursuit was in direct opposition to parental commands, and conducted on strictly secret principles, of course the zest of the performance was proportionately enhanced, despite the frequent afterpieces, in which an

avenging Nemesis in the form of wrathful parent or nurse took an active part.

A few years later this interesting tree was struck by lightning, during a thunderstorm, and, taking fire, was burned, despite the efforts made to extinguish it. The storm occurred during the night, when the murky clouds obscured every particle of light, except when the flashing lightning relieved for an instant the Egyptian darkness. The tree caught in the topmost branches, and, as the trunk was hollow, the wind drove the flames downward until the interior glowed like a furnace seven times heated. Midway, from base to top, was a large aperture, where a limb had rotted and fallen away, and through this opening the fierce wind blew myriads of sparks, illuminating the scene for yards around, and furnishing a pyrotechnical display difficult to excel and surpassingly beautiful to behold.

But to return: the leader of the little company, Captain James Harrod, first conceived the idea of establishing a permanent settlement here, and, after some debate, and a few suggestions in regard to locating on a larger stream, now known as the Chapline, which had been discovered by one of his men, whose name it bears, the point was settled by Captain Harrod proceeding to erect for himself a rude log cabin, of the most primitive description, whereupon several others were similarly constructed, and the nucleus of a future town was formed.

This laying a foundation-stone for a permanent settlement was, as the reader will perceive, a most hazardous enterprise. A mere handful of men, inured to hardship though they were, had chosen a dwelling-place remote from all civilization or protection, save their own prowess and the watchful care of Providence. They were in the midst of a wild country, whose trackless depths were only known to the various animals which inhabited it, or to the stealthily prowling Indian, more cruelly savage than bear or catamount, and whose unrelenting vindictiveness rendered the preservation of life or property an exceedingly uncertain thing.

The barest necessities of life were wanting; meat was not attainable unless the rifle or trap were called into requisition, but fruit and small berries which the country afforded in their season, with plums, blackberries and strawberries, grew in great abundance.

Prior to this, dating from 1749, several adventurous parties had made brief excursions into this region, and, three miles from the site of Harrodsburg, Daniel Boone spent the Winter of 1769-70 in a small cave, which afforded him comfortable shelter from the rigorous weather.

Above the mouth of the cave stands a large white-oak tree, on the trunk of which the initials "D. B." were once faintly discernible. These were carved by Boone's own hand, and for a long time were protected by a frame and glass fastened on the side of the tree, while above it was nailed a pair of antlers. These letters have recently been cut from the tree and presented to the writer by the owner of the farm on which the cave is situated.

Within the cave a small, clear stream has worn a narrow groove along the rocky floor, and a thrifty housewife now keeps the produce of her dairy in excellent condition by means of its cool waters, which gurgle perpetually from subterranean passages.

The ruling passion of Boone's character was admirably portrayed by this extensive hunting excursion, when, for nearly two years, he saw no civilized human being except his brother, and once for three months not even him, he having returned home to get a supply of ammunition.

Nor had he aught to eat save what his skill as a hunter procured.

This love for the freedom of the forest caused him, in later years, to leave Kentucky, which was rapidly becoming settled, and seek the less-frequented lands of Missouri, in which State he died. In 1845, September 13th, the remains of Boone and his wife were brought to Kentucky, and interred with public honors at the capital.

The cemetery is most picturesquely situated on the heights of a tall cliff, at whose base gently flow the waters of the Kentucky, and almost at the verge of the cliff, where the wild vines clamber at will over the loose, gray boulders, and the stalks of slender cane start up amid the gnarled roots of ancient tree-trunks, a gleaming marble shaft marks the last resting-place of Kentucky's famous pioneer.

On a commanding hill in Harrodsburg, a few hundred yards west of the first encampment, a fort was erected, and proved a sheltering and protecting friend on many trying occasions. About the year 1777 the fort was occupied the greater portion of the time, as the Indians infested the vicinity and kept the whites in constant apprehension of danger. They lay in ambush, time and again, in close proximity to the fort, and surprised the inhabitants on all possible occasions, rendering it unsafe to venture beyond the palisades.

It was at this juncture that a youth, not yet seventeen, evinced an amount of courage and daring which won the admiration even of old veterans in brave exploits. This was James Ray, whose hairbreadth escapes and cool intrepidity in times of imminent peril won him, in after years, a reputation second only to that of Boone in the annals of Kentucky history.

At the foot of the hill, on the north side of the fort, was a spring, which supplied the small colony with water, and which was connected with the fort by a long, covered passage, made of heavy logs. This served to protect the women, who were usually the water-carriers, and, also, to guard against being cut off from this very necessary supply.

Young Ray would leave the fort before daylight by means of this passage, and wade down the creek to Salt River, some two or three miles beyond, thus leaving no trace of his departure.

When at a sufficient distance, sometimes ten or fifteen miles away, he would kill whatever game presented itself, and, usually heavily laden, return after nightfall to his hungry and waiting friends. Sometimes these jaunts would be taken upon an old horse, sole survivor of quite a number ridden by these emigrants from Virginia.

"Collins's History of Kentucky" gives an account of a thrilling adventure of this same young Ray, who, with a friend, was suddenly surprised one day, when a short distance from the fort, by a party of concealed savages. The first intimation he received of their presence was the sight of his friend shot dead by his side. Ray knew that his only chance lay in immediate flight, so ran toward the fort for dear life in its full significance. The Indians were in such close pursuit that those in the fort dared not open the gates, so that Ray was compelled to throw himself flat on the ground behind a small stump, scarcely large enough to shield his body, while those in the fort held the Indians at bay. Here, for several hours, young Ray served as a target for Indian bullets, which plowed up the ground all around, but happily failed to hit him. He, at length, implored those within the fort to dig under the wall and take him in, which ingenious method was actually accomplished. His mother was in the fort, and an eye-witness of the entire transaction.

On the south side of where the fort stood is located the oldest burying-ground in the State, many who are resting there having met a violent death in encounters with the savages. The older graves are unmarked, while one or two of later date bear the figures of 1800. This spot, doubly sacred for the dust of the brave and intrepid pioneers who rest beneath its sod, has been, I am sorry to state, long neglected and wantonly abused. The stone wall once inclosing it has, in many places, fallen to the ground, and roaming cattle graze at will among its historic mounds. Even memory fails to note many of the occupants of its graves. They sleep on, as utterly forgotten as the Autumn leaves that once rustled beneath their own footsteps in that long ago. What a surprise it would be, could they awaken and look forth to-day upon the many changes of the scenery they were so familiar with.

It would be difficult to reconcile the scene with that on which their eyes last closed, the peaceful village, with its church spires piercing the blue heaven, and its yards and gardens bright with Summer blossoms, the rich, cultivated fields and tasteful farmhouses stretching out beyond, where all was once a dense canebrake or a tangled thicket, with here and there a small clearing and a rude log hut made by brawny, muscular energy that knew no fear of hardship nor of defeat.

Between the big spring and the site of the first encampment stands another tree which also figured in those early days. From this tree to the foot of Fort Hill was an unbroken canebrake or thicket, and during the long Winter of 1779, which was a remarkably severe one, a party of Indians concealed themselves in the brake, while one of their number climbed into this tree and imitated the cry of a wild turkey, hoping to decoy the hunters from the fort, as they were known to be in want of provisions. Several of the white men were completely deceived by the ruse, and at once expressed a determination to discover the flock of turkeys and replenish their scanty larders; but young Ray, with his more acute ear, detected the subterfuge, and pronounced it to be a trap set by their wily foes. He prevailed on the others to remain in the fort on the alert, while he made a *détour*, avoiding the canebrake, and coming up behind the tree, from which he speedily dislodged the Indian, and then successfully made his way back to the fort, having fairly out-manœuvred the wily foe.

Both James Ray and his brother passed through many exciting adventures, in one of which the latter was killed near Shawnee Spring in 1777. James lived to an advanced old age, and died in times of peace and prosperity, near the growing village his intrepidity had helped to establish.

In September of the year 1777, the first court ever held in Kentucky convened at the fort in Harrodsburg, the census of which then announced 198 men, women and children. All this portion of Kentucky was at that time known as the County of Lincoln, State of Virginia, and numerous old documents in the Clerk's Office at Harrodsburg bear the seal of Virginia. In the oldest deed-book since Mercer County was established, we find a deed from James Harrod and his wife Ann to a Samuel Lawrence, for a tract of land sold for £300; and in the records of the court a long-continued lawsuit between Daniel Boone and James Harrod in regard to some land. This and a minor one are the only litigations in which Boone seems to have taken a part. Evidently he was only partially civilized.

A number of familiar historic names appear in these musty papers, among them Simon Kenton, Ray, McAfee,

Adams, Wood, Hogue, Christopher Greenup, Hogan and others. We find, after much search among the dusty records, the following judgment:

"Kentucky, St., } "George Caldwell, Plt.,
March Rules. } Against
Squire Boone,* Dft.

"Judgment for Thirty pounds, to be discharged by the payment of Fifteen pounds with Interest thereon, to be computed after the rate of Five per cent. per Annum, from November, 1786, till paid for Debt.

"Also, One hundred and Fifty-seven pounds of Tobacco for Costs.

"T'es'e :

CHRIST. GREENUP, C. S. C."

Among other interesting records found in this office is the divorce of a certain Robbards from his wife, who afterward married Andrew Jackson, the circumstances of which union are sufficiently romantic to warrant a narration: There had been a temporary separation between Mrs. Robbards and her unworthy spouse, and she was staying with some friends in Tennessee when Jackson first saw her. He was a young lawyer, just beginning his practice, and at a susceptible age, when a woman of Mrs. Robbards's accomplishments and brilliancy would inevitably produce a deep impression on his mind. So fascinating did she prove that he fell headlong in love with her, notwithstanding the rather serious obstacle of a husband already in possession. A knowledge of these matrimonial infelicities seemed, however, only to fan the flame of Jackson's adoration into a more ardent blaze. When she had returned to Kentucky, and was again living with her husband, Jackson, on learning of the unhappy life she led, coolly carried her off behind him one day on his horse, took her to Virginia, placed her with some friends, procured a divorce for her, and they were married.

Afterward, the legality of their marriage having been questioned, the ceremony was again performed, and the two were doubly wedded. It was due to insinuations concerning this union that the famous duel between Dickinson and Jackson was fought, in which the former was killed.

The indomitable will of Jackson was apparent in this affair, when he stood unmoved after receiving a severe wound, and with unfaltering aim sent a deadly bullet through his adversary's body, remarking to the few who were present that if Dickinson had shot him through the heart he should still have lived long enough to kill his man.

The base insinuations made by the enemies of Jackson clung to the reputation of his hapless consort throughout her entire life.

In 1807, my grandfather, Archibald Wood, married Miss Annie Adams, and removed from the country to Harrodstown, as it was then called. In 1779, his father had emigrated to Kaintuckee County, as the entire State was known, and settled near McAfee Station, having, with several other families, made the long, tiresome journey on horseback from Botetourt County, Virginia, by way of Cumberland Gap.

When my grandfather settled in his new home, the town consisted of nine or ten houses, built mostly of logs, and even boasted a store, where wooden and pewter ware and a few other luxuries could be purchased in limited quantities by housekeepers or those contemplating it. Among the effects of my grandmother's dowry on her marriage was a small mirror, which had come from England to Virginia and thence to Kentucky on horseback,

* A brother of Daniel Boone.



THE OLD FORT.

and this rare article, probably the first in the new country, lent an elegance and tone to her log establishment that provoked the admiring envy of all neighbors, who regarded it as a marked and highly gracious favor to be permitted to consult it upon special occasions.

A few wooden platters, bowls, delf and pewter dishes comprised her tableware, while tables, benches, bedsteads and cupboards were all of home manufacture of a very primitive sort of Eastlake squareness of design. Of course bed and table linen were also of home construction. Gradually, as communication with other places became more frequent, and the inhabitants increased in prosperity and general welfare, more elegance began to manifest itself in the household. Manufactured bedsteads, whose turned posts resembled gigantic ninepins, replaced the rougher article of furniture, keeping in

countenance the tall chest of drawers with its glass knobs, and diminutive looking-glass on the top, and the thin-legged tables turned to the utmost extent in spiral decorations. Thrifty matrons prided themselves on their well-scoured floors, their dexterity with the spinning-wheel, the product of their busy looms, and the gorgeousness of their bedquilts; those for the "spare-room" generally being marvels in pattern and colors—red, green, yellow and white usually the component parts.

About this time, the nearest place of worship was at Cane Run, situated some five miles east of the town; but as the building was falling somewhat into decay, and the majority of the congregation lived in or near the latter place, it was decided to erect a new church, and the site of the old fort was selected. This was in 1816. Meetings were held alternately here and at Old Providence, eleven miles north of Harrodsburg, Rev. Thomas Cleland presiding over the respective flocks. Three years later, a heavy wind demolished the church built on Fort Hill. Fortunately this occurred on a Sunday when services were held at Providence, so that no one was injured. My grandmother witnessed the demolition from her door, which she had gone to close on the approach of the storm.

Weddings in those days were occurrences of universal



TREE IN WHICH GENERAL RAY SHOT THE INDIAN.



DAUGHTERS' COLLEGE.

interest to the entire community, and were conducted on a basis quite different from a matrimonial alliance of the present régime. The bride's *trousseau* was of an order that would now inspire Monsieur Worth with unutterable astonishment and horror—linsey and coarse linen dresses, woollen stockings, homespun undergarments and heavy shoes, the very appearance of which would cause a modern belle to faint outright. The



ARCHITECTURE OF EARLY DAYS IN KENTUCKY.

bridegroom sported leather breeches, or leggings, or woolen trousers, unbleached linen shirts, and, if ultra aristocratic, a blue cloth coat, with numerous brass buttons, relics of still older days.

At a highly stylish affair which my grandmother attended, where each housekeeper was requested to bring whatever dishes, spoons and cutlery she could conveniently spare, the guests were especially dazzled by the magnitude and embellishments of a pyramidal cake that adorned the festal board; for, in those early days, a very diminutive luxury of this sort was regarded as highly extravagant, consequently this prodigal display occasioned undisguised astonishment. To the chagrin of the expectant guests, however, it was emphatically requested that this cake should not be cut, but reserved for the happy couple to devour at their own sweet leisure; so, after supper, when the table was removed to make room for the inevitable reels and cotillions that always followed the marriage ceremony, the cake was transferred to the milk-house, with other surplus eatables; not, however, until one or two young men, on mischief bent, had noticed its place of storage. Later in the night, a select party of youths silently repaired to the milk-house to indulge surreptitiously in a most unusual and coveted repast. Picture their surprise, disappointment and disgust when, on cutting it, they found it to be only light corn pone, thus skillfully fashioned into a veritable "whited sepulchre."

During this time the town was gradually, yet steadily improving. Several brick houses were built, a stone courthouse erected and Main Street somewhat repaired, in which thoroughfare teams had heretofore frequently become stalled in rainy weather.

In 1836 Bacon College was founded, and about the same time the town began to attain notoriety as a watering-place, no less than seven or eight medicinal springs of excellent quality having been discovered in its immediate vicinity; the most famous of these were known as the Harrodsburg Springs, and were owned by Dr. Graham.

The grounds of this noted Summer

resort were naturally attractive, and by an outlay of some thousands of dollars were rendered exceedingly beautiful and commodious, containing one of the finest hotels in the West, besides numerous cottages and other buildings for the comfort and pleasure of the guests. The grounds were finally sold by the owner to the Government, which used them as a home for disabled soldiers, and, later, as a hospital, during the recent "unpleasantness." Since then all of the buildings have been either burned or torn away, and at the present day nothing remains of its former elegance or loveliness save an occasional overgrown avenue of intertwining maples, under whose pleasant shadows the beauty and chivalry of the North and South once leisurely strolled, perchance intent upon a

recital of the old, old story, while time flew idly by on butterfly wings.

After the abandonment of the Springs, with their gay and giddy crowds, the town seemed to sink into a comatose state, which lasted for many years. Bacon College, having been destroyed by fire, was re-established in Lexington, and united with Transylvania University, under the name of Kentucky University. The female seminary, which has become widely known as Daughters' College, was established in 1855, and still retains its excellent prestige, its alumni gracing the refined society of nearly every State in the Union.

Prior to the establishment of this school, another, known as Greenville Institute, had flourished for many years, and during one of its sessions an incident occurred in which Cupid played an important part. Among the young ladies was one, both wealthy and beautiful, who had been sent to this fountain-head of knowledge to store her mind with wisdom's lore, and especially to erase from her memory the attractions of a gay young fellow, who had found much greater favor in her eyes than in those of the old people, who fondly hoped that new surroundings would efface the remembrance of this little *affaire de cœur* from the thoughts of the daughter. Special instructions were given to the principal of the



THE HIGH BRIDGE.

institution that he should not only closely watch his charge, but that any suspicious missives or appearances should be immediately reported to headquarters. Nothing of the kind, however, presented itself. The young lady was a model of decorum and submissiveness to all restrictive regulations pertaining to a large and well-conducted school.

There was, after a time, a handsome young stranger in the town, but he manifested no interest in the college or any of its inmates, and only a very acute observer would have perceived that he was on terms of close intimacy with a small boy, who visited a medicinal spring in the college-grounds regularly each morning, and brought away a bottle of its healing waters, frequently waiting on the young schoolgirls, who usually made it an objective point in their morning stroll about the place.

Suddenly, one day, the handsome stranger and the model schoolgirl were missing, while a couple answering to their appearance had been seen bowling rapidly along the turnpike, bound for parts unknown. Instantly the school was in an uproar. The frenzied principal hastily sought the nearest livery stable to procure a vehicle, in order to overtake the runaway pair. Every moving thing in the stable had been engaged. Another livery stable was sought, but with the same result. Every vehicle was hired. Horses and buggies were there, but they had been previously engaged by a handsome young fellow for the remainder of the day, and on no account could the keeper allow them to go out. In vain the principal explained the urgent state of the case; the livery man was sorry, but inflexible; and when, finally, a private conveyance was procured, the happy pair were well on their way to receive ministerial permit for two hearts to beat as one, while Cupid slyly winked to himself as he drew another arrow from his quiver to sharpen it for future use.

During the town's somnolent state, most of the buildings retained their chronic appearance of invalidism and respectable decay, while the events of succeeding days were uniform to the verge of monotony. "At morn and at eve" the stager's horn awoke the echoes among the neighboring hills, as the lumbering coach rattled into the town; when, for a brief space, a faint excitement manifested itself among the denizens of this veritable "Sleepy Hollow," but the momentary stir as readily subsided as do the wavelets when a pebble is thrown into sluggish water.

The poet says, "All things must suffer change," and in confirmation of this, a gradual awakening became manifest, while a more energetic spirit prevailed. New and substantial buildings were erected on the site of those swept away by two disastrous fires, the town slowly widened and lengthened, until finally a climax was attained in a branch railroad of four miles in total length, tapping the Cincinnati Southern, which is also but recently completed, and connects its namesake with the southern terminus of Chattanooga.

A single short branch road was an almost incredible step toward progress, and when the first train was expected the town turned out almost *en masse*, and patiently sat in a most ardent sun hour after hour awaiting its coming; and, although the train did not arrive until the following morning, the enthusiasm was still unbounded, and has since been only faintly reproduced on the appearance of the occasional circus, which has always proved an unfailing means of profoundly stirring the community. The village, as it now stands, is not an uncomely one, with its shade-trees and comfortable

dwellings and its attractive business houses, some thirty in number.

The churches comprise First and Second Presbyterian, Christian, Baptist, First and Second Methodist, Episcopal, Catholic, and three churches belonging to colored congregations. Of these the majority may be said to be more useful than ornamental, while with the most picturesque one of the number, St. Philip's, the reverse is the case, services being held in it only semi-monthly.

There are also three hotels, a public hall and courthouse, where the famous Wilkinson trial was held, during which S. S. Prentice made one of his grand speeches. One of the jurors in that case is still living, and expatiates most enthusiastically on the eloquence of that sublime orator, who could move an audience at his will.

The latest census places the population of Harrodsburg at 2,202.

Few of the ancient landmarks now remain. Among them is the old Wingfield corner, once a flourishing tavern, whose hospitality both Prentice and Aaron Burr have enjoyed. Until within the last few years the ancient kitchen stood intact, with its immense cavernous fireplace, in which strong iron cranes were hung for the various pots and kettles considered indispensable in the production of the old-fashioned Kentucky dinner. In the ample dimensions of such a fireplace the yule-log might esteem itself comfortably at home.

There was certainly a genial air hovering about an ancient kitchen that no modern one, with all its improvements, can boast; while its extensive fireplace, with its open countenance, swinging crane and auxiliary array of pots, pans, skillets and kettles, suggested a hospitality to the hungry stranger totally unknown to the stoves and ranges of the present day. There are those, too, who claim that there is a certain indefinable virtue in having the touch of fire on the viands. Scientific theorists may prate as they will of the uniform effects of heat on food subjected to its action, but you cannot persuade one who has tasted the culinary triumphs of an old-fashioned cook that the same results can be attained over the gaseous fumes of a modern coal range. Be that as it may, however, the cooking-stove is fast coming in even in remote regions of mountain and forest, and the open fire for domestic purposes is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

All indications of the fort are entirely obliterated. The hill is being quarried, and some interesting relics may possibly be brought to light. There are numerous caves in and around Harrodsburg; in fact, there is a honey-comb of caverns underneath the greater portion of the place, but, as most of them contain water, they have been but partially explored. They were exceedingly damp, slippery and unattractive as far as examined, and in many places the openings were too narrow to admit of further penetration. In several openings, after heavy rains, the loud rush of water can be heard far below in the gloom and obscurity.

There is abundance of excellent water, and the town is healthfully located at an altitude of 900 feet above the sea, and is in many respects a desirable abiding-place. The citizens are kind, hospitable and generous, while there is more than the average amount of talent, culture and refinement usually found in towns of its size.

Six miles east is the quiet, delightful village of Pleasant Hill, a community of Shakers, who, in the simplicity and orderliness of their lives, recall the Acadian farmers "who dwelt in the basin of Minas."

A mile further east of this village, High Bridge, on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, spans the Kentucky River

at a point that has long been noted for the grandeur and beauty of its scenery, which is not excelled by even the famous Palisades of the Hudson. This bridge is remarkable for its height and general construction. The track is nearly 300 feet from the river-bed, and the length over 1,100 feet. The cost of construction was about \$400,000. Frequent pleasure excursions are made to this spot from various points, and during the Summer picnic parties are of almost daily occurrence.

Once a year a camp-meeting is held on grounds in the immediate vicinity. These grounds are tastefully and comfortably arranged for the purpose.

Those whose acquaintance with the famous blue grass of Kentucky is limited to the bare knowledge that such a species has a botanical existence may be interested to know that it is otherwise classified as June grass (*Poa compressa*), and is found in various parts of the world. It reaches its most perfect development, however, in this favored belt of Kentucky. Thanks to its kindly influence, the thoroughbred stock of the region, both of horses and cattle, has attained an unrivaled reputation. In the subtle chemistry of nature blue grass is transformed into horse-flesh that is—so Kentuckians affirm—unsurpassed on the face of the earth. Perhaps State loyalty somewhat influences the favorable nature of this verdict, but certain it is that a strain of Kentucky thoroughbreds adds very materially to the value of a horse in professional eyes; and lovers of equestrian exercises are everywhere favorably impressed if it can be shown that the animal under consideration can trace his pedigree back to progenitors who breathed the air and cropped the herbage of these famous pastures.

Mercer, with its adjacent counties of Boyle, Anderson, Jessamine, Fayette, Woodford and Bourbon, comprise the greater portion of this renowned tract, so famous for its fertile soil, thoroughbred stock, lovely women, good whisky, brave men and hospitable entertainment, and all who have visited the locality are fain to hold it in kindest remembrance.

SUMMER MORN.

By J. E. P.

I WATCH my lady's slender, rosy feet,
Tripping across the lawn, where glittering lies
The starred veil that dawn all vainly tries
To hide her charms with. Then I see her greet
Each aromatic flower that blossoms sweet.
Her hand is on her lips, and in her eyes
A roguish smile, as if some fair surprise
She now prepares each of her swains to meet.
Soft doth he whisper, "Wake thee!" to the rose;
Now calls syringa gently to awake.
Beneath her touch the streamlet swifter flows;
She looks, and straightway clouds begin to break.
To her alone the buds in haste disclose
The secrets they had kept for her dear sake.

BESIEGED BY MOCCASINS.

By COLLINS SHACKELFORD.

THE attempt upon my life originated in a prolonged attack of jealousy on the part of Colonel Royal Marston. As the inciting cause of the effort, and as an innocent sufferer thereby, I declare my conduct up to the hour of retaliation to have been free from malicious motives. The colonel took advantage of my unsuspecting nature, and would have produced a tragedy of "the first water," so to speak, if luck had not been against him and in my favor.

To begin at the beginning. I had gone to Cairo, Ill., to work as a wharf clerk, and to mind my own business. Very few young men know how to do the latter. It is not a motto of commercial colleges or copybooks. Paradoxically, it is rarest when well done. As a naked sentiment, the command is a good one, but experience shows that it seldom pays. Paul-Pryism is a remunerative virtue. But this is an "aside."

Everybody in Cairo—that is, everybody of any consequence—would remember Edith Hampton if they only knew her husband's real name; that they have forgotten. I made her acquaintance through assisting her to secure a pleasant stateroom on a New Orleans steamer.

It was a trivial favor, and is important only because of its bearing upon this story; for if it had not been for Miss Hampton there would, probably, have been no cause for the colonel's hatred, and no necessity for him to have undertaken to sacrifice me to its demands. However, as will appear, it is not for me to complain. Afterward, at a little party at Judge Hampton's, I was introduced to her in due form.

Now, she was one of those young ladies with whom young men are at home from the minute they become acquainted. She was not at all forward, but cheerfully and hospitably sociable, putting one at his ease, and with delicate tact drawing out his intellectual resources without effort on his part. I've seen her keep up a vivacious conversation with three people at once. There was enough life and intellectual energy in her to stock a half-dozen ordinary girls.

She wasn't handsome, for she had hair that was almost red; but there was plenty of it. Her nose, furthermore, tilted up a little at the end, just enough to give a roguish turn to the expression of her whole face. Her mouth and eyes redeemed all defects, however. The former was small, the lips beautiful, and the teeth were like pearls. The eyes were a brilliant dark-brown color, and, whether she was pleased or angered, they glowed with a fascinating light. An angel could not have been better furnished in those respects, and she knew how to make eloquent plays with them.

She was slender, remarkably graceful, of medium height, and as quick as a bird.

If I was "struck," as the saying is, with Miss Hampton, it was because she was so delightfully different from most young women. When she left me I felt lonesome. That is about as terse a description as I can give of the influence she exerted.

Perhaps this was a premonitory symptom of love. If so, I didn't know it. She was enchanting company, and if I called upon her frequently, it was no more than was done by other men of the town, Colonel Marston among the number.

He had no right to scowl and growl as he did at Miss Hampton's admirers, for he had no valid claim to her exclusive society. He tried to frighten the others by his arrogant ways, that at times became positively insulting. His conduct was natural enough, however, for he was a Southerner—a Vicksburg man.

Then, too, though not over thirty-three years old, he had fought through the civil war, having entered the Confederate army when a mere lad. He came out of the service to find his father dead, and scarcely a dollar's worth of property remaining of a once wealthy estate.

Naturally there was bitterness in his blood. He was forced to earn his living—that was one wrong he could not forgive. Fanatic-like, his grudge was against the entire world.

I think Marston had been a "hard case." His looks

indicated dissipation, though it may have been despondency that gave his face the appearance of continual sobering up. Good men often have their countenances belie them in that way.

The colonel came to Cairo to study law, perhaps because there was very little law left in his own section to study. This education was being secured in Judge Hampton's office, and by this means he was enabled to see Miss Edith often, and, in his style, to undertake to exclusively occupy her attention.

I don't know, and never cared to ask, why he disliked me. I understood that he was, among his male companions, in the habit of referring to me as "that wharf rat," scowling and throwing back his long, black hair with his fingers as he did so.

I have often noticed him glowering at me as he tugged viciously at his mustache. He wasted both his physical and mental energies in such exercises, so far as I was

when they found the colonel was going, they excused themselves on the ground that they had no idea that the hunt was to be made into a funeral excursion, with Marston as the corpse. Some fellows are mighty particular about their physic, you know."

"Can't we postpone the trip?" I said, disheartened at the prospect of camping out and hunting, even in hot August, with such a frigid fellow as the colonel.

"Nothing can be postponed," answered the doctor. "Marston has gone ahead, like a man, to have the tent and wagon ready. We must follow, don't you see? Never mind what the fellows said who haven't come. We'll have a good time, see if we don't. Come, it's train time. Tumble aboard!" And, pushing me and dragging the dogs, the unyielding physician accomplished his purpose.

The wagon, with Marston and the driver, was waiting for us at Jonesboro. We started at four o'clock in the



THE FIRST HOTEL IN KENTUCKY.—SEE PAGE 37.

concerned; for, as heretofore remarked, I minded my own business.

As much to test Marston's feelings as for anything else, I remarked one day before an intimate of his—whom I knew would tell him what was said—that I really cared for no woman in the world.

The colonel was effusively cordial after that, and afforded me frequent opportunities to listen to the expressions of his soured philosophies, his whey of human kindness, his homilies that were poultices drawing personal indignations to a head. Affairs were in this neutral condition when, in August, old Dr. Courtney invited me to make one of a party for a duck-hunt in the American Bottom.

A half-dozen were going, the doctor said, but when we started there were only three—the doctor, Colonel Marston and myself.

"Where are the others?" I asked of the doctor, as we met at the depot.

"The others?—down, Ponto!—the others?" echoed the doctor, slapping the spaniel on the head. "Why,

afternoon. It was a fourteen-mile drive to the hunting-ground. And such a drive! It was pleasant enough on the main road, for the doctor was chatty, and Marston thawed out enough for conversational dripping; but when we wheeled off the highway and began to struggle through the woods and dense undergrowth, when the pendent grapevines snagged the straining horses, sometimes catching their heads in nooses that we had to cut in order to free them, or when the woodbine fairly lassoed one and all, and made our progress dishearteningly slow, then indeed our expeditionary force became glum enough for a monastery.

To add to the sombre aspect of everything, a heavy rain began, and gave every promise of lasting all night, and the gloomy forests grew gloomier still.

We were in a part of what is known as the Great American Bottom, that portion of a low, alluvial spread, for a length of thirty or forty miles, and a width of perhaps ten miles, along the western border of Randolph, Jackson, Union and Alexander Counties, in Illinois.

It is a tract of country full of lagoons, the home of

water-fowl, and, not many years ago, the inaccessible refuge of the vilest of renegades, comprising horse-thieves, river-buccaneers and murderers. Into this collection of swamps no officer of the law dared, unless to invite death, to follow the outlaws who sought their seclusion.

Fighting our slow way along, tugging at monster vines, disentangling the horses from fetters that dropped from every tree, pushing, shouting, growling, we three sportsmen were a tired and sorry set when the expedition finally crept from the Highlands to Alto Pass, and, in the gloaming of the evening, made a cheerless camp on the border of a lagoon in a low plain. The lake upon whose swampy margin we had pitched our tent that rainy night was in the form of a huge stocking with a very narrow ankle and a very bulging toe. The leg of this stocking was about five miles, and the foot about two miles, in length. Its width varied from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet, and in depth from twenty inches on the edge to eight feet in the centre.

The bottom was a mass of roots of the alder and the grapevines, of great size, undulating, interwoven and covered with slime. This much the doctor told us as, gathered around a stump-fire that night, we tried to dry our water-sodden garments.

"But there never was such a place for ducks," he concluded, enthusiastically. "Why, they just send you invitations to shoot 'em."

Marston shrugged his steaming shoulders.

"That, doctah, may suit you and Poyne," he said. "I had enough of this yar water-soaking when I was in the army. I wouldn't 'a come if you'd told me I'd have to be a big goose in order to kill a small duck. Look at my clothes! Spoiled! Dog-gone it! this isn't fun—it's work! Nice-looking hands those, all cut and scratched. Why, demmit! I look and—what is worse—feel just like a day laborer!" and with a shrug of his shoulders, expressive of disgust, he stalked away and cast himself down upon and selfishly appropriated a bed made of the bags of feed for the horses.

Dr. Courtney winked one eye significantly at me. I shook my head with just as much significance, and each understood the feelings of the other.

"A nice man for Edith Hampton to marry!" said the



"IN A SECOND MARSTON HAD DROPPED HIS PADDLE, AND PUT HIS GUN TO HIS SHOULDER, AIMING IT AT ME. 'I WOULDN'T DO THAT, MARSTON,' I SAID, CALMLY."

doctor, in a low tone, a few minutes later. "She'd be his squaw, not his wife."

"Sooner than have that happen," I replied, in just as low a voice, "I'd try to marry her myself."

"In love with her, Poyne?"

"Perhaps. Would be, sure, if I saw more of her. 'She's the nicest girl I ever met.'"

The doctor laughed, and just then the colonel turned over and growled out the question:

"Ain't you ever going to bed?"

That made me wonder if he had not heard what had been said.

The rain was pouring steadily in the morning, so that we lost a crack at the birds on their flight; but by noon the sun came out, and we at once moved toward our stands. The colonel grumbled so over the idea of wading, that, to quiet him, he was given the canvas boat, the doctor and myself preferring to walk.

"Look out for moccasins, Poyne, and don't get scared. The water is full of them!" shouted Courtney as we parted, he to tramp along one side of the lake and I the other, while the colonel daintily paddled to his stand.

A more lonely region it would be difficult to find. The surface of the lake was of a light-green color, looking like a closely mown lawn, an effect produced by the presence of a minute aquatic plant, scarcely larger than the point of a pin, and with tiny white, silken rootlets. A few feet from the shores were lines made up of hundreds of gigantic yellow water-lilies, some of whose leaves were a foot in diameter.

No wind could ruffle this dead water, whose very sluggishness nursed the vegetation with which it was gorged; no sunlight could pierce its parasitic shallows, and even the horses refused to drink a fluid surcharged with malarial poison.

Rimming the hollow which held this gruesome lagoon were commingling masses of tall oak, hickory, ash, sycamore and cottonwood trees, diversified with clumps of the pecan, with its dark-green foliage.

The shades of green were blotched here and there with the grayish-white trunks of dead and barkless trees, and on the highest limb of many of them perched huge cranes, standing motionless on one leg, and looking wiser than ministers. Beneath and mounting the trees were



BESIEGED BY MOCCASINS.—"HE CAST HIMSELF DOWN AND SELFISHLY APPROPRIATED A BED MADE OF THE BAGS OF FEED FOR THE HORSES."

gigantic grapevines, some of them over three feet in diameter.

The walk was a long and tiresome one; my companions were out of sight, and, had it not been for the faint crack of their guns, the whirr of the birds, and my own good luck in knocking down a few braces, I would, in my loneliness, have abandoned my stand knee-deep in the water and have returned to camp. But I stood it out until the shadows of evening began to creep over the pool, and I heard the dip of a paddle around a little point of brush and hummocks.

"Hillo, colonel!" I shouted. No reply. Again, and again no response.

A shadow shot out of the open space. One more call, and still no answer. A suspicion—a mere suspicion, mind you!—flashed into my mind that the colonel intended to play me a trick, say, to compel me to carry to camp the sixteen birds I had been lucky enough to hit dead. I did not imagine any worse purpose than that.

Seeing that he intended to pass me, though he must have heard my calls, I raised my gun and sent the contents of two shells just ahead of the canoe. In a second Marston had dropped his paddle and put his gun to his shoulder, aiming at me.

"I wouldn't do that, Marston," I said, quite calmly, trying to break the breech of my own weapon—"I wouldn't do that. You would be sure to be found out. I only fired across your bows to bring you to."

"Oh, it's you—is it, Poyne?" he growled, lowering his gun. "I didn't hear you call."

"Then how do you know I called?" I asked, angrily; for I didn't like a man to be quite so ready with his weapon when there was nobody about.

"I reckon you'd better be more careful what you fire at," he said, not answering my question, and pushing the canoe toward shore. "You startled me, and that's dog-gone dangerous, for I shoot off-hand."

I made no reply, but tossed my ducks into the boat.

"Where's the doctor?" I abruptly inquired.

He eyed me savagely for a second before answering.

"Don't put on airs, young man—at least, not with me. The doctor has gone home. He said you'd better wade through the alder-swamp than go round it."

A few more moves of the paddle, and his craft was slowly and suddenly forced campward, and in a minute was by the outjutting houses of an abandoned muskrat village.

The journey to the camp was not, prospectively, likely to be a pleasant one. I was at least three miles from my destination, twilight was already creeping over the lagoon, my companions were leaving me behind more and more each minute, and I was in a sombre solitude that was becoming more oppressive as the shadows fell.

A splash at my side, and a huge water-moccasin lifted his head at my side, hissed and swam away. A feeling of horror ran over me, but I recalled the doctor's warning not to be scared. Well, I'd seen the reptiles for hours, and kept my nerves steady. Not every man could have done that, for the water had been fairly creeping with the hideous things.

All the afternoon they had sprung up around my stand, sometimes for air, but generally in the pursuit of fish, which they followed with surprising speed.

They paid no attention to me, standing knee-deep in the water. After the first feelings of horror at their repulsive appearance, I became so interested in shooting as to give them but little heed, not more than enough to see what they were like and to avoid collision with them.

They were of two kinds—the water-moccasin and the

cotton-mouth—the latter being so called because their mouths had a cottony appearance.

The moccasins had peachy, pink and very large mouths, capacious enough to nearly take in a wood-duck. In the upper jaws of both kinds of reptiles were two fangs, and there were also rows of small teeth. Their heads were flat and broad, with black, glowing eyes as large as a good-sized shirt-button.

Their bodies were from four to seven feet in length, as large around as a man's arm, of a light-brown mottled with black, and with a short, blunt tail.

When motionless these serpents looked like gnarled roots. They moved in the water rapidly, their heads a few inches above the surface, and their bodies hidden in the aquatic growth.

When alarmed they opened their huge mouths, ran out their forked tongues and hissed. When not hunting they lay torpid on the bottom of the lagoon.

"Look out for moccasins, and don't get scared," had been the parting words of the doctor.

I had followed his advice easily enough in the excitement of shooting, but now, the fever of the hunt ended, the night falling, my companions gone, and the indescribable solitude of the woods, the evening beginning to envelop me, and the water fairly heaving with the convulsions of its hideous occupants, I must confess that feelings of horror and cowardice came upon me, and that I would have given a good deal to have been safe in camp.

"Better wade the alder-swamp than go around it," was the doctor's queer message—queer because, though it might save a mile in distance, it compelled me to keep in the water at a time when it would have been pleasanter to have remained on the land. But I supposed the doctor knew best, and, without a thought of treachery, I began my march and soon plunged into the swamp. Had I known the terrors awaiting me in that jungle I would have walked straight to Cairo before I would have dared to confront them.

I had not entered two hundred feet before I realized the great effort that must be made if I desired to get out at all. The bushes grew eight or ten feet high above the water; their trunks were gray and without branch or twig save at the top.

A dim, gray light pervaded the swamp. Hummocks of grass around the alder-bushes and a few muskrat houses were all the indications of land. All else was water, from a few inches to seven or eight feet in depth. The bottom was simply a network of slimy, knobby roots of the alder and the grapevine. To walk upon them was difficult.

I had to push along carefully, feeling the way, for a misstep might have sent me up to the armpits in the water, filled my thigh-high rubber boots, and rendered any further movement impossible.

I had floundered along, slipping now and then, but always saving myself, for at least ten minutes, when I finally made up my mind to retrace my steps, and to take to the land.

Just then I heard some one sneeze.

"Hillo!" I cried.

"Well?" was the response.

It was the colonel's voice.

"See here, Marston, I'm lost in this infernal place!" I shouted.

"All right," came the reply; "I hope you'll stay lost. In fact, I don't think you'll get out, and I didn't mean that you should. You'll not be the first man who has gone into that place and never come out alive. You

will probably know why in the course of a couple of hours."

"Are you crazy, Marston?" I cried. "What have I done to deserve this treatment? When you talk like that, I don't believe the doctor sent word for me to wade through this place."

"You are right," he replied; "he said for you *not* to try it. As for deserving this treatment, that's a matter for my judgment. You have interfered between Miss Hampton and myself. What you said to the doctor last night about marrying her settled your fate. I've got you into this swamp, and I'm going to leave you there."

With that I heard his paddle begin to click against the side of the canoe.

"See here, colonel, this is not honorable dealing, even for an enemy," I shouted.

"No one said it was," came faintly back; "but it really doesn't matter, Poyne. I've waited round to make sure of your whereabouts. There is nothing more to detain me. I hope you'll sleep well, Poyne."

And, with a savage laugh, the fellow moved away.

I was too proud to beg for assistance, but, at the same time, what Marston said filled me with alarm. Was it true that men had died in this patch of bushes and water? I thought I could understand how it might happen. It was easy to get lost, and wandering round, to die at last of exposure.

But I felt sure that the doctor would save me from such a fate; for, if I did not put in an appearance in reasonable time, he would certainly search for me.

Meanwhile, I proposed to reach land, and began what I supposed was a retrograde movement. It was almost dark. I could scarcely distinguish the bodies of the alders, and was forced to feel my way with both hands and feet. So proceeding, with my gun in one hand and with the other pushing aside the bushes, this guide-hand in one of its blind sweeps along the surface of the water suddenly clasped a cold, rough-skinned, slimy, springing creature, that leaped from my touch with a hiss, and with a flit of its powerful tail sent the water flying into my face.

I had caught hold of a moccasin!

A sharp cry of terror burst from my throat as I realized what it was my fingers had clutched; and responsive to that utterance of agony came a faint, mocking laugh from the direction in which Marston had rowed. For a second my heart was paralyzed with fright, and down my face trickled great drops of cold perspiration. Then I felt myself swooning away and falling forward. But one hand caught an alder; my will resisted the physical surrender, and the touch of the water as my face met it instantly revived me, but that moment of weakness was weighty with serious consequences. In that half-faint my gun had fallen from my grasp, the shells in my belt were wet, and, as it proved—worse than all else—my right foot had slipped through a yielding opening in the bottom of webbed roots, and all my struggles to release it were in vain.

I was a prisoner, waist-deep, in the water!

The appalling character of the situation did not come upon me with full force at once, but only after long mental and physical agony, such as few men are called upon to endure, and which few survive. I wrenched and pulled, and turned and twisted, in my efforts to release the fettered foot; but the slimy, knotty gyves which held it seemed to close only the more tightly upon it as the result of my frantic struggles. Then I began to shout for help, but the motionless foliage above deadened the outcries, and spread the sound along the surface of the gloomy, stagnant swamp.

I yelled, I talked, I moaned; I was silent. The overtaxed throat could no longer make a sound; then I despaired.

Men had been lost in this jungle; men had died in it, the colonel had said, and now I began to understand why; but the carnival of horrors had not really begun.

Whether it was the shouting or my splashing in the water that called them, or whether they were on their way to make their usual nightly visit to the land, I only know that into the space immediately around me there swam a horde of serpents. I heard them lash the water as they met and fought, and their hisses fell without cessation upon the ear.

I shifted my unimprisoned foot, and it trod upon a yielding substance that rose to the surface at my side, and vented its anger in a sibilant outcry as it beat the surface with its tail, and spattered the drops in my face. Another thrust its hot tongue against the hand that rested in the water, and I felt the graze of its fangs—fangs which, if they had done their deadly work and buried themselves in my flesh, would have made me, in a few hours, a swollen corpse.

I could hear and feel the venomous reptiles disporting themselves only a few feet from my face, which I turned to the hidden heaven, whence, as by miracle, it appeared as if rescue could only come.

With the tenacity of despair, I had clung with one arm to the brittle alder-bush. Fearful of losing consciousness and my grasp and then drowning, I drew out my handkerchief and bound that arm to the bush as high up as I could reach.

That act was Heaven-inspired—it saved my life—for, scarcely had it been accomplished, when something bumped me in the back, and a second later there was a sliding burden upon my shoulder; on my lips and in my nostrils played the sirocco breath of a moccasin; in my ears fell his sound of wrath, until, dark as was the spot in which I was sunk, I saw, or imagined I saw, the great flat head, the horrid mouth, with its peach-tinted lining and terrible fangs, and the brilliant black eyes unwinkingly marking the place where the death-blow should fall. This mad commingling of facts and fancy was too much for my self-control. After a hoarse whisper of affright, there followed a happy unconsciousness.

How long that forgetfulness lasted I cannot tell. It must have been for hours. I awoke, aching with the heavy strain of my body on the arm lashed to the bending body of the bush. There was no longer the swashing sound of the restless serpents. My brain seemed afire, my body was swollen, my throat was almost closed. To swallow was agony; to speak, impossible. It is the working of the poison. I have been bitten, I thought, and death is only a matter of minutes. It was wonderful how stoical I was in contemplating my fate. I did not care scarcely whether I lived or died. I had no relatives. Who else would mourn for me?—Miss Hampton, perhaps. But I had no right to think her feelings would be anything more intense than those of a passing friend. That line of thought brought me to Marston and his perfidy. The more I thought of that, the more I longed to be rescued and to work out a fitting revenge upon him. I would live for that—I *would* live!

A more dreary night it would be difficult to imagine. The silence would have been death-like had it not been for the weird, metallic *gwak* of the great white cranes, disturbed on their perches by some night bird. The owl wailed his melancholy cry, foxes barked sharply here and there, and the mournful howl of the wolf came from the good land behind me.



BESIEGED BY MOCCASINS.—"I SUDDENLY CLASPED A COLD, ROUGH-SKINNED, SLIMY, SPRINGING CREATURE."

The huge frogs had waked up, and their croaks—like muffled notes from a big bass-drum—and plashings resounded on all sides. I welcomed even such sad discords. They were company.

It was while I was trying, as a preventive of delirium, to measure in my mind, by the sound, the probable distance of these creatures from me, that I heard vastly more welcome noises.

Far—very far—away was the sound of human voices. A little later there were shouts and the firing of guns. I was being hunted for. That was a glad thought. But it was useless for me to try to answer. I could not speak aloud.

Nearer and nearer came the relief. Finally, I caught glimpses of specks of fire glinting the water, so close were the seekers. I could hear the doctor talking. Ah, there sounded the colonel's voice!

"I told him not to take the swamp," it said, "but perhaps he tried it."

"If he had he ought to have been out two hours ago. Oh, Poyné! Hillo, Poyné! The man must be dead or he'd answer," said the doctor.

They were close to me. I could hear the doctor plashing along and breaking down the bushes as he drove his fat body among them. They passed me twenty feet away, the glimmer of their torches creaming the waters to where I hung with a shifting, yellow light. Was I to be abandoned?

With a despairing effort, I wrenched my arm from its fastening. The alder broke. Seizing the bush, I beat the dead waters into a foam.

There was a response. They came toward me. The shadows flickered. I could hear the labored breathing of the men. To the right, to the left, then back through a centre path, and then—the bushes were parted, a torch came first and Courtney next, just in time to catch me as I sank backward into the water.

Two weeks afterward I came to my senses in Cairo. The fright and the exposure of that night had sickened and crazed me.

"I thought you were a goner, my boy," said Courtney; "but thanks to your constitution, you've pulled through, though."

"And I wasn't bitten?" I asked.

"Bitten by what—moccasins? No, sir, or you'd been dead before we got to you."

Then I told my story of the night's horrors. The doctor "hum'd" and "ha'd" and pinched his lip, and said, finally:

"So Marston told you to go into that swamp, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"He says he told you to keep out of it. But what does it signify now? He wanted you out of the way—killed—and he came near having his wish granted. I say, Poyné, we worked half an hour to get your foot out of that socket. Lucky for you we didn't have to saw it off."

"I suppose so. I didn't care to live—that is, didn't care very much. Who sent those flowers?"

"She."

"Who's she?"

"Miss Edith. Ah, that brings out the color, my boy! She's been here herself several times. The flowers come every day."

"And for me? But how does Marston like that?"

"Marston be darned! I just told Miss Hampton what I suspected was the truth of your adventure in the swamp, and she has refused to see him since his return. If you love that girl, Poyné, I'm sure she'll be yours for the asking. Try it?"

"For both love and revenge, doctor?"

"For both, my boy."

I tried it, and that's Mrs. Hampton-Poyné sitting over there cutting bread-and-butter for those children.

Of the more than four hundred species of trees found in the United States, there are said to be sixteen species whose perfectly dry wood will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood of Southern Florida, which is more than thirty per cent. heavier than water. Of the others, the best known are the lignum vitæ and mangrove; another is an oak found in the mountains of Western Texas, in Southern New Mexico, and Arizona, and westward to the Colorado Desert, at an elevation of five thousand to ten thousand feet.



"THE BUSHES WERE PARTED, A TORCH CAME FIRST, AND COURTNEY NEXT; JUST IN TIME TO CATCH ME AS I SANK BACKWARD INTO THE WATER."



IT MIGHT
HAVE
BEEN
BY
JOHN A. CASSEY

"SHE SUDDENLY STOPPED, THREW UP HER ARMS AND CLASPED HER HANDS, HER WHOLE FIGURE EXPRESSING INTENSE AGONY AND IMPLOING PRAYER."

"WHEN this law of love is discovered, individual attractions and repulsions will be subject to control and classification as any other scientific facts." Here the low, sweet, rippling tones sank into meditative silence, and I suddenly became aware that I was listening with strained eagerness to every perfectly modulated syllable which the Summer breeze was wafting down to me from the balcony under which I sat.

"Yes," said a rich, masculine voice; "then, and only then, will intellect dominate passion."

A pause, then those sweet yet strong accents, this time laden with trembling pathos, and thrilling with scarce-concealed, scarce-revealed personality.

"Do you know," it began, slowly, "that I have sometimes thought that you have taught me the philosophy of life—how to love, and yet so to subject love to intellect as to get from it the finest impulses to a noble life."

The last words sank almost to a whisper. Another long pause. This was growing interesting. Two souls up there had evidently found each other. I was sure of
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it. I was sure that they were gazing into each other's eyes with a delicious, intoxicating surprise. As two water-rills, approaching, pause a moment, gather force, sweep away all barriers, then flow quietly on to the sea, so these souls must in a moment mingle the currents of their being and go happily on to the sea of eternity. Delightful! I tilted my chair down to its normal position, gazed at my half-consumed cigar, and had visions and dreamed dreams—and I dreamed that the night was holy as that other night when Love was made flesh and came to dwell with men.

* * * * *

Next morning, anxious to verify my dreams, I descended to the dining-room of the Summer hotel where I had been a guest for some weeks, and took my seat, glancing eagerly round to discover any newcomer who might answer to the description of my charmer which my imagination had elaborated. In vain. None appeared. The Summer guests lounged in desultory groups, some pitching themselves into their places with

a dejected plunge, devoid of muscular rigidity; others entering, newspaper-in-hand, with that business-like, determined air that proposes to settle all the problems of Wall Street, Parliament, Reichstag and the Executive mansion between oranges and coffee; still others with the glad-I-am-alive-and-you-ought-to-be expression that betokens the early-rising fiend. In vain. My charmer was evidently not democratic. She would not be included in any of the broadly generalized groups that represent the rank and file of Summer guests. She would come alone. I might have known that. Satisfied with my scrutiny, I was settling down into apathetic expectancy, when my ear caught the well-known accents upon which I had feasted the previous evening. There she was, just as my imagination had pictured her. I was enraptured. She was dressed in a fleecy white muslin that seemed to envelop her as a cloud. The *négligé* cut of the loose corsage revealed a throat delicate and fine. The figure was superb, fully developed, just escaping matronly proportions. The face? Well, no, not handsome, but expressing in the deep, liquid, thoughtful gray eyes the intensity of a noble spirit—a spirit unfortunately caged in a temptingly *human* body—a veritable Magdalene! After taking in these details my curiosity was sufficiently sated to permit me to observe the other members of the group. Seated beside her was the man who, I instantly concluded, must have been her companion of the evening. I was maddened when I looked at him, for then came the recognition that my interest in the balcony scene was not, as I had supposed—that of a disinterested speculator upon human events—but that of an intensely interested participator. In fact, I was in love. This woman was the Beatrice of my dreams—a woman who could discuss philosophy on terms of equality with an intelligent man; who united in her beautiful personality firm moral convictions with the pleasing address of a social diplomat. In truth, I had been waiting all these years for just this combination of Hypatia, Cleopatra and Florence Nightingale. I would not have objected if the combination had the added attraction of a Jenny Lind, Maggie Mitchell or Charlotte Brontë, still the latter were not essential conditions of my matrimonial happiness. I had met my fate, and I determined that nothing, however formidable, should stand between me and the object of my affection.

But with the discovery of my *grande passion* came the remembrance that in the balcony scene the man at her side was the hero. He would have to be disposed of. I clutched my fist at him (under the damask), swore vengeance, and went on with my breakfast. The other members of the party were two ladies who occupied the side of the table opposite the pair and that on which I sat. Their faces were somewhat obscured by their position, but I observed that one was positively homely, of uncertain age, and still more dubious attainments—a spiteful duenna, no doubt, who guarded the maiden charms of my beautiful Magdalene. Well, I should dispose of her with compliments and vinaigrettes. Duennas always liked compliments and vinaigrettes. The other was young, with a bright piquant expression and rounded girlish figure. Some young relative of the man opposite, doubtless. She, too, I told myself, if modestly apprised of my honorable title and properly fed upon bonbons, should plead my cause with warmth. Young ladies always liked titles and bonbons.

So in five minutes, in my fertile imagination, the object of my attack was sighted, the campaign planned, the adjutants summoned, the guard demolished, the enemy routed, the prize captured and borne in triumph to

Achilles's tent. Dreams are the prevision of a moment, and I awoke after the smoke of my battle had cleared away, to hear Miss Piquant saying:

"You were in college at the same time, were you not?"

"Yes," replied my charmer, with a faint smile, "but Mr. Bently was a senior, unapproached and unapproachable the year I entered, a 'wee, timorous, cowering' lassie, only daring to gaze at him from the modest covert of preparatory classes."

"Mr. Bently" glanced at her with a quick, nervous movement (doubtless he was ill at ease in the presence of the ladies opposite), and said:

"Yes, I scarcely knew you then, save as the brilliant Miss Huntington (her name—fine name!) whom professors and students united in calling the finest student in college."

"Oh, Mr. Bently," cried she, "how cruel of you to reveal from what sublime heights I have fallen! now, since these ladies dare not doubt your word, they will impeach the character of our Alma Mater and you will be the defendant in a suit for slander!"

At this lively reply, which was delivered with charming sweetness of manner, the little party rippled with merriment and the conversation became general.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Piquant, as they rose from the table, "you have beguiled Harold from his musty philosophy. Pray let me thank you."

"Ah," said my Magdalene, "I did not think to compete with you in bringing philosophy to dwell with men;" but there was an expression of pain in her eyes.

What did that mean? Could this young girl be anything to this Harold? Yes, that must be it. She had called him "Harold"; my Magdalene was pained; but one conclusion—she resented the familiarity; in these years of separation, this girl had come between them; now they meet again; now they strive to quench the flame that will burst into life. Matters were growing complicated; but, in the meantime, I must not lose sight of them. An idea struck me. They would surely pass out by the grand entrance, and say their adieux in the vestibule, for all, save my charmer, were equipped for travel. An ancient frieze, an object of curiosity to strangers, which hung just inside the archway into the vestibule, would afford sufficient excuse for my proximity to the group.

I rose hurriedly, passed them, and had but just taken up my position before the frieze when they entered the vestibule. Harold and the uncertain lady came first, then my Magdalene and Miss Piquant. The latter had seized the hand of the former and was looking into her face with a glad, happy smile.

"But you have known him so long," she said, "I may venture to tell you"—voice lowered. Then, aloud: "So you will come now, won't you?"

Again a look of suppressed pain, a deprecating gesture, a murmur of polite congratulation. There, I knew it! This was the announcement of their intended marriage, and that girl was driving the dagger into my loved one's soul. I sickened with the thought, and determined then and there that when she was mine I would never probe this secret wound, but would devote my whole life to restoring her lost happiness, and I should be satisfied did she but give me the remnant of her wealth of love.

After a hurried exchange of conventionalities, they were gone, and my Magdalene was traversing the long corridor alone. I was in close pursuit. As she neared a cross corridor, she was met by a burly, pompous man, who, checked by her presence, slackened speed, said

something to her, in a brusque, commonplace tone, and passed rapidly on. The villain! I could have murdered him! When I had the right to protect her, none should address her save in the most reverential tone. As she turned down a cross corridor, she suddenly stopped, threw up her arms and clasped her hands, her whole figure expressing intense agony and imploring prayer.

A moment she stood so. Then, slowly lowering her arms, she tossed them aside, as if thrusting from her a burden too great for her to bear. A moment she gazed fixedly at the floor. Then, tapping her foot impatiently, as if annoyed at her lack of fortitude, she drew herself up to her full height and walked calmly on.

* * * * *

"And what did you do?" excitedly, said my friend, the novelist, to whom I related the above in corroboration of

his assertion that the greatest tragedies are enacted upon the stage of everyday life. "What was the sequel? You had fine material for a thrilling drama!"

"Did I? Well, maybe I did. Anyway I found out afterward that the expression of pain was an involuntary squint; that Harold was the husband of Miss Piquant; that the whispered confidence was the astonishing intelligence that they were hastening back to a six weeks' babe; that her tragic attitude was occasioned by lifting her arms to break the web of a harmless spider that had spun himself down in her way; that the spider himself was her 'burden of woe,' which she tossed aside and tapped into eternity with her dear little foot; and that, alas! she, my glorious Magdalene, was the wife of the brusque villain and the mother of his five children!"

"Ah!" said my friend.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

BY LEON MEAD.

NEAR by each other grew,
Within a garden close,
A Lily and a Rose.
'Twas weeks before they knew
Each other very well,
Though neighbors they did dwell.

But as the Spring airs gave
The Rose a lusty bloom,
He threw aside his gloom.
His heart one day grew brave,
And out of friendliness
The Lily did address:

"How fares thee, lovely maid.
With face so virgin white?
Thy modesty is right;
But pray don't be afraid
Of me—a harmless Rose—
Thy faith in me repose."

Some time the Lily gazed
Out of her golden eye, 
In silence wond'ring why
She felt so mutely dazed;
And in the fragrant hush
Her cheek sustained a blush.

The Rose, with wanton smile,
Longed for a breeze to sway
His head by night and day,
Until in this naive style
His lips, in semblance meet,
Should touch her tempting cheek.

But all the breezes passed,
Giving the Rose no aid,
In this wild plan he laid.
Two lovers paused, at last,
Within the garden, close
Near the Lily and the Rose.

They truly were in love,
And one of the twain said:
"To-day we shall be wed!"
In token sweet whereof,
She clutched the Rose's throat,
And pinned it on his coat.

That day these two were wed,
But sad, forsooth, to tell,
Soon ill the lady fell,
And ere night came was dead.
The frantic lover goes
Within the garden close;

He spies the Lily fair,
And plucks it, with unrest,
To lay upon her breast.
Next day, in deep despair,
He bends above the pall
At her sad funeral.

While leaning o'er to kiss
Her brow, the Rose, he wears,
At its own sweetheart stares—
So deep a thing love is.
"O Lily!" the Rose calls,
And by her side he falls.

No casket doth inclose
A nobler type than she
Of maiden purity;
And on her breast the Rose
And Lily, in love's trust,
Will turn with her to dust.

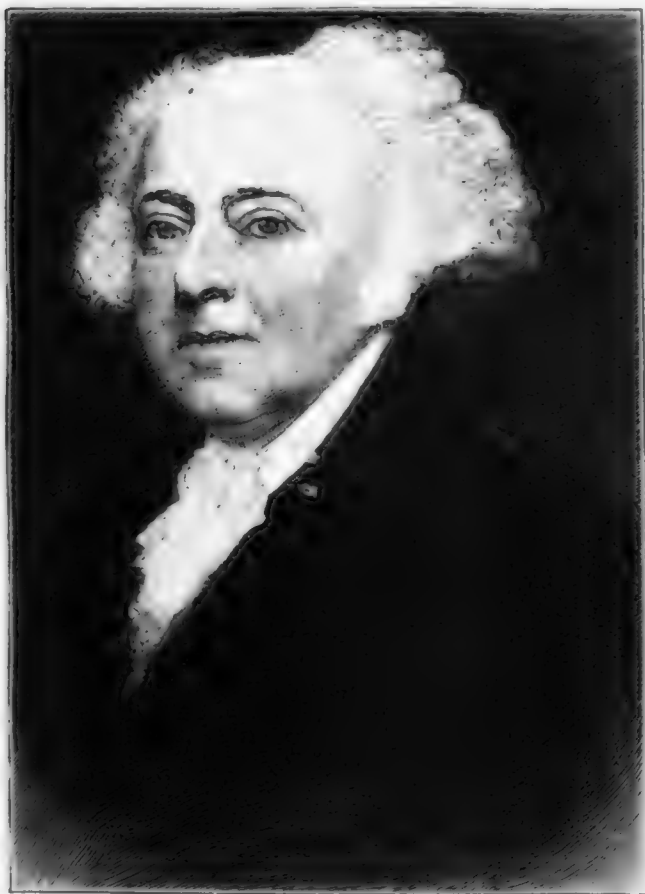
THE ADAMSES OF MASSACHUSETTS.

A FAMILY OF AMERICAN STATESMEN.

BY CHARLES BACON.

TO THOSE who are interested in the history of American politics, there is something peculiarly fascinating about the remarkable family of diplomatists and statesmen which originated, and still makes its home, in the little town of Quincy, formerly a part of Braintree, a few miles beyond the outskirts of Boston. From the first

day of their settlement, the Adamses were everything that is respectable, according to ancient and modern New England standards. The name of Thomas Adams appears on the charter of the Massachusetts Colony which Charles I. granted in 1629, and his younger brother, Henry Adams, the American progenitor of the family,



JOHN ADAMS.



ABIGAIL ADAMS, WIFE OF JOHN ADAMS.

was in Massachusetts in 1636, as shown by the date of certain grants of lands which still remain in the possession of the family.

The old town of Braintree, associated with the names of this great family, is a picturesque New England village of the common type. Long since, it has yielded to the pressure of modern necessities, and the portion in which the Adamses live has been set off into a separate township, called Quincy, after the noted family of that name. Its broad, shady streets are lined on either side with the pretty villas and country houses which wealthy Bostonians love to build, though Newport, in Summer, and Beacon Street, in Winter, leave them little time for their more attractive places in the country.

The old church, hallowed by historic memories, which

more than redeem its severity of exterior, stands in the central part of Quincy. Multitudes of Puritans have worshiped in its aisles, and their Unitarian descendants still use it. Near by is the Adams Academy, a modest but rather excellent, building, from an architectural standpoint. This building was erected from the proceeds of a fund set apart for the purpose by John Adams. As a fitting-school for Harvard and other colleges, it ranks with the best schools in the country. William Everett, son of Edward Everett, is the present head master.

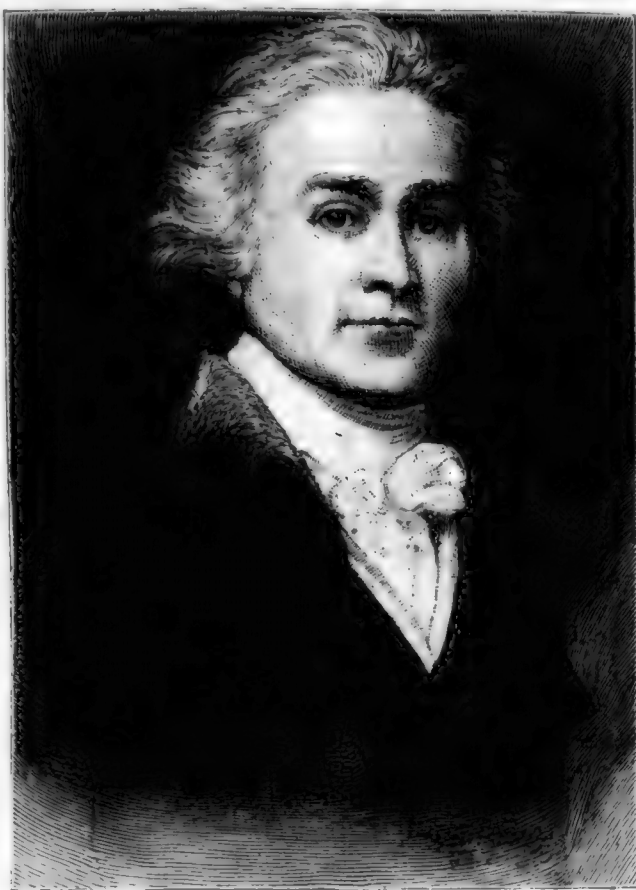
The old Adams homestead, a long, low, straggling dwelling, formed by successive additions to the houses of John Adams and his son, stands half-way up a hill, at a little distance from the business centre of the town. Surrounded by leafy trees and shrubbery, it is a typical shel-



HOUSES WHERE JOHN AND JOHN QUINCY ADAMS WERE BORN.

terer of families—a mansion not built at once, but gradually growing with the family which has owned and lived in it for more than a century.

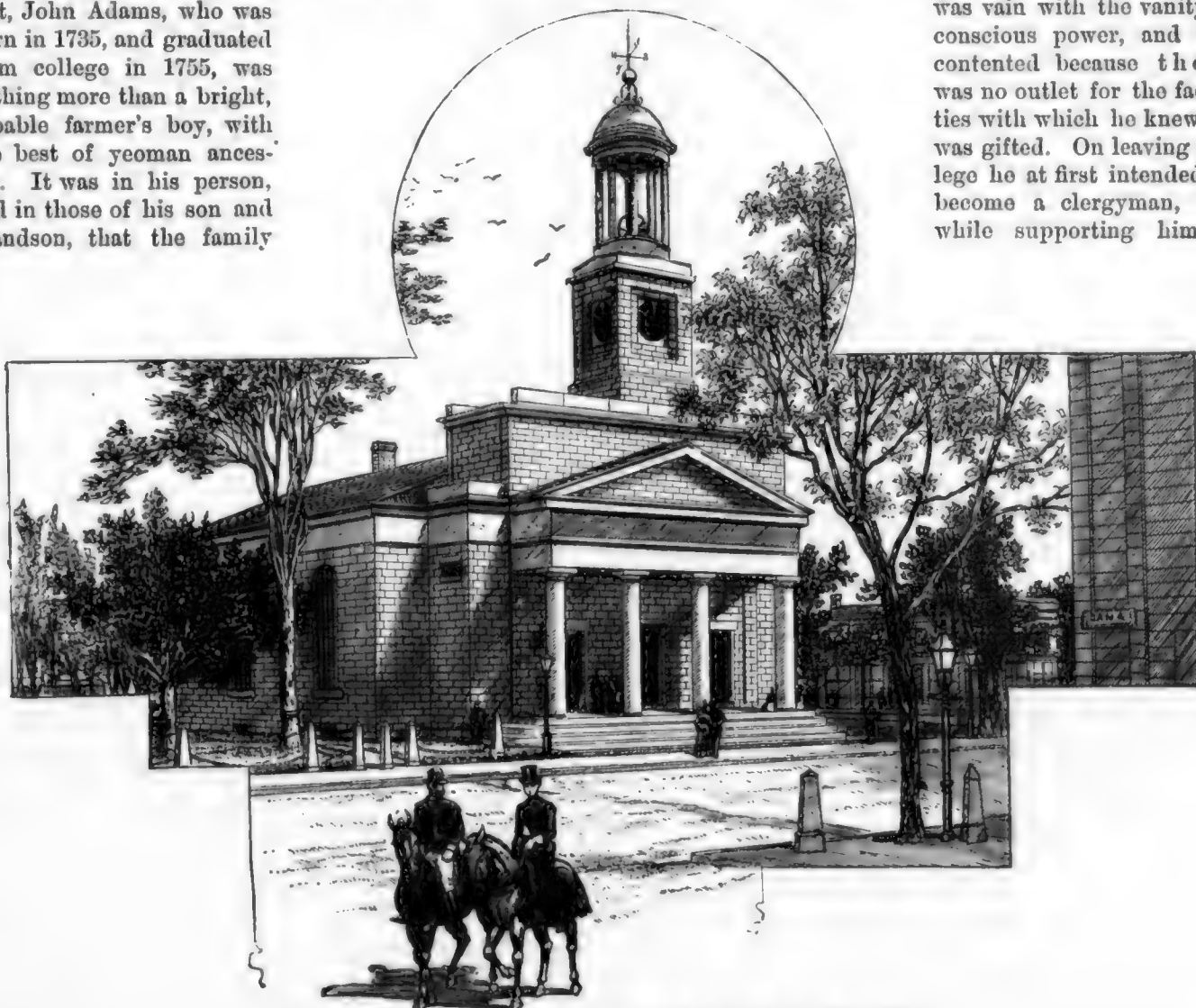
During four generations the family pursued its career of modest respectability, the eldest son, beginning with John Adams's grandfather, being sent to Harvard, and the younger children receiving the balance of the family property in lieu of that privilege. The family were not then ranked with the colonial aristocracy of Dummer, Saltonstall, Mathers and Dudleys; for, in his college class of twenty-four, John Adams was ranked, by social standing, the rule then in force, fourteenth in his class. For even this modest standing he seems to have been indebted to the social rank of his mother, who was a daughter of Peter Boylston, then a colonial magnate. In fact, John Adams, who was born in 1735, and graduated from college in 1755, was nothing more than a bright, capable farmer's boy, with the best of yeoman ancestry. It was in his person, and in those of his son and grandson, that the family



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—FROM COPLEY'S PAINTING IN 1796.

obtained its place as chief among the aristocratic gentry of the Republic. True aristocrat as he was, he wrote that he thought "a descent from a line of virtuous, independent New England farmers for a hundred and sixty years was a better foundation for it (family pride) than a descent from regal or noble scoundrels ever since the flood." This proper pride in his honest descent he had, according to Mr. John T. Morse, one of his later biographers, "in the true American shape, and was influenced by it only in the direction of good. He was at once gratified and satisfied with a lineage simply respectable."

His boyhood was much the same as that of other New England boys of that age, solid, industrious and religious, with the ingrained theological instinct of four generations of strict Puritans. Even in college he was vain with the vanity of conscious power, and discontented because there was no outlet for the faculties with which he knew he was gifted. On leaving college he at first intended to become a clergyman, but while supporting himself



STONE CHURCH, BRAINTREE, BURIAL-PLACE OF THE ADAMS FAMILY.

in the old college-graduate style by schoolteaching, he determined to abandon that part of his life plan, as well as dismiss certain hazy wishes to become a physician, and devote himself to the law. Of course, the ministers of that day were rather more dictatorial and quarrelsome than modern religious shepherds; but, to quote again from Mr. Morse's book, "The figure of impetuous, dogmatic, combative, opinionated, energetic, practical, and withal liberal, John Adams in a pulpit is exceedingly droll. He was much too big, too enterprising, too masterful for such a cage. . . . His irrepressibly secular nature would have been constantly protruding at one point or another from beneath the clerical raiment. It would have been inevitable that, sooner or later, he should escape altogether from the uncongenial thralldom, at the cost of a more or less serious waste of time and somewhat ridiculous process of change."

Luckily enough, however, the unwise plan was fated to abandonment, and in 1756, though violently opposed by "uncles and other relations, full of the most illiberal prejudices against the law," he entered the law office of one Mr. Putnam, and attacked the study of the law with characteristic energy and persistency. Most modern law students would give up in disgust and conscious incapacity if required to follow the course of reading which John Adams went through. Justinian's Institutes, with Vinnius's Notes, Bracton, Britton, Fleta, Glanville, and all the other host of voluminous Latin works, which filled the law libraries of those days, were so diligently studied by the ardent young man, that in two years' time he was admitted to the Bar, and very soon afterward founded a successful practice in Boston.

His natural pugnacious qualities made him an excellent combatant in the legal arena, and he had so faithfully studied his profession that he easily accomplished a vast deal of work. "I believe," he one time said, "no lawyer in America ever did so much business as I did afterward in the seventeen years that I passed in the practice at the Bar for so little profit." It was no idle boast, for throughout his life John Adams never shrunk from work, and withal had rather a contempt for mere acquisition.

His marriage, in his thirtieth year, to Abigail Smith, daughter of a clergyman, and descended, through her mother, from the notable Quincy family, was perhaps the greatest event in his life up to that time; for the strong mind and generous heart which has made Abigail Adams's name a synonym for all that is noble and womanly were just the qualities which should appear in the helpmeet of a man like John Adams, whose singular ability was often obscured by obstinacy, censoriousness and suspiciousness.

During the exciting decade of 1765 to 1775 he performed useful work for his country as well as diligent labor in his profession. He was opposed to the lawless spirit of mob resistance to the Stamp Act of 1765, which culminated in the burning in effigy of Oliver, the stamp-distributor, and the sacking of the houses of Governor Hutchinson and other officials. Such a course of agitation was contrary to his ideal of propriety, but he was none the less a malcontent. He drew up petitions in Braintree, and prepared instructions for the representative of that town in the Legislature, which were widely adopted by other towns.

The Stamp Act was no joke to the business men of Boston. On the one hand, the authorities prevented them from carrying on trade without stamps, and, on the other, the populace were determined to have nothing to do with men who complied with the law. The law

courts were closed, and business was at a stand. Adams himself thought he was ruined financially, for, though overwhelmed with business of all kinds, there was no possibility of obtaining a trial at law, or even the settlement of a claim.

The first scheme for killing the Stamp Act was a petition to the General Court to do away with this obstruction. Mr. Adams, with his older legal friends, James Otis and Jeremiah Gridley, was retained to press the petition. According to John Quincy Adams, his father seems to have taken the strongest ground on this question, which was then entirely new to lawyers. "Mr. Otis reasoned with great learning and zeal on the judges' oaths, etc.; Mr. Gridley, on the great inconveniences that would ensue from the interruption of justice." Mr. Adams went much deeper into the question, for he "grounded his argument on the invalidity of the Stamp Act, it not being in any sense our act, having never consented to it."

Such an argument was nothing less than a declaration of independence, for, if the British Government had a right to govern its colonies, it could not be deprived of the power of taxing them, without losing, at the same time, its power to govern them. He pursued a similar line of argument in defending John Hancock against a suit brought to recover customs duties on certain smuggled goods which that trading statesman had managed to get landed.

John Adams was now a leader of the opposition to Great Britain, and in those troubled times men of his persistent nature and great abilities were really needed. He soon, however, gave evidence that he was no courtier of public opinion.

On March 5th, 1770, occurred the famous Boston Massacre. A disorderly crowd of "Sons of Liberty" stoned the soldiers on King Street (now State Street). Captain Preston ordered his men to fire, and five of the crowd were killed and others wounded. The officer and soldiers were forthwith tried for murder. Adams and Josiah Quincy were asked to conduct the defense, and though pecuniary annihilation seemed certain to befall any lawyer who attempted to shield the prisoners from the wrath of the public, they both promptly accepted the trust, and succeeded in securing acquittals for all but two of them. The soldiers had merely done their duty in repressing violence, and were, of course, guilty only of justifiable homicide. It was all wrong that two should have been found guilty and punished by branding in the hand, and John Adams both felt and expressed an active sympathy for them.

It is necessary to pass rapidly through the history of his life, but enough has been noted of the early events to show how he obtained his great influence among the advisers of the revolted colonies. Prior to the battle of Lexington, in 1775, he had been a member of the General Court from Boston, and had so conducted himself that, in 1774, he was appointed as one of the five representatives of Massachusetts in the first Continental Congress, then held at Philadelphia. The journey thither was the most fatiguing of triumphs, for, at every town on the way, "the travelers were received with flattering attentions. The people turned out in crowds, bells were rung, even cannon were fired." But such a journey, pleasant as it was, could not fail to be wearisome, and the tired delegates were glad enough when they reached the scene of their active duties.

In Philadelphia, the earnest New Englander found an entire change of scene. The Pennsylvanians were determined to avoid even the name of independence, and the

"barons of the South" scarcely hated tyranny as much as the republican spirit of Massachusetts. There was a deal of hard drinking in the Quaker City in those days before temperance agitation was heard of. It sounds oddly enough in his diary that "we went with Mr. William Burrell to his store, and drank punch, and ate dried smoked sprats with him;" and, later in the day, he had "an elegant supper, and we drank sentiments till eleven o'clock. Lee and Harrison were very high. Lee had dined with Dickinson, and drank burgundy the whole afternoon."

Even after the battle of Lexington, the Conciliationists, led by John Dickinson, of Philadelphia, were a great power in Congress. They were afraid of the consequences of defeat, and, besides, feared the ardent and impulsive New Englanders, who, having gone too far to safely retreat themselves, were determined to carry the rest with them. Dickinson's wife was constantly begging him to make his peace with the English Government, and his mother said to him: "Johnny, you will be hanged; your estate will be forfeited and confiscated; you will leave your excellent wife a widow, and your children orphans, beggars and infamous."

No wonder that a man subjected to domestic upbraidings of this nature was not inclined to hurry on the steps of a rebellion. But there was no holding back the ardent advocates of independence. Dickinson might get commissions for the settlement of differences appointed, but Adams would as often secure votes of Congress advising the establishment of local State governments, thus neutralizing the effect of the olive branch offered to the British Government. He also managed to secure the vote of Congress which adopted the army assembled at Cambridge as the military force of the confederated colonies, and secured the appointment of General Washington to the chief command. Up to that time the army had had no authority for action, and every soldier was without the pale of military protection, but now he was the officer of Congress.

His life was a busy one in the second session of the Continental Congress. According to his diary, he was "engaged in constant business from seven to ten in the morning in committee, from ten to four in Congress, and from six to ten again in committee;" not a small day's work for even the strongest man; and it affected his health so seriously that he was himself afraid of breaking down.

He had signal good fortune in being placed on important committees, especially in having a seat in the board which prepared the Declaration of Independence. The work of preparing the Declaration was left to Jefferson, but the support in Congress was Adams's task. Franklin was old, Jefferson could not talk, Livingston and Sherman were not combative enough to be trusted to argue a motion which meant final severance from Great Britain or utter ruin to every man connected with it. And Adams performed his task admirably—coaxing, wheedling, arguing, threatening, debating and denouncing, until, on July 2d, 1776, he was backed by a sufficient majority. He was the "colossus of that debate," as Jefferson gratefully remarked. "The Atlas of Independence," said another member with hearty praise. It is fair to note that July 4th has been selected as Independence Day, but the Declaration was adopted on July 2d. Of this memorable day, Adams wrote: "The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. . . . It ought to be solemnized with pomp and

parade, with shows, games, sports, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore." The small and great boys of this Republic can answer whether or not his enthusiastic hopes have been realized.

In the early part of 1778, Mr. Adams started on his first mission. It had then become evident that quite as much was to be accomplished for the young colonies by diplomacy as by warfare. The American Commissioners in France were Franklin, Arthur Lee and Silas Deane. Of these, Franklin was old and sluggish; Lee was not versed in diplomatic methods, and Deane, with the best intentions in the world, was impetuous and reckless. It was therefore deemed best that the energetic yet conservative New Englander should take Deane's place.

His work was admirably done. His natural arrogance won the respect of the French nobility. His skillful handling of the questions at issue resulted in the French alliance, and, later on, in the establishment of a much needed credit with the bankers of Amsterdam. His companion at the French court was his son, John Quincy Adams, the boy who inherited all the arrogance and sturdy ability of his father, tempered by the more even genius of Abigail Adams, his mother. In 1783, when Franklin and John Adams negotiated the treaty which finally severed the colonies from England, Mr. Adams supposed that his work abroad was done; but Congress, recognizing the value of his diplomatic ability, commissioned him, with Franklin and Jefferson, to negotiate treaties of commerce with such foreign nations as should be willing to make them. This kept him abroad until 1785, when he was appointed Minister to Great Britain.

Mr. Adams was proud of his new distinction, but felt the weight of responsibility thus placed upon his shoulders. The King (George III.) received him pleasantly at first, but afterward treated him with that studied coldness and neglect which is the most unpleasant experience possible to an envoy, because it cannot be resented. The English nobility followed the royal example, and rigidly excluded the ambassador of the new nation from their social life. But Adams consoled himself in the true family way, by imputing their neglect to shame for ill behavior. But he was far from comfortable, living as he did in retirement, upon a mean salary, and to the end of his days he never forgave England and Englishmen for sending him to Coventry in the true insolent British way. In 1788, after the acceptance of his resignation, he set sail for home, where to his gratification, his long and eminent services were at once recognized by election to the Vice-presidency, with an understanding that he should succeed to the highest office on the retirement of Washington.

Little need be said of his services as Vice-president. The duty of presiding over the Senate, with no opportunity to take part in its deliberations, was so irksome to one of his temperament, that but for the prize beyond he would not have accepted the offer.

Eight years of the second office soon passed by; Adams was the recognized candidate of the Federalists, and Jefferson of the Opposition. At the last moment, Alexander Hamilton—then dictator of the Federal party—attempted, by a scheme of questionable political morality, to so manipulate the votes of the Electoral College that Thomas Pinckney, candidate for the Vice-presidency, should get the first office and Mr. Adams, the second. A more compliant President would have suited the domineering New York lawyer much better than one like Mr. Adams, full as able, and quite as dictatorial, as himself. But the scheme fell through; Hamilton had over-estimated his



JOHN ADAMS'S TABLET WITHIN THE CHURCH.

strength; and the only result was a natural resentment against the schemer which the new President never afterward laid aside.

John Adams was one of the few Presidents who can be called independent. Though his Cabinet was filled by submissive adherents of Hamilton, he never allowed himself to be governed, or deviated from what he deemed his patriotic policy. During his administration (1797—1801), the question at issue was the method to be adopted in treating with France and England. France, governed by Jacobins and Terrorists, shut up American ships in her harbors and confiscated their cargoes. England imprisoned American seamen and laid embargoes which destroyed American trade. Both countries despised the weakness of the new nation and plundered it at will. There was no comfort to be obtained from Congress, for, while "Jefferson berated England," and "Hamilton reviled France," all the parties knew that the United States had not the means for offensive war. Mr. Adams disliked England from the bitter experience of his career as Minister there, and had an ample and well-founded distrust for France, caused by his knowledge of the then rulers and largely by the infinitely disgraceful proposals of Talleyrand to accept bribes in settlement of all difficulties. A man of less ability would have destroyed himself and his country in such an exigency, but Mr. Adams, alternately threatening and conciliating, arrogant and gentle, yet never committing himself, waited till the right moment came, when he sent a special messenger—Vans-Murray—to France, with instructions which, for a time,

settled all difficulties with that nation upon an honorable basis; and, leaving the United States free to deal with England alone, practically disposed of the English difficulties at the same time.

But such action could only end in the destruction of the Federal party, for, if the Federal President was independent of his party, there was no reason for its existence. Like Samson, Adams tore down the temple and perished in its fall. Pickering and McHenry deserted his Cabinet, and Hamilton, intriguing everywhere against him, was so successful as to leave no choice for the Electoral College, and thus threw the election into the hands of Jefferson in the House of Representatives.

In a whirlwind of mortification, disappointment and rage, Mr. Adams left Washington at midnight on the last day of his term, without going through the conventional politeness of welcoming his successor. He returned to his home at Quincy, where he lived peacefully for more than a quarter of a century longer,

having the gratification of seeing his family receive, in the person of his son John Quincy Adams, the unique honor of a second election to the Presidency. On July 4th, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of what he deemed the greatest work of his life—the argument in behalf of the Declaration of Independence—both he and Jefferson, its author, passed quietly over the silent river into the land of shades.

John Quincy Adams, born in 1767, possessed, in a marked degree, all the qualities which are associated with the family name. Indomitable perseverance, unwearied diligence, haughty arrogance, fearlessness, obstinacy, censoriousness and genuine mental excellence marked every step of his life from childhood to the grave. He may be said to have commenced public life when ten years old, for at that age he crossed the Atlantic with his father on that famous diplomatic journey which, had they been captured, might have ended in a traitor's death for the father and long exile for the son. At this age, while in Paris, he began his diary with resolutions and sentiments absurdly old for a child of ten, but which, if compared with the rest of the huge journal, show that even then he was much the same as in after years. At fourteen, he acted as private secretary of Francis Dana, envoy of the colonies to Russia, and, two years later, he assisted in the preparation of the papers connected with the treaty of peace which ended the Revolutionary War.

That a lad of eighteen, after such an experience, who had been his own master ever since he could remember,

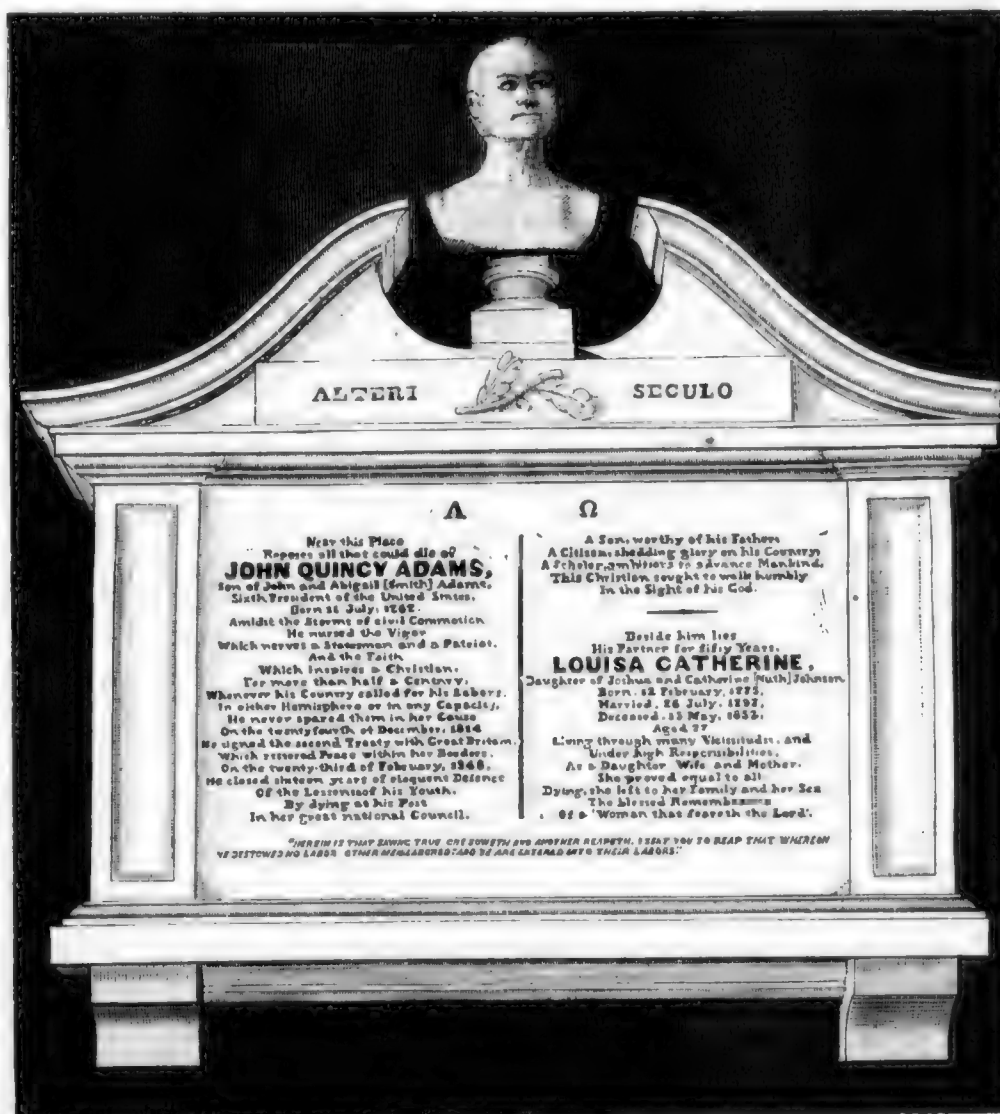
should have voluntarily submitted himself to the rules of school life is nothing short of wonderful. But the younger Adams, however, saw that his experience needed the tempering training of education. He, therefore, returned and worked so diligently, that in two years he entered the junior class at Harvard, and graduated with high honors in 1787. He then entered the law office of Theophilus Parsons, afterward Chief-justice of Massachusetts, and was admitted to the Bar in 1790, at the age of twenty-three. He opened an office in Boston, and, after the customary waiting period, obtained a good practice. He was a controversialist from the first. Like a good Puritan, he attacked Thomas Paine's "Rights of Man," which was published in 1791, and, also, discussed foreign relations, in letters signed by pseudonyms, with such ability, that General Washington, always on the alert for able diplomats, nominated him, in 1794, as Minister Resident at the Hague—a birthday present, for his commission arrived on that anniversary.

He had scarcely reached the scene of his labors when Marshal Pichegru took possession of the Netherlands and established the Batavian Republic. All other envoys and ministers left for their own governments, but Mr. Adams remained, though in sore doubt of the propriety of his course. However, he was sustained at home, and even sent on an informal mission to England, after which President Washington transferred him to the court of Portugal.

When his father became President, there was some doubt felt about the propriety of his continuing in office, but Washington publicly declared that "well-merited promotion ought not to be kept from" Mr. John Quincy Adams, "foretelling for him a distinguished future in the diplomatic service;" and so he was retained, though changed from Portugal to Prussia. Oddly enough, on his entrance to Berlin, he was "questioned at the gates by a dapper lieutenant, who did not know, until one of his private soldiers explained to him, who the United States of America were." After executing a treaty of peace and commerce with Prussia, at the end of his father's administration, he was recalled, a move, as Mr. Morse notes in his biography of John Quincy Adams, "probably dictated by a vindictive desire to show how wide was the gulf of animosity which had opened between the family of the disappointed ex-President and his triumphant rival."

The young diplomat at once returned to his law office in Boston. But he was one of those men who cannot be kept out of public life. He was at once

elected to the State Senate, and soon after to the United States Senate at Washington. There was little pleasure for him in that straggling village, without churches and almost without houses. The Federalists hated him for his father's sake, and the Jeffersonian Republicans, recognizing a chip of the old Adams block, stamped upon every suggestion he made. But "all things come to those who wait." The great embargoes, declared by France and England, were destroying the commerce of the United States, and the British policy of impressing American seamen was carried to such lengths that thousands of free-born American citizens were imprisoned and forced to work on British ships-of-war. The policy of the Federal party in Massachusetts, by which Mr. Adams held his seat in Congress, was to endeavor in every way to conciliate England; but the young Senator refused to be forced by partisan considerations into a policy which he deemed unpatriotic. Consequently, after the affair between the *Leopard* and the *Chesapeake*, in which a British warship fired on the United States man-of-war, killed three men and wounded sixteen others, and then boarded our vessel and took off four sailors, he would not consent longer to take part in the slavish counsels of his party. He not only attended a meeting of Jeffersonian Republicans in Boston, but was even on a committee which pledged the assemblage to co-operate "in any measures, however serious," to revenge this injury. In the same year (1807) he joined in the committee report which brought forward the great Embargo Act, and practically destroyed the commerce of New England for



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S TABLET WITHIN THE CHURCH.

more than a decade. It is not easy to imagine the wrath and dismay of his New England supporters. He was abused with every epithet which could be applied to Judas Iscariot, and very promptly rebuked by a vote of the Massachusetts Legislature, which elected James Lloyd to succeed him in the Senate. The Embargo Act was a good thing at the time, for though it closed all the ports of New England, it doubtless saved an immense amount of property from seizure. It ruined New Bedford, Portsmouth, Salem and Newburyport, because it was not repealed when the need was over.

In 1809, John Quincy Adams was made Minister to Russia by President Madison, the Republican successor of Thomas Jefferson. He was warmly received at St. Petersburg. Familiar from boyhood with the etiquette of diplomacy, he was an admirable Minister. The Czar and all the officials of the Russian Government were polite and friendly toward him, though, like all American envoys abroad, he was so cramped by his small salary that he could not live in the magnificent style affected by the ambassadors of other nations. "I have not seen you for a hundred years," the Emperor once remarked to him, playfully. Mr. Adams scarcely knew how to reply, because he had absented himself from court from motives of economy. However, the Emperor relieved him from embarrassment by saying, with a smile: "Perhaps this is due to financial reasons."

Mr. Adams's next public service was as American commissioner to settle the terms of the peace which ended the War of 1812. His principal associate was Henry Clay, and the story of their life at Ghent is very amusing. The English commissioners were determined to deprive the United States of territory, some of which was to be ceded to the Indians and the rest to England. More than this, they insisted that the United States should have no forts on the Great Lakes, and that the English should have a right to navigate the Mississippi. In fact, they started out on the principle of claiming everything. For months the negotiation dragged slowly on. Mr. Adams spent his time, after his pious New England fashion, in decorous pleasures and rigid moral life. Clay, on the contrary, after the free customs of the West, had jolly times, turning night into day, and extracting all possible pleasures from cards and wine. Adams, of course, would not admit the British claims, and they would not recede from their position; but at last, when it seemed likely that the negotiations would be fruitless, and Clay was making ready to go home, both parties seem to have made up their minds that a treaty which should condone the past and leave questions of such importance as the fisheries and the Mississippi for future arbitration was better than none. And such a treaty was drawn and signed in 1814. It was an extraordinary conclusion, for the English Government did not care to conclude a peace unless it could get what it wanted, which was the abandonment of the right of fishing in the Canadian waters by American vessels, and the free navigation of the Mississippi for English ships. Mr. Adams, mindful of the prescriptive rights of Yankee fishermen, would never have granted the first; and Clay, as a Westerner, would never have consented to the second. But a strong party in England, headed by Lord Liverpool, were in favor of peace. Lord Castlereagh, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, dared not risk his opposition, and so both matters were left open. However, peace was required in America, and a treaty which left questions open was good, if none better was obtainable.

Up to May, 1815, Mr. Adams resided in Paris, where of course, he saw the great events of the fall of Napoleon,

However, pleasure formed little part in his scheme of life, and so he departed for London, where he had been appointed envoy. Two years of service, marked by events of small importance, followed, and in 1817 he started homeward once more. He had been appointed Secretary of State by President Monroe. Those who have observed the lives of such of American Ministers to England as have not had large private means will not doubt that he was glad to be recalled to a country where a great public official was respected in spite of lack of wealth.

Although Washington was a dreary village in those days, there was no lack of jollity and festivity. The French Minister gave dinners and dancing parties. Henry Clay and his friends passed their nights at cards and wine, and their days in public business. But the puritanical New Englander shunned these dangerous pastimes. He would not drink with wine-bibbers nor game with gamblers. A dancing party, in his eyes, was nothing but a place where a man of dignity capered about like a little dog. He preferred to go to bed in good season, to get up often long before daybreak, and to labor assiduously the livelong day. His favorite exercise was swimming in the Potomac, where he accomplished feats which would have been extraordinary for a young and athletic man.

The first important question, which arose in his new office was the settlement of the boundaries of the Louisiana purchase. Spain was threatening war, and had ample excuse, for General Jackson, careless of law, had marched to and fro in Florida, then a Spanish possession, hanging people in his own lawless way. The Spanish Ambassador was, in Mr. Adams's words, "cold, calculating, wily, always commanding his own temper, proud because he is a Spaniard, etc." However, Spain wished a treaty as much as the United States, and had quite as little desire for war. And so, Mr. Adams, by the aid of the French Minister, managed to accomplish the treaty by which Florida was ceded to the Republic, and the Arkansas and Red Rivers made the southern boundary, though Henry Clay strongly opposed the treaty, and Crawford of Georgia, for so many years an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency, did his best to destroy the negotiation with the hope of preventing Adams from becoming his competitor.

The famous "Monroe Doctrine," so called, was the work of Mr. Adams. It was, in effect, that, while the United States would not attempt to establish its Government in any part of the Old World, it would contest the right of any Old World Government to establish itself in any part of the Western Hemisphere not already occupied. This doctrine was called into being by the discussion of the right of Russia to the great territory now called Alaska. Mr. Adams told the Russian Minister that "we should contest the rights of Russia to any territorial establishment on this continent, and that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for any new European colonial establishments." This new principle was momentous, as Mr. Morse's book points out, in 1823, at the time of the South American revolutions. The combined European Governments meditated an interference in behalf of Spain and Portugal, but did not put their thoughts into acts, for according to the Monroe Doctrine, as enunciated by Mr. Adams, the United States would not permit the Powers which should thus interfere to have any reward in the shape of territory for their interested aid.

An amusing incident of Mr. Adams's career as Secretary of State arose in connection with his dealing with Strat.

ford Canning, of the English Embassy, who wished to have the United States join in a sort of a crusade against the slave trade. Mr. Canning, who expected to find a compliant spirit in the American Cabinet, especially when addressed by the representative of so great a Power as England, was astonished to find in the Secretary of State a man quite as proud and punctilious as himself, much more dignified, equally determined to exact respect, and every whit as skillful in the use of that diplomatic language which only half veils an Homeric anger under polite language. It is obvious that the Republic could not consent to the search of American vessels, supposed to be engaged in the slave trade, even if the foreign Power which did it intended only to put down that traffic. The War of 1812, barely ended, had not settled the question of the right of England to impress American seamen, and it would have been absurd to have conceded that right at that time on any pretext. They fenced like gladiators. Mr. Adams would request Mr. Canning to put his communications in writing, and Mr. Canning would ask if he refused any further conferences. It amounted to little, however, for the English Government cared nothing about the question, and Mr. Adams, who loved a contention, rather enjoyed sharpening his weapons in a contest where he had nothing to lose.

Just before the election of 1824, Crawford broke down under a paralytic shock. This left the National Republicans with only two candidates, Clay and Adams, while the opposition were led by General Jackson. In the Electoral College, Jackson had most votes, but not a majority, and when the election was transferred to Congress, Clay's influence secured Mr. Adams's election as President. He had done nothing to help himself. Like an old Roman, he could see no honor in an election obtained by petty methods. He could not have been elected without Clay's generous help, but there is no trace of a bargain between them, either in preceding events or in any action of either party during Mr. Adams's administration. It would have been unnatural if both parties had not been accused of bargaining at such a moment, when one man had it in his power to name the President of the Republic; but, though Mr. Adams made Clay Secretary of State, his character for scrupulous integrity was such that slander left him unsmirched. His countrymen, friends and enemies, would not credit John Randolph's biting sneer at "the coalition of Blifil and Black George—the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan and the blackleg." And Americans are scarcely yet done with laughing at the duel between Clay and Randolph, caused by this harangue, in which Randolph went to the field with a bolster buttoned under his coat so as to equalize his size with that of Clay, who always averred that he shot Randolph through the middle, but did not hit him, because his body was not there. Jackson always believed that he had been swindled out of the office by such a corrupt bargain, but the only attempt made to prove it failed most ludicrously.

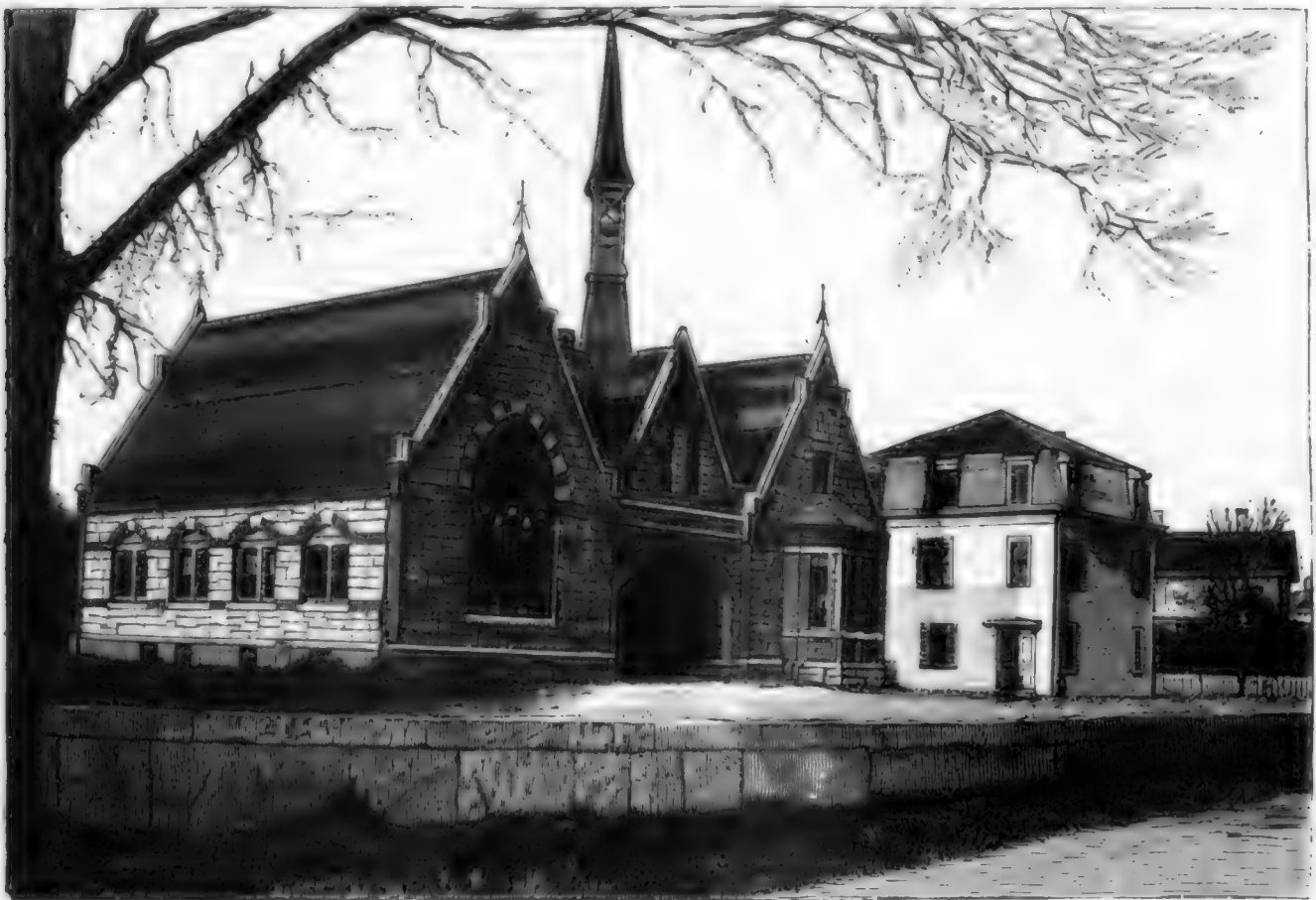
The career of John Quincy Adams in the Presidency was not marked by any great events. He had so well performed his work as Secretary of State that foreign affairs were settled, and in domestic matters there was little to do except to get ready for the election of 1828. In this, Mr. Adams seriously disappointed his friends by conduct which history must deem patriotic, but which from the point of personal interest was extremely poor policy. All the offices were in the hands of his enemies, who had used them unscrupulously to oppose his election, and meant to do so again. He was urged to use his power to put them out and replace them by a band of

personal followers devoted to his interests. But Adams was not the man to listen to advice of this nature. Steadfastly pursuing his policy of making his Government respected at home and feared abroad, he looked confidently for his reward to the people who had trusted him. However, though such a policy wins respect in the end, it rarely obtains immediate reward. Jackson was a dashing soldier whose exploits had won the admiration of the people. Adams was a cold civilian who had earned the honors of statesmanship. Jackson hated Adams with the virulence of an unbridled nature, and the chance which the latter neglected, of perfecting his political plans by conduct entirely opposed to the good of the civil service, gave the election of 1828 to the brave but ignorant Tennessean. As has been said, Mr. Adams's Presidential term was uneventful, but useful. He preserved those daily habits of activity which had marked his life hitherto, and when, at sixty years of age, he retired to what he supposed was to be private life, he was still hale and hearty, though troubled by watery eyes. His reputation was still great, for New England was devoted to his interests, but his disappointment had made him quite as acrimonious and censorious as his father ever was. He was not the man, however, to pose as a common scold, and, but for his diary, steadily kept from childhood till death, it would not be known that, to him, many men whose names are great in history were "skunks of party slander; images of great men stamped upon base metal," and the like.

After Jackson had obtained his overwhelming victory in 1828, and took the Presidency in 1829, Mr. Adams thought his work was done, and returned, as he supposed, to spend the rest of his life in retirement. But rest and peace were not suited to that energetic nature, and it is probable that no more welcome news ever came to him than that of his election to Congress in 1830, after a year and a half of private life. And it was no humiliation to one who believed that an ex-President of the United States would not "be degraded by serving as a selectman if elected thereto by the people."

He did not know it, but it has proved that, after serving as a diplomat at the most important posts abroad, after eight years of work as Secretary of State, and four years in the highest office, the real work of this man, nearly sixty-four years of age, was yet to be done in the lower branch of the National Legislature. The old Plymouth Congressional district honored itself from this time until his death, eighteen years later, by sending him, term after term, to represent its interests at Washington. At one time he was a candidate for the Governorship of Massachusetts on the anti-Masonic ticket, and so potent was the spell of his name that there was no election by the people, and the contest had to be decided by the Legislature. But as his name had been used against his wishes, and he felt the vast importance of his work in Congress, he withdrew from the final contest.

Mr. Adams hated slavery, as he always hated crimes against liberty. Heretofore he had not been in a position to attack the great "institution," but now, as a great general picks out the strongest enemy for annihilation, he selected slavery and the extension of slave territory for objects of incessant attack. Few statesmen of that day cared to provoke encounters with the able men of the South. Every weapon was used to destroy all who dared to oppose any of their audacious plans for ruling the Government. The ex-President, however, would not have been an Adams if he had been afraid of one or all of the friends of slavery. From his seat in the Lower House he presented petition after



THE ADAMS ACADEMY, BRAINTREE, FOUNDED BY JOHN ADAMS.

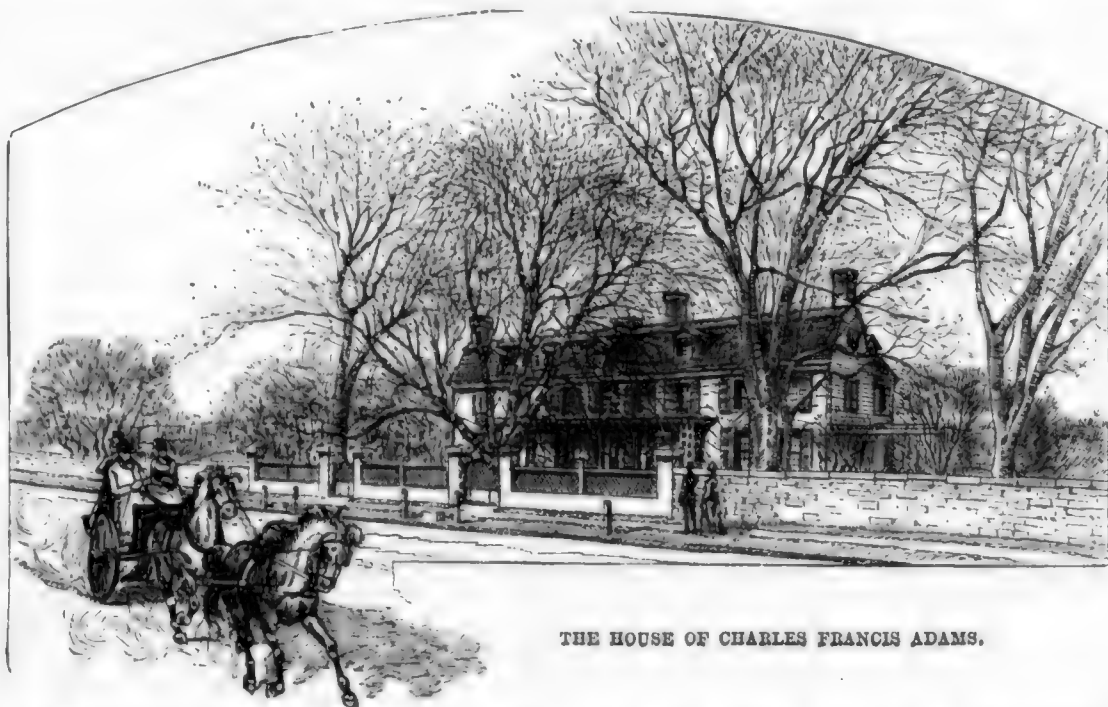
Petition for every kind of scheme for abolishing the national disgrace. His rounded form, bald head, shaking hand and watery eyes were terrible to the Southern hosts, for they belonged to a man who did not fear them. On every petition-day he was there to represent the multitudes of requests which no other man dared to lay before the House. His life was threatened, but he did not quail. His honor was assailed, but he did not concede a jot of his position. When it was moved that he should be censured for disrespect to the House, by introducing resolutions purporting to be from slaves, he laughed his opponents to scorn. When it was proposed to expel him for flagrant contempt of the House by the same conduct, he had the temerity to hint that he rather admitted that he despised his associates. He even played a severe joke upon the Representatives by commencing to read a petition in the usual form, which, being promptly hissed, he waited, and when quiet was restored, told them that it purported to be from Mississippi slaves, and prayed that slavery be not abolished. When the tumultu-

ous mob of Southern members groaned and hissed until the legislative chamber was a babel of dissonance, the spectators in the galleries could always hear his shrill, piercing voice, shrieking out anathemas upon slavery, and denouncing his opponents as "slave-breeders! slave-

breeders!" Yet he was respected, for while he was fighting the desperate battle at the head of a party which very frequently consisted of himself alone, and while his bitterest opponents named the officers of the House, his name was always at the head of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and his every word upon foreign relations was accepted for gospel. Time was kind to the censorious old gentleman, for, during one organization of the House, his masterly ability saved it from an error which would have destroyed its representative character. The election of five New Jersey members was contested, and the Clerk of the House attempted to pass them over until the House should have organized. But Mr. Adams would not allow that, for obviously those who held certificates were entitled to vote until the contest was settled. Adams's



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.



THE HOUSE OF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

firmness won the battle, and with it a new respect from his countrymen.

The end came as he, perhaps, would have most desired. On February 21st, 1848, he appeared, as usual, in his seat. The Speaker rose to put a question, but "was suddenly interrupted by cries of 'Stop! stop!—Mr. Adams!' Some gentlemen near Mr. Adams had thought he was striving to rise to address the Speaker, when, in an instant, he fell over insensible. The House hastily adjourned." He died on the field of his honorable battles. "This is the last of earth. I am content," were the dying words of the second President which the great Massachusetts family gave to the country it has served so well.

His domestic life has not been touched upon, but it may be said that he married early and happily, and that his wedded life lasted throughout his earthly days, and his children lived to do him honor.

Charles Francis Adams inherited all the family qualities in a marked degree. He was born in 1807 at Boston, just after his father's return from his first diplomatic service. When he was two years old his father was appointed Minister to Russia, and took his family, including the young child, with him to St. Petersburg. Thus the man who was the son of one President and the grandson of another was brought up in a diplomatic atmosphere. His early studies were diligently pursued. As a child he learned Russian, French and German from different governesses,

after the Russian method of instruction. When ten years old, he was sent to school in England, where his father was Minister Plenipotentiary. At twelve, he returned to Boston and entered the Latin School, where he applied himself with such diligence that at fourteen he was ready to enter Harvard. He graduated from college with high rank at eighteen, and, after two years' study under his father, and one year in Daniel Webster's law office, was admitted to the Bar.

Politics were not so attractive to young men of ability in his day as they had been in his father's youth. President Jackson, who ranked fealty to himself above capacity for public service, was the hero of the hour; and consequently when Charles Francis Adams was first asked to contest the nomination and election to the State Legislature, he refused. But he soon learned that he had grieved his father sorely by shutting his ears to the public call. It was a tenet of the elder gentleman's faith that no American can be too high-placed to serve the public. He had no patience with those who refuse on personal grounds. Consequently, like a good son, the

younger man accepted the invitation, which was renewed in 1831, and served in the Legislature with credit during six years, four of which were spent in the lower branch and two in the upper.

His reputation as a debater of the first rank was early made. Men like Choate, Webster and Everett cultivated an acquaintance and intimacy with the boy in whom they saw the ripening seeds of statesmanship.



TOMB OF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, AT BRAINTREE.

In 1844, the great Whig party was hopelessly divided by the questions of slavery and slavery-extension. The "conscience" Whigs vehemently opposed everything in the shape of territorial extension for the "institution," and the "cotton" Whigs gravitated toward their ancient Democratic enemies. Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, Horace Mann, and Anson Burlingame, the leaders of the conscience Whigs in Massachusetts, were glad enough to count amongst their strongest and ablest adherents the son of the ex-President who was then fighting the hateful national shame from his seat in Congress. It required some courage in those days to oppose slavery in Boston, especially to uphold that opposition by countenancing men like Garrison and Wendell Phillips, but when they spoke in Faneuil Hall against the annexation of Texas as a slave State, the chip of the old block, as fearless as were his father or grandfather, presided over the huge assemblage which gathered to hear the great anti-slavery orators and statesmen in the "Cradle of Liberty."

In 1848, the young statesman was prominent enough to receive the nomination for the Vice-presidency on the Free Soil ticket headed by Martin Van Buren. Of course there was no possibility of an election. Indeed the ticket did not obtain a single electoral vote, but, nevertheless, it placed him in the front rank of statesmen opposed to slavery.

The next ten years of his life were given to the task of preparing the works of his father and grandfather for publication. He had no need of laboring for money. The large landed interests which had kept his ancestors poor had so advanced in value that the family was rich, and the young man wisely profited by his fortune by withdrawing from money-making pursuits, and giving his attention to the study of the political conditions of the national existence of this country.

He was not suffered long to remain in retirement. In 1858, the people of his district sent him to Congress, where he served until, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, President Lincoln sent him to represent this country in England. Never was a cool and able diplomatist more needed. England sympathized with the South, and wished success to the cause of slavery. She had a natural affinity for the aristocracy of slave-holders, and besides, had many sound financial reasons for hoping that the cotton interests would triumph.

Charles Francis Adams, a gentleman by birth and means, an aristocrat with all the personal pride of one who knows that it is his right to associate on equal terms with the greatest of men; proud and domineering, yet cool, capable and persistent, he was just the man to deal with the English Government at a time when the United States could not enforce her rights by war, and England seemed determined to provoke a contest with her ancient provinces. Rebel vessels were fitted out in English ports, arms were purchased in English stores. In fine, everything which a neutral government has no right to do was done in England with the tacit consent of the ruling powers. But at every turn Mr. Adams was at hand to file protests, demand interferences, give notices of claims for damages, and so pertinaciously mark every deviation from the rules of neutrality, that when the International Commission took up the task of settling the *Alabama* and other claims at Geneva, they found that Mr. Adams had already, and at the time, done all the work of collecting and arranging evidence for their consideration.

His life-work ended with the Ministry to England. He thenceforward lived at his home in Quincy and in

Boston. It is only a few months, now, since he was gathered to his fathers, and he has left behind him a name which ranks with theirs for ability, probity and patriotism, though he did not achieve the crowning honor of the Presidency.

The present generation of Adamses are notable men in the land. John Quincy Adams, Jr., has done excellent service in both branches of the State Legislature, has been a candidate for the Governorship of Massachusetts, and is now a trusted leader of the Democratic party. He has also obtained one of those crowning honors which, though they do not shine very publicly, are still eagerly sought after and not easily obtained. He is one of the Corporation of Harvard College, where, like a dutiful son, he followed the family example by graduating with honors.

His brother, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., now President of the Union Pacific Railroad, has won an enviable reputation as a financier. Years ago, his notable articles on railroad management gave him the prominence which has since resulted in his obtaining his present important position. It will be remembered that, a few years ago, he stirred the slumbering ideas of educators throughout the country by a masterly oration entitled "A College Fetish," delivered before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Choosing for the foundation of his argument the assertion that everything taught should have the double object of mental training and usefulness in life, he maintained that in the study of the classics an immense amount of time is wasted without the obtaining of as many benefits as are obtainable from the study of languages and sciences used in daily life. Whether right or not, the alumni of his college may well be pleased to see this and other educational subjects treated in the true, fearless, independent Adams style.

A younger brother, Brooks Adams, also a Harvard graduate, is one of the active lawyers of Boston, and is steadily winning a large practice. His book upon "The Emancipation of Massachusetts," published a year or two ago, attracted much attention at the time and gave the author some fame in the literary world.

Few parodies can compare with that by Canning and Frere, of Southey's inscription for the apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Martin, the regicide, was imprisoned for thirty years. In imitation Canning and Frere wrote the following inscription for the door of the cell in Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg, the prenticeicide, was confined previous to her execution:

"For one long term, ere her trial came,
Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cells
Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She scream'd for fresh Geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coalhole. For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!
Such as *Lycurgus* taught, when at the shrine
Of the *Orthvian* goddess he bade flog
The little *Spartans*; such as erst chastised
Our *Milton* when at college. For this net
Did Brownrigg swing. *Harsh laws! But time shall come
When France shall reign, and laws be all repeal'd!*"

Whether for closeness of imitation of Southey's poem, or for their covert satire upon the new revolutionary ideas, these lines are remarkably clever.

NOON.

BY MICHAEL FIELD.

FULL Summer, and at noon: from a waste bed
 Convolvulus, musk-mallow, poppies, spread
 The triumph of the sunshine overhead.

Blue on the shimmering ash-trees lies the heat;
 It tingles on the hedgerows. The young wheat
 Sleeps, warm in golden verdure, at my feet.

The pale, sweet grasses of the hayfield blink;
 The heath-moors, as the bees of honey drink,
 Suck the deep bosom of the day. To think

Of all that beauty, by the light defined,
 None shared my vision! Sharply on my mind
 Presses the sorrow: fern and flower are blind.

July 12th.

THE COMBAT OF BENI-MERED.

By J. M. M.

THE steamer *Ville de Madrid* took from Marseilles a delegation of the Twenty-sixth Regiment of the Line to represent the regiment at the erection of a statue to Sergeant Blandan at Boufarik.

Blandan was killed on April 12th, 1842, in the combat of Beni-Mered.

His old companion-in-arms, M. Marchand, who is now sixty-seven years old, and who lives modestly at Amiens, gave to a Parisian journalist the following account: No; I had not been very long in the service. I landed in December, 1841, so I had had only six months of service, but I knew pretty well how to load a gun. At the time of the combat we were sixteen men of the Twenty-sixth Regiment of the Line, two chasseurs of the Fourth Regiment, with their corporal, Villars, and adjutant, Ducros. After leaving Boufarik, we played pranks and sang like young conscripts. Corporal Villars had two letters to carry to Blidah. In these, notice was given to the authorities of a provision-train that would arrive in two or three days, so that a place might be prepared for their reception.

Villars went on about fifty paces in advance of us with his two horsemen. We were ordered to escort him because there might be some "spilling of rosewater" on the way. Just before coming to the ravine of Beni-Mered, where the laurel-rose bushes grew quite high and thick, like a wood, Villars and his companions saw some Arabs skulking, and then two standing like sentries in a certain place, and all on foot. Turning their horses and coming to us, the corporal said to our sergeant, Blandan:

"The enemy are in front. We might make a run for it to Boufarik with our horses, but we must stay with you."

One of his men was a youngster, named Ducasse, who that day, mounted an Arab horse for the first time, but the other was an old Chasseur d'Afrique with three chevrons on his arm.

By this time the Arabs had got on their horses, and were coming against us, about a hundred strong.

"If there are no more than these," said I to my companions, "we may do something." Just then another lot appeared. "Ah," said I to myself, "this is getting complicated." But when a third lot came from another direction, "Ah, old fellow," said I, "it's finished; you'll never more see Amiens."

Our guns were already loaded. Blandan called out: "Fix bayonets."

The Arabs spread themselves out to surround us, led by one with a black burnoose and having a large yataghan

in his hand. We were all ready when Blandan said, "Fire!"

Some of the Arabs tumbled from their horses, but they returned our fire, and seven of our men fell, two dead and five wounded. The Arabs kept falling on all sides, but others rode up at a gallop, picked them up and carried them off. Then a mounted Arab came up within earshot and said, in broken French, to Blandan:

"Sergeant, surrender. You will not be harmed."

"Frenchmen die, but don't surrender," answered the sergeant.

The Arab turned and began to walk his horse quietly away. That insult vexed us. Blandan took good aim at him, struck him just under the left shoulder and down he went.

The fire became more lively, and another of our men was killed.

Blandan was fair haired, and a good, brave fellow, but he insisted on obedience. When he gave an order it had to be obeyed. He was a gallant fellow. Just at this time he was struck by two balls in his two legs. In spite of that he stood up, and kept firing while the blood was running down over his leather gaiters, as he called out: "Fire away, my boys. Don't let these rascals have the honor of cutting off our heads."

As he bent down to pick up a cartridge to load his gun again, another ball struck him in the loins, and he fell, still calling out: "Courage, my friends—courage."

We kept firing, though we were somewhat discouraged. Our comrades kept falling, and finally only four of us were left, Bire, Stall, Giraud and I. You should have seen how the Arabs closed in upon us; but they stopped firing for fear of hitting their own men, who were coming nearer all the time.

Suddenly they stopped their movement, and the old Chasseur d'Afrique, the one with the three chevrons, who had been wounded, and who was sitting down, said: "Now, my friends, it's all up with us. They are getting ready for the final charge, and they'll trample us down like flies."

We stopped firing, and each of us took from the wounded an extra gun, that we loaded and laid down at our feet. Then, with fixed bayonets, we waited for the onset. By this time I was pretty well used up. I thought it was all over with us. My throat was dry, and was closing up as when one has a fever; but suddenly we perceived above the white burnouses a cloud of dust. I looked closely, and I saw how it was. A scouting party of the chasseurs was coming to our aid, drawn to us, no doubt, by the firing. Ah! if you could have seen those Arabs, how they strained every nerve and flew away like lightning. Our chasseurs swept them away, squarely, till not one was left to dispose of.

When that was done, noble Colonel Moris came toward us and said:

"Where is the sergeant?"

"Here he is, colonel," they said.

Then the colonel dismounted, came up to the wounded man, and took off his cap to him. He next removed one of his epaulettes, took off the cross of the Legion of Honor from the breast of his coat and placed it on that of Blandan, putting the epaulette at the same time under one of his hands as he sat there. The sergeant was as pale as death.

"I make you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and an officer in the French army," said the colonel.

You should have seen Blandan's face. His eyes flashed with joy; but, oh! how he suffered! Poor fellow, he died in about two hours.

We four that were left proposed to go on and see the affair through, but the colonel said :

"No! Boys, you've done enough for this time. Let the others have a chance."

So, after they had placed the dead and wounded on stretchers and on mules, he sent us all back to Boufarik, telling us that we must escort them home ; and so ended the Combat of Beni-Mered.

found her on the sofa, and put his hands down to her face. There was no answering laugh. She was dead. This is the story as it is always told. I believe it is the literal one. When time had softened this sorrow his sister was his great companion. She, also, died. Thus he lost the two best-loved of his life. It seemed as if those he cared for most were doomed to die. His betrothed, his sister, his friend Rosetti (who does not remember the



THE PENSIVE IBIS OF THE NILE.

INCIDENT IN A POET'S LIFE.

AN English lady who knew the late Philip Bourke Marston, the poet, well, writes of his personal history as follows: "Philip's history was tragic enough. Blind from his youth, he was engaged when quite a young man to a very beautiful girl with whom he was madly in love. The time of their marriage was near. She was abroad with him and her parents. I do not know if she had been ill. I think not. Certain it is that the end came all in a moment. He was seeking her, and called. There was no answer. He groped round the room looking for her. He

beautiful sonnet Rosetti wrote to him?), his brother-in-law, O'Shaughnessy, young Maddox Brown, whose letters attest how much Philip Marston was to him, all went. Now Philip, too, has gone."

TRAMPLE not under foot the little pleasures which are scattered in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk?



"WITH THE LIGHT FALLING ONE MOMENT ALL AROUND THEM, WHILE THE NEXT MOMENT SUNK THEM ONCE MORE IN THE BLACKNESS OF A STORMY NIGHT, CLARICE ZADOUR AND WYNNE ARLINGHAM FACED ONE ANOTHER!"

THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE SHADOW OF A LOST LOVE.

It was as perfect an evening as ever Nature sent to give pleasure to men and women. The scenery was as fine, perhaps, as any that you could find anywhere in the whole earth. Nor had art failed to beautify and adorn Nature, adding to its charms all that wealth and taste ever can add.

It was midnight. Two persons, a most beautiful and fascinating woman and a distinguished-looking man, walked slowly down a winding walk, with the perfumes of the rarest and costliest of flowers loading the air about them.

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To the south lay the sea, a half-mile distant, calm—smooth—and as near silent as the eternal beat at Nature's heart will ever let it become. Above it, to the south, was the full moon, touching the tiny waves with glints of silver, and seeming to melt sea and sky into one vaguely seen border in the far-off distance.

To the right, far—far away, across a wide stretch of country, with houses and villages to be seen at intervals, rose a long, steep ridge of mountains, seeming to rise high enough to hold the light-filled, bending sky on their broad shoulders.

To the left, the trees of the park down which this man and woman walked, shut off the view of what might be beyond.

Behind them stretched the luxurious gardens and grounds which formed a fitting setting for the palatial residence which they had left on the very northern boundary of their world—their visible world—unless they raised their eyes above the things of earth, and looked toward the stars—and toward the unseen things beyond the stars.

The great mansion was ablaze with lights from top to bottom. The gardens were illuminated with lanterns which seemed ambitious to conquer the moonlight, and even to rival the king of the day. Sweet, dreamy, entrancing music, seeming to rise and fall in great billows of sound, and to sway and swing to and fro in the odorous air, came drifting down to them as they moved further and further away from the happy and careless throng they had left behind them.

They were facing a future—their future—a lovers' future, in this wonderful southern night. And their hot hearts were full of the glamour of the moonlight and the sea, full of the tropical night which creates in a day—and kills even more speedily.

"You say you love me?" questioned the man.

It was not the first time he had asked the question. But he seemed to like to return again to the sweet query, and this dear woman's sweet answer. She gave him a look which no question but love's demand ever called into a woman's face.

"I do love you," she said, passionately; "I love you with my whole heart and soul."

"I am—am poor, you know?"

"I know it. You were frank enough—brave enough, if you desire to call it that—to tell me the truth long ago—long ago."

The gentleman smiled.

"Not so very long ago," he said, reflectively; "since it is only a week since I first met you."

"Is—it—really—so short? I—I think I must make you beg my pardon for mentioning it. It seems as though I had been won too soon—too easily."

"God forbid!" said the gentleman, under his breath, and with a curious catch in his voice which sounded much like a sob; "God knows I've worked hard for this blessing. If I had failed—failed——"

"Well?" questioned she, stopping and facing him; "what if you had failed?"

"Don't ask me. I cannot bear to think of it. But I do beg your pardon, dearest, for ever hinting that the time was not long, very long, since I first knew you."

"I didn't ask you to do that. But I grant it, just the same. I suppose a week is a short time. It was long enough, though, for another to find time to tell me of your poverty before you were ready to tell me yourself."

"Ah, I suppose that was Vinton?"

The lady bowed.

"It was Vinton," she replied.

"I hate Vinton," began the gentleman, hotly; "he is a crafty, treacherous knave, and——"

The lady laughed.

"And he has the additional fault of loving the woman you have won! I admit it. He has followed me, year after year, up and down the earth, here, there, everywhere, devoted, patient, persistent, for more years than I really care to count. I think, though, that I was very young when he began to try to make love to me."

"And you—you——"

"I've never given him the least encouragement in the world. I've never given him a smile more than I would the merest acquaintance, nor a warmer one; I have never given him a kinder word than I have for my servants or my dog. You are not going to be jealous of Vinton, are you?"

"I—I think not, but——"

"Would you like to know what I told him when he came to say you were poor, comparatively poor—I mean poor compared with me?"

"If you please."

The lady's face flushed a little. She leaned a little heavier on her companion's arm. She held her face a little nearer his. Her voice was not quite so loud as it had been.

"I told him that—that I had enough for us both, if you wanted it and me!"

"You did?"

"I did."

The man glanced about him, seeing the shores of the sea—where this woman's ships sailed and traded to bring her gains; the mountains—which scarcely more than bounded her possessions in that direction; the farms which lay nearer them than the mountains were; and the homes of her tenants, and the mansion behind them—in which she reigned like a queen. The city, a mile away to the east, beyond the barrier of wood at the border of the lawn, was unseen. And the man was quite willing to let it be forgotten. Was she not queen, by virtue of her wealth and her beauty and her graces, of all in sight? So why not of the world—his world? He drew a long, sighing breath. It seemed as though this magnificence overpowered him.

"This is not all," said the lady, looking with a cynical expression, that seemed only half-concealed scorn, on the surroundings which had so impressed him; "this is only a little part of the whole. I have mansions in a half-dozen of the gayest cities of the world. I have half a score of country residences. I have—I have—— But what of it? I have never had love—not until now. Now—I have you!"

"You speak strongly."

"I do. And because I feel strongly. I haven't the heritage of Italian blood for nothing. Nor has it lessened my heart's power for affection to have waited all these years before meeting one to quicken its action—to have waited so long for you!"

"You—you have relatives—parents——"

A low, long, despairing sort of moan broke from the woman's lips.

"I have no one," she said, plaintively; "no one. The man who weds Clarice Zadour must be all in all to her—not only husband—but friend; not only friend—but parent, and—and—sister!"

"I—I fear I don't understand you."

She laughed.

"Perhaps not. I am not surprised. Few would. I cannot remember a parent's love. Father and mother died before the age of recollection had come to me. But I had a sister—once! I sometimes wonder I am not mad, because of her. I sometimes fear I may be yet. I think I did not talk rationally to you a moment ago. But I am sure you would pardon it all if you understood. It—it——"

"Tell me about your sister; will you, please?"

"I lost her!"

"Lost—her——"

"I said so. And I think it has been that fact, more than anything else, which has kept love out of my life."

for so long. Do you think love and hate can exist in the same heart at the same time? Do you think the mighty passion which sweeps away a woman's life from her own control, and brings her humbly to another person, to say to him that he is to take it and to do with it as he will, can find room in the soul which prays God for vengeance—all day long—and dreams of revenge at night?"

"I—I don't know. I don't think I understand you."

"No matter, since you love me—and have told me so. Your blood flows in a slower stream—in a cooler course—than mine. If a man injures you, you summon him before a court of law—at the worst; at the best—you forgive him!"

"And you—you——"

"People with my passions have little need of courts of law. And forgiveness is something we do not understand. You—you will join with me in finding the vengeance I crave, will you not?"

"I will join with you in doing anything which is right and good."

"Thank you. I understand the rebuke. I admit that I needed it. And I promise to profit by it. I think I can safely say that I have never done, in all my life, a thing of which I am ashamed. Sinful, as all humanity is and must be, I have still kept myself above the impulses which have done no worse than prompt me to words—such words as have startled and troubled you. But it is hard, very hard, to know that somewhere in the world there is a man who deserves neither pity nor mercy, and to dream every night that you have found him—and to wake every morning empty-handed."

"It must be. I think I can understand that. Have you ever tried detectives, and——"

"Detectives? Bah! That's your American way! I could never bear that. Do you think I'd put a man on such a delicate duty as that—for me? Do you suppose I'd let a man serve me who had no interest in my plans and purposes higher in degree than the sordid ones which animate any laborer? Do you think I'd breathe a word of all this to you, sir, if I had not promised you that I will be your wife, if I had not pledged myself to you to take the name of Mrs. Wynne Arlingham? If I had ever loved another——"

"You never did?"

"Never! No one ever seemed worth a second thought, until I met you. And then—I knew in a moment that I had met my fate, at last. Do you think I am weak in saying all this? Do you think I unduly flatter you? I do not. That might be different, if you were another sort of man—and I a different woman. Do you think you understand Clarice Zadour?"

"I am not sure. I am sure I love her. But I—I——"

"Well?"

"I scarcely know how to tell it. But—the fact is—you are not the first woman—I—I——"

"I am not the first woman you ever loved? Not the first woman to whom you have told your love? Is that it?"

"Not exactly. You are the first woman I ever loved."

"Yes? What, then?"

"But not the first one I thought I loved."

"Ah! No?"

"Nor the first one to whom I have said—said——"

"Said foolish things? fond things? I don't doubt it. Half my lovers have said the same—and I have had no lack of suitors. They've said that the former was to the present as the shadow to the substance—as starlight to the full blaze of an unclouded noon, and that sort of thing. And——"

"It's true, Clarice, true! I'll swear——"

"I'll not dispute you. I don't doubt it. I think I'm not vain in accepting what you have said as absolutely true. A woman—if I understand my sex—loves only once. But a man does—or thinks he does!"

"Clarice, I protest that——"

"I know. But what have you yourself just said? Half my lovers have said the same, as I told you. And, for the rest of them, Vinton has said it."

"Curse——"

"Hush!"

"Well, I will—or try to. But confound the fellow! I suppose he's said—said——"

"He's guessed—hinted—and no more, in your case. And that made no difference to me. I only laughed at him. You thought you loved another; you told her so. What, then? Did you fail?"

"I succeeded."

"And you two quarreled?"

"No."

"You failed her?"

"No."

"She failed you?"

"No."

"What then?"

"She died!"

"And—in—spite——"

She hesitated. She took her hand from her companion's arm. She walked a little apart from him. A huge, long bank of flowers—a strip many rods long, and perhaps a yard wide—was close before them. She walked down on the left of the mass of color and fragrance—and he on the right.

"I love you," he said, simply, "in spite of all that ever was, or is, or ever will be. Nothing shall keep us apart. Nothing can. Across the past, with its dead memories, I reach out my hands to you. I would take you thus—pass all barriers thus—and would not you too, sweet?—though instead of this bank of flowers there was a grave between us?"

And he came crushing through the flowery mass, ruthlessly ruining wherever he stepped, and caught the woman in his arms.

She disengaged herself, firmly and decidedly, though gently, and stood looking away toward the sea. She shivered, and her face was pale, very pale—unless it was the effect of the moonlight which made it seem so.

"I—I don't know," she said, hesitatingly; "there are some barriers that not even love can pass. You have dropped something."

"So I have," he said, and his face flushed as he stooped and picked it up and returned it to the pocket of his coat.

"What was it?"

"Only a picture."

"Ah? Of—the other woman, I presume?"

"Why—yes—you see—you—see—I've always carried it, and—— Would you like to see it?"

"Thank you, no; not to-night," she replied, still looking away to the watery waste beyond them; "but—it is getting late, and my guests will be accusing me of neglect. Shall we return?"

"Of course, if you wish. Only——"

"Well?"

"Only I'm not so happy as I was. There seems to be some sort of a cloudy and intangible barrier between us. I—I cannot bear it. It would kill me, I think——"

"Perhaps so. I think it would kill me to lose you, or to find you false or unworthy. But—short of any of

these evils, I have no right to complain. It is not your fault that bright eyes and kind words charmed you long ago. I—I could have liked it better had you waited for me—untouched by any prior passion, no matter how faint and shadowy, no matter how tame and trivial—just as I have waited, unknowingly and unwittingly, for you. Could all that have been, life would have been wellnigh perfect; but—but—there is no such thing as perfection in this world. Will you tell me of your other love—my rival—as we go back?"

"There isn't much to tell, and——"

"You were engaged to marry her?"

"Well, no; not exactly; that is——"

"Ah!" with a sudden increase of interest; "and I suppose you were with her when she died—with your arms about her?"

"No; I have never seen her since I saw her in the full bloom of health."

"The—full—bloom?"

"Well, perhaps, not that—but—but—not ill."

For a long time after that, as they walked on, the woman hurried, and said nothing. Suddenly, when they were almost in the glare from the lighted windows of the great house—though still not quite free from the shadows—she stopped and turned and faced him.

"Her—her grave?" she muttered, falteringly, piteously, pathetically, and as though she were praying in her heart for such an answer as she desired; "I suppose her grave is in some pleasant spot, where the flowers and the birds and the sunshine seem to soften the terrors of death?"

"You are wrong. Her grave is on the seashore; the waves howl and rage not far away, and sometimes throw their spray almost on to the sunken mound which covers her; the cliffs shadow her, and——"

"Oh, my God! my God!" cried the woman.

And, if you can understand such a paradox, she appeared to shrink from the man, and to approach him at the same time. Possibly one action was mental—the other physical.

"Tell—tell me her name," she said—her words half a whisper—half a groan.

"*Nona Clyde!*" said he.

She dropped her hand to her side, and it was empty. She raised it, and it bore a horrible promise of danger and death. She let it fall again, not slowly nor lightly, but with all the might which passion could lend to muscle.

"*Nona Clyde was my sister!*" she hissed.

And then, a moment later, as he steadied himself after her staggering blow, she stood and looked for a little time at her broken blade, before she tossed it angrily away.

"The case of her picture saved you, did it?" she cried, as she turned toward the house; "very well, so be it—for this time. I know who you are—at last! And you know what I am. I—I give you until morning—until morning before I put those on your track who will have neither love nor conscience to hold them back, no matter what they may have to spur them on. I—I suppose I am a fool not to call for help, here and now. But—I loved you, only a quarter of an hour ago!"

CHAPTER II.

VINTON'S PRICE.

CLARICE ZADOUR entered her house. She left the man who had won her—won her and lost her—standing just where he had been when she had struck at him the blow

which she had fully intended, for the one wild, mad moment when her long-repressed desire for vengeance had risen up and overpowered her, to send him into another world—and to his judgment.

She left him standing there, standing as though stricken with some sudden paralysis of all his powers, and trying, dazedly, to realize exactly what had happened. By the time he really came to understand what had occurred she was in the house. There was nothing left for him to do but to go.

She entered her house. She nodded to the one. She smiled at that one. She saw Vinton Bayul, standing alone on the opposite side of the room from the door at which she had entered it, and she took pains to cross over, pass near him, and give him a warmer smile than he had ever before had from her in all his life. No matter if she got, this time, only a sullen scowl from him in return; she felt that she had commenced, by virtue of the look she had given him, to make for herself a straight and easy road to the fruition of the nearest and dearest desire which had ever come into her heart and life, the nearest and dearest—until she had met Wynne Arlingham.

She went through the great rooms of her residence which had been given up to this reception and ball. She took care to enter every one of these rooms. She took care to be seen by as many of her guests as possible. She must train herself to the task of smilingly and placidly facing the world—her world; and surely she did it well. And—there might be reasons, some time, to-morrow, for instance, for desiring to be able to prove that she had been among her guests, and as calm and tranquil as ever she had been, at an hour not so very much later than midnight. The need was not likely to be so immediate—so great—so desperate—as it would have been had the case of the portrait of Nona Clyde not been between her and Wynne Arlingham's punishment. And still—she was not sure that her need might not be great enough. She was not quite sure, you see, after all that had happened, just what sort of a man Mr. Wynne Arlingham would prove himself to be. She could not be certain in just what light he would regard as murderous an attack as hers had been.

"I—I'll never speak to him again in my life," she said, bitterly, "if he informs the authorities of what I did—or tried to do!" As though—paradox of a woman's heart and a woman's logic—she could be induced to speak to him under any circumstances!

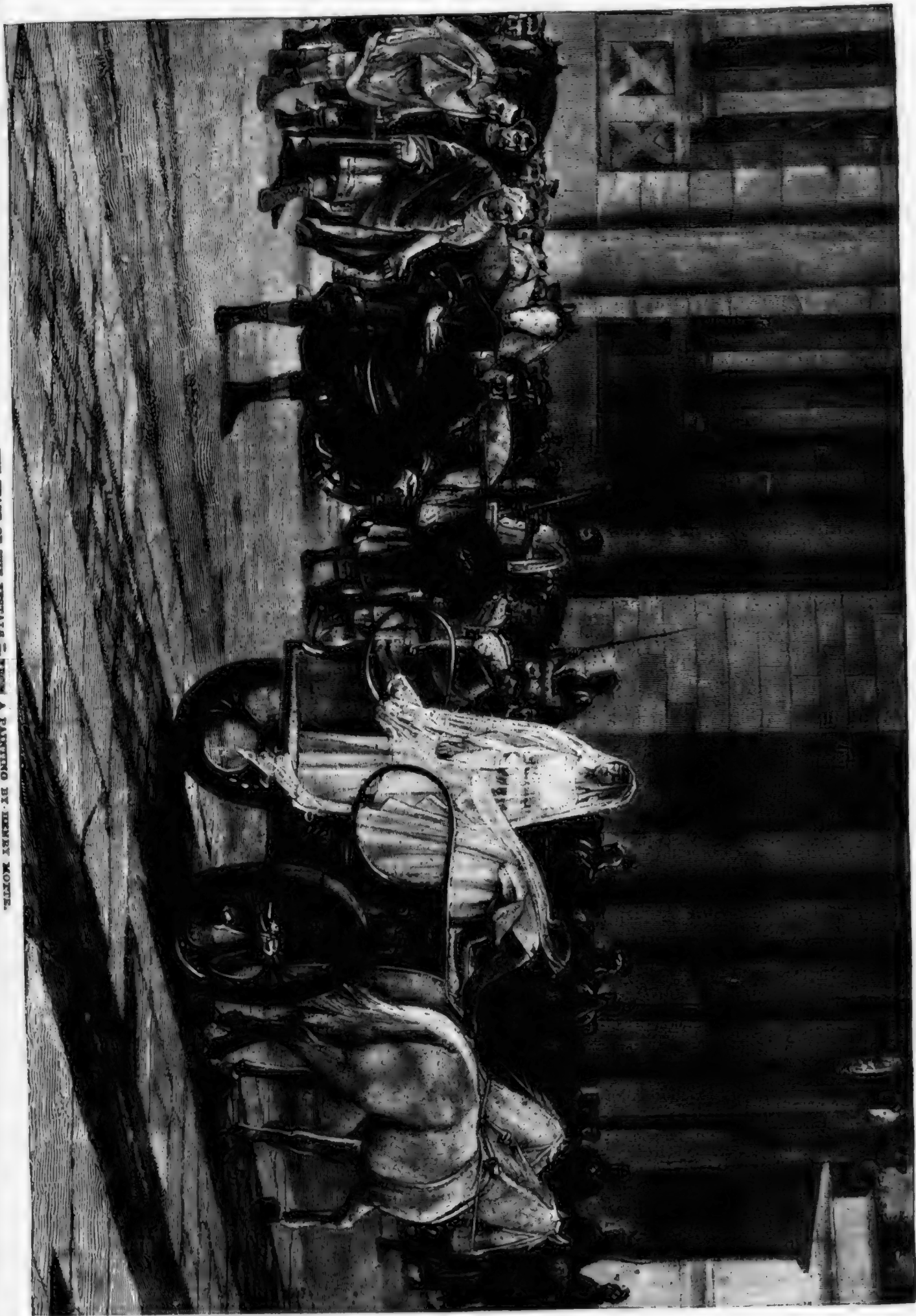
She did not remain long among her guests. She did not mean to. She must be alone—a little while; not to think, for she was far too impulsive to think much, or to wish to; not to plan—for her plan was already made; she must be alone—and speedily—to the end that she might do that which would for ever put it out of her power to be aught to the man who had made her sister's life brief—and a failure, and who had then dared to come and make love to her.

She went to her own room. She seated herself at her dainty desk. She leaned her left arm wearily down, and placed her tired head upon her palms. Some tears fell slowly down, trickling through between her fingers, and splashing hotly on the stationery piled there handy for her use.

She brushed the tears away, with a pathetic gesture which was almost savage in its angry though piteous simplicity.

Then she drew a sheet of paper toward her, took up her pen, and began to write.

"Vinton," she began, without formality or any of the usual titles of respect. She had known Vinton Bayul



THE FEAST OF THE VESTALS.—FROM A PAINTING BY HENRY MOORE.

ever since her far-away girlhood, and she had always called him by his first name. Why should she not call him Vinton now? Why should it not be simply Vinton to whom she should say that which she was about to write? Why not indeed? She knew of no reason. So this was the way in which she wrote:

"VINTON: You have often asked me to marry you. I have as often told you 'No.' To-night I have another answer for you. I will marry you—whenever you wish, after—"

She paused there. She could not quite finish the letter as she had intended. Her sudden passion was gone. She would not kill Wynne Arlingham now, not if he stood unarmed and unresisting in her very presence; and she would not permit—and surely not command—another to do it for her. It had seemed so natural and so proper to strike at the man she loved, as she had; but she had not been quite herself then; then, she had tried to arrogate to herself all the functions of all the machinery of justice; now—she was no longer a judge, no longer an executioner; now she was only a woman.

She had thought it would be easy to write the note as she had thus far written it, and then to say: "*—after Wynne Arlingham is dead!*" She knew what that would mean. Who could doubt? But now—now she could not bring herself to do that. She loved this man too well—far too well—even had her truth and purity and honor asserted their powers over her passions, and over the unwise and unholy desires of her hot heart, for it to be possible for her to do that.

She finished the letter, just as she had intended doing. She signed her name to it, just as she had meant to do. Then—she read it over, and fairly shivered and shook at the horror of it.

She went across her room to the window. The moon was sinking low down in the west, almost touching the rocky ridges of the distant mountains; sinking—as her life, with its happiness, was sinking from its brief zenith glory; touching the granite ledges—as her soul had gone utterly awreck.

A mist was hanging over the sea. A cloud was coming up from the south. The stars were growing dim in heaven. The trees, toward the east, began to stir and toss beneath the touch of a wind which did not yet make itself much felt down upon the lawn.

The perfect night—her one perfect night—her night in June—was going—*gone!* A morning of desolation was almost dawning in its place.

She raised the window. She tore the note into tiny shreds. She scattered them out—out and away, and watched the friendly darkness drink them down. Desolation? Despair? Yes, all that! And more. But, thank God, she had put temptation behind her. She had been just enough—generous enough—to waste her vengeance as lavishly as she had wasted her love. She had given to the man of whose punishment she had dreamed, and for whose punishment she had prayed, the boons of life and freedom!

"Let his punishment be his regrets," she said, bitterly. Yes, let it! It may be quite enough!

She returned to her desk. She wrote another note, a note much like the first—except that it contained so much less, that it made it as different as heaven is unlike hell. A note which was a confession of despair and of weakness—a tacit admission that the sands had gone over the gardens of life, and that there was nothing but Fate's desert between her and her grave:

"VINTON: You have often asked me to marry you. I have as often told you 'No.' To-night I have another answer for you. I will marry you—whenever you wish. CLARICE ZADOUR."

She got up from her desk, pale and with a face filled with pain, but not with limbs so unsteady as you might have expected.

She opened her door. She came out. She walked down the stairs. And, by the time she was among her guests once more, she seemed quite herself again.

She called a friend and sent him for a servant. To the latter she intrusted her note.

"Deliver it at once," she said, imperiously; "and tell the gentleman that he will find me in the library."

Ten minutes later she stood in the library; in a quarter of an hour Vinton Bayul was with her.

She had been standing at one of the windows, looking out, and with her back to the door. She turned and faced him as he entered. She had pretty fully settled her future with her own heart in the quarter of an hour it had taken this man to come to her. She would marry him, of course; she had said so, over her own signature, and she had always been a woman of her word; besides, —it would be safer, it was really the only step she could take to make her sure of herself—sure that she might not allow Wynne Arlingham to speak his cause again, and be weak enough to try to forget—though a scornful forgiveness was more than generous.

She would marry him. But she would pretend to no emotion she did not feel. So, there was nothing of love, nothing of encouragement, and scarcely even welcome in her eyes as she turned toward him.

But what of his face? She did not understand that. It was surly, sullen, and—

Could she be mistaken? Was it threatening, too?

For a half-minute neither spoke. Then the lady asked a question:

"You received my note?"

"I did."

"And—and—"

"Well?"

"What have you to say?"

"What have I to say? This, Miss Zadour; that I am now in a position to demand what I have heretofore only dared plead for."

"And—that—is—"

"Your hand in marriage! You—and—and your money—your name, your position. I say it, *I demand it; I demand it all!*"

"But, sir, after my letter—"

"Why prate about your letter? Your letter can wait. There are more important things than your letter. We can discuss the letter later."

"More—important—things?" stammered the lady.

"I said so," sneered the man.

"And what are they, if you please?"

"Well, to begin with, the fact that you tried to kill a man to-night."

"You—you saw that?"

"I saw it."

"But you know the provocation?"

"No, I do not."

"Let me tell you, then, how—"

"Pardon me, madam, but I don't care to hear. It would not alter the fact of what you meant to do. Nor would it hinder me from my purpose in the least. I—I—"

"Your purpose? what purpose?"

"To tell what you did, and when, and where, and to whom—"

"But I was not myself. I was not accountable for what I did—I was mad—for the moment—and—"

"And so am I mad. So shall I be mad, I suppose, to

tell the truth and cut short your career of happiness. But then, I have been mad for years—mad on one subject. You have led me where you would. You have scorned me, played with me, laughed at me. You have not been content to laugh alone, but fickle men who have dogged your footsteps for a season, or for a year, have, before you have been quite ready to send them away to mend their broken hearts elsewhere, been taken into your confidence, to so great a degree, at least, as to be allowed to laugh with you at the man who has had the faults of untiring faithfulness and persistent devotion. Now, it is my turn. Now, I can laugh. Now, if any one must weep—if any one must spend in wakefulness hours that are needed for sleep—that one must be you and not me. I shall tell the story of your crime and your shame—unless—”

She paused. She echoed his last word.

“Unless?” she questioned.

“Unless you will marry me!”

“Really,” she said, with a smile, “after my letter—”

“Madam,” he interrupted, violently and angrily, “I did not read it—I did not even open it. I have been in the habit of getting crumbs long enough; I have been treated like a hound for the last time. ‘Read the letter,’ said your servant, in substance if not in words, ‘and come to the library in person to answer it.’ That has been quite the style of things with your ladyship for more years than most men are willing to serve months for a woman’s whims. I’ve borne it with a smiling face, because I was compelled to do so. Now, I am done. I came to the library, of course; I had no desire to keep from you the knowledge of the power I have suddenly acquired over you; indeed, I was anxious to let you know it all. But I shall not read letters from you, hereafter, when I am under the same roof with you; I shall let you tell me what you wish me to know. I did not read your letter. I simply tore it up and cast it away. But now, madam, if you wish to tell me, with your own sweet lips, what was in it, I shall be very glad to listen.”

“Thank you, Mr. Bayul, but I have nothing to say. I shall never repeat what was in my letter to you.”

“And my demand—you—”

“I scorn it! I refuse it utterly!”

“But you must have my silence, or you are ruined.”

“Yes, I understand that.”

“And your hand and your fortune is my price.”

“Yes, I understand that, too. But it is infinitely more than I shall pay. And now, Mr. Bayul, the time is late, even for so pleasure-loving a crowd as my guests are, and I have shamefully neglected them all. I have proven myself even more unconventional and eccentric than I am usually regarded as being. The dancers will tire soon. The game of flirtation will grow stale and insipid. And love—love of the evening-time dies before dawn. I—I must go and listen to the farewells and the compliments, and I will begin with you. Mr. Bayul, good-night—and good-by.”

And she gave him a cold and stately bow.

“But, Miss—er—er—Clarice, I—do you mean—”

“I mean, sir, that you are to go! Will you go quietly, or shall I finish up the night’s excitement by calling a servant to kick you out?”

He made her no answer. He simply turned and went, muttering something inaudible as he did so.

Alas for him! Alas for any man who has his earthly paradise in his hand—and casts it deliberately away.

* * * * *

A restless man, half crazed with the terrors of what had recently happened, gaunt-faced and hollow-eyed already,

little as had been the time which had passed since love turned to hate at his very side, came creeping back to the house in which lived the woman he loved, came creeping from the darkness which seemed falling from the sky and rising from the sea—as the darkness from the past and the present had fallen into his soul.

Looking in at the window—into where he had been so welcome and honored a guest, such a little while ago—he saw his rival receive a note. He saw him tear it up. He shrank into the shadows as the fragments fell from the suddenly opened window, and walked away to be alone with himself, for a little time, while he fought out some new problem and some new temptation.

Was it natural, think you, for him to return, after a while, eager to gather up the fragments of the letter the woman he loved had written?

Yes, it was natural.

Was it strange that he had forgotten just where the fragments had fallen, and that he made an error?

No, I think it was not.

And did he do right?

Let me pause there. Let me decline to answer. He did what he did! That was all! I pity him too much, I fear, to be ready and willing to discuss his motives, whatever they were.

He gathered up every fragment which lay in sight. He put them carefully in his pocket. Then he went away; across the wide lawn; across the beds of flowers, out of which he ruthlessly crushed the perfumes as he took the shortest and most direct way he could find; through the black wood; home to the city beyond the wood, and home to the hotel where he lodged.

* * * * *

Was Mr. Arlingham in? The questioner was Mr. Bayul. The questioned was the landlord of Arlingham’s temporary home. The time was early morning, very early morning.

The landlord did not know. He presumed the gentleman was in. He was usually in at that hour.

Had he spoken of leaving? Was he thinking of making his stay short?

The landlord shrugged his shoulders. Really, he did not know what his guest’s intentions might be. He did not interfere with the movements of his patrons—not if they paid in advance. He presumed that as long as Clarice Zadour—And he paused there—paused and shrugged his shoulders again.

Could a friend of Mr. Arlingham’s see him?

The landlord did not know. A friend could go up and knock at his door if he wished.

Mr. Bayul thanked the landlord. He assured him that he was one of Arlingham’s most intimate friends. He would go up.

He did.

He found the door of Arlingham’s room ajar, and the room brilliantly lighted. First assuring himself that the room was empty, he hastily entered. There were evidences of hurry everywhere. Various articles of baggage, packed ready to be sent for, were piled up on the floor. Empty drawers and closets had not even been closed. Arlingham was gone—gone—and had left nothing behind him, except his trunks and valise, and they were securely locked. Nothing—nothing.

But hold! Here was something! On the table there were a score or two of fragments of paper, dirty paper now, though once dainty, and still giving to the air a faint and delicate perfume.

Arlingham had taken almost infinite pains to arrange these tell-tale bits. And then—then he had neglected to

remove them. Indeed, he had only gone out for a half-hour, and would be in his room again shortly.

And Vinton Bayul stood and read the letter slowly through.

"VINTON: You have often asked me to marry you. I have as often told you 'No.' To-night I have another answer for you. I will marry you—whenever you wish—after Wynne Arlingham is dead!"

CLARICE ZADOUR."

CHAPTER III.

THE GRAVE ON THE SANIT.

MR. BAYUL walked thoughtfully down-stairs. The occasion surely seemed one in which thought was needed. But I regret having to write that his thoughts were just as they were. Not "What?" but "How?" was the question with which he faced the new morning—his possible new life. Not "Shall I?" but "Can I?" was the way in which he pondered the task he did not doubt his head-strong enslaver had set for him to do. So, he must go to his own lodgings; he must make some necessary preparations; he must find out where Mr. Arlingham had gone; and—then—

A cruel light flashed up in his eyes. He clinched his hands involuntarily. He shut his teeth sharply together, and drew his lips back from them in a most wolfish manner.

"When I once have Clarice," he said, musingly, "Clarice and her money, I shall forget the years of time and trial and torture I endured. I—I hope I shall be able to forget all the rest, all that lies between the now and then. But—I shall risk it. I shall take my chances."

"Yes, Mr. Bayul walked thoughtfully down the stairs from his stupendous discovery in the pleasant rooms in which Wynne Arlingham had lived for a week—the most important week in his whole life.

And, within five minutes from the time when Mr. Bayul walked down, Wynne Arlingham walked up again.

Mr. Arlingham had only gone out to make a few purchases. He sat down at the table, at once, on his return, and arranged the articles he had bought.

First, he spread out a thick sheet of soft and porous paper. Then he produced and opened a bottle of some sort of prepared glue. He spread this profusely upon the sheet of paper. He gathered up the bits of paper he had so laboriously collected under Clarice Zadour's window, and laid them in their proper places upon the sheet. He took plenty of time. He did the work in a manner which seemed almost perfection, and which evidenced the possession of much artistic taste and power. Indeed, he did it so well, and he did it so slowly, that one might have wondered if he were not almost fearful of finishing it, and almost doubtful of what it were wise and well to do afterward.

He finished at length. And, when that was done, he took his pen and ink—newly purchased for that very purpose, and to be left behind him when this night's work should be completed—and wrote just a few lines across the patchwork missive he had reconstructed from Clarice Zadour's passion's *débris*:

"I shall live, if I can, in spite of your wishes. I shall not let Vinton Bayul kill me if I can keep out of his way. And still, I am ready to accept the sentence you have imposed—the same to be executed, when you have the power, as mercilessly as you meant to have executed it so little a time ago. I say I accept your sentence—for I know of no other way in which I can prove that it is unjust."

He inclosed the paper in an envelope. He directed it to the lady who had written the letter. And, later, in

due time, shortly before he left the city, which he did while the new day was still very young, he posted it with his own hands.

* * * * *

It is not easy for a man, in a foreign land, desiring to hunt down and kill a man, to obtain the information he needs from the police authorities. It ought not to be easy for a man to learn what he wishes, even at home, where he understands the laws and usages and customs—and where he is not in danger of tripping occasionally in the use of some idiomatic expression; but sometimes it is not as difficult as one might think—or hope.

Mr. Bayul, however, had to ask his questions guardedly. He was compelled to be so careful that he gained nothing in the way of information—nothing accurate, I mean. When he sought to find where Arlingham had departed for, and by what route, and when—that gentleman was still in the city. When he had determined that a certain vague description must mean Wynne Arlingham, because he felt sure Arlingham had gone, and that *same* description must mean him, and had decided to follow him on the next train, and had gone about other business—Mr. Arlingham quietly got out of the city, and, rather to his own surprise, without accident or interruption or annoyance of any sort.

* * * * *

Clarice Zadour, when her last guest was gone, when the last lights in the great rooms devoted to these festivities were out, and when the last lights in the heavens were out too, and the morning was growing gray under a cloudy sky, went slowly up to her room again. She unlocked a peculiarly strong-looking drawer in her desk. She took out a small casket, made of iron, and unlocked and opened that in turn. She took out a folded sheet of paper, blotted and tear-stained and with the folds showing signs of having been often handled, and spread it out to read again. She had read it hundreds of times already. Hot tears had fallen upon it scores of times. Dozens of times had her trembling fingers rattled and tossed and crushed it. But now—now she was going to read it anew; now she was going to see if there was anything in it on which to base hope—hope for herself or for the sinner she had so idolatrously loved:

"DEAR SISTER CLARICE: This may be the last letter I shall ever write to you. If it is, let me thank you for the many things you have done for me in all the years of the past, all the years of girlhood, all the years of our young and promising womanhood. My last letter? It is not unlikely.

"And something tells me I shall never see you again.

"You've been the stronger and more self-reliant, always—always since we were old enough to remember any past, to have any positive powers in any present, or to face a future with either hope or resolution. Younger than I by a little more than two years, you have always been the wiser and the stronger. And, often as I have felt myself fail myself, you have never failed me. Only God knows how much and how fully I thank you for it.

"You—you would make me stronger now. If you were with me I should feel something solid beneath my feet again. You would save me—in some way, I do not know how. But I am not strong enough, brave enough, to ask you to come. When you get this it will be unnecessary—or too late!

"How I long for some of your power of will! But I haven't it; I never had; it isn't in my blood. You inherited it from your father, just as you inherited your enormous wealth—your wealth which you have so generously shared with me—from him. From mother, poor mother, *our* mother, we have inherited alike the marvelous beauty, which was her only dower; God grant that its possession may not prove as fatal to you as I am fearful it will prove—has proven—to me!

"I have a lover. If he is true—

"Well, if he is true, burn this when you know it!

"If he is not, pray every night and morning that God may give



THREE FRIENDS.—FROM A PAINTING BY CHAPLIN.

him into your hands. And I thank you as though from my grave itself, for the way in which you will close his account and mine, and see to it that he receives, to the uttermost, the awful balance due him.
NONA CLYDE."

It was not a letter to get much of hope from—hope in the new direction in which she needed it. There was more of despair in Clarice Zadour's heart, more bitter tears in her eyes and on her cheeks, and more of utter agony in her tortured brain, than had ever before been true after any one of the numerous perusals she had given this letter in the more than ten years which had passed since she first saw it. Clarice did not retire this morning, as she often did after a night of dissipation; she could not have slept if she had; she could never sleep after a reading of this letter.

Clarice Zadour went down to her breakfast at a very early hour. She ate but little, and she gave but little time to the meal. That done with, she sent for the man who had general control of her corps of servants at this one of her many residences, and who was responsible for the care of it.

With him she had a long conversation—though rather a one-sided one. She gave numerous orders; she overbore all objections and negatived all difficulties; she showed him, as she had often done before, not only that she would have her own way, but how she would have it.

Clarice Zadour would have made a good general—if she had been fortunate enough to have been a man. She would have managed a retreat from any one of her life's possible Moscows—and done it better than Napoleon did in the case of his. Only, perhaps, she would not have stooped to call anything by the name of retreat; she might have termed it a strategical changing of the lines of her battle.

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Vinton Bayul called at the residence of Clarice Zadour. The man-in-charge, her "agent," as she usually termed him, met the gentleman at the door.

"Will you kindly tell my friend, Miss Zadour, that I wish to see her?" he inquired.

The agent opened his eyes a little wider, and gave a sort of sideways glance at the evidence of desertion which the building and its surroundings showed, and which were growing more and more marked with every passing hour. Could it be that the gentleman did not see the closed shutters, the dismantled piazzas, the general air of dusty desolation? And—was it possible that he needed these indexes to Clarice Zadour's plans and purposes? Was it possible he did not *know*? If so, it was just as well, no doubt, to volunteer no information to this gentleman—even though his face plainly showed how much he chafed against even this slight delay. To be safe and sure, he would answer all questions. But—he would do no more.

"She cannot see you this afternoon," said the man.

"But she must. Tell her I am here, and that I insist upon her seeing me."

"I cannot. She is not in."

"Don't insult me with any such stupidly fashionable lie as that. Tell her——"

"It is the truth, sir. She is not in. She is gone."

"Gone?" cried Bayul, in a greatly changed voice; "gone? Gone where? Gone when?"

"She left two hours or more ago. I do not know where she has gone. She reposed no more confidence in me, in that matter, than——"

Vinton Bayul winced, but flushed angrily. The agent,

discreet and watchful, paused in what he had commenced to say.

"Do you say that she did not tell you where she was going?" demanded Bayul.

"I say so; she did not tell me."

"She—she took her servants?"

"She took her maid, I believe."

"And the others?"

"Pardon me, sir, but I do not think you are interested in the management of the lady's household matters, and I decline to answer you."

"You—you——" began Bayul, in a rage. But he cooled himself almost instantly. Why should he shut this impertinent fellow's mouth by ill-timed passion? No, he would be calm and quiet; he would sacrifice dignity and endanger self-respect; he would learn all he could, and at any cost. But—when Clarice Zadour was once his wife, so he said to himself—she would not be the only one against whom he would have a score to be settled.

"I suppose the house will be closed, then?"

"Yes."

"Can you say for how long?"

"No. 'The time will be indefinite,' was what she said."

"Do—do you know why she went?"

"I do not. Perhaps the place was getting too hot."

Bayul turned and walked away, and without even thanking the man. There was a grim smile on his face.

"Too hot!" he muttered; "too hot, indeed! Early June is not unendurable, even in so tropical a climate as this. But—*too-hot*— In another sense, that is quite possible. I don't pretend to understand this lady—I only pretend to—I—I mean I *love* her; I mustn't use such a word as pretend, when she is in question, even to the silence of my own heart. I don't understand her; I've never tried to—not very hard; but I never so much wished I did as I wish it now. What does she mean, by what she has done? I cannot say. But—I think it means *she fears me*!"

"Where has she gone? Who can guess? It isn't wonderful that she finds Southern Europe an unpleasant place of residence, just now. But whether she goes to London, to St. Petersburg, to New York, or buries herself in some one of the many wildernesses which her money has caused to bloom and blossom, is beyond the power of any one to tell.

"Shall I see her before I follow Arlingtonham? It might be better. If I knew where to find her, I would see her, though it involved a journey half way around the world. It would be more to my advantage, no doubt, to tell her that I have read her letter, so foolishly thrown away and so strangely preserved for my perusal. It would be wiser, I know, for me to unsay those arrogant words I used toward her, and to utterly and unreservedly renounce and deny my threat. It would be well to be humble again, and to tell her that I am still her slave, still her lowly adorer and unquestioning follower. It would be better—because it is all I need do. It would be wiser—because of two roads to the same destination that is the wiser to take which is the least rugged and uncertain.

"But—if she were to think that my unsaying my demand and my threat made them any the less real, she would be mistaken. I would follow her to the death, now, were she to deny me any demand; I would see her in danger, disgrace, deadly peril—and I would be as pitiless toward her as she toward me. She is in my power; from it there shall be no escape. She may marry me—if she will! And coming in that way, I will do her

the service she demands as the price of herself. But—
if she will not marry me—*she shall!*

"Shall—I—see—her?"

"On the whole, no!"

"I will do her bidding first. Then I will go to her. Then I will go down on my knees to her. I will claim my reward. *And I shall receive it!*"

* * * * *

It is a month later than the night when this story opened. It is night, and a wild one, along a particularly rough and dangerous portion of the English coast. The rain and the wind have prevailed all day long, and no fishing-boat has gone out during the day from the little village nestled near the sea. Through the morning, past the noon, and half way down the later half of dying day, the wind had grown more and more boisterous, and the rain had increased in amount.

Toward nightfall, however, the wind and the rain have almost gone to rest. The moonlight is fighting for its rightful supremacy over the night and the storm, and occasionally finds a cloud-rift through which it shines down for a moment or two upon the drenched earth and the angry sea.

A man comes slowly along the beach. He is tall, well-formed, and with a fine face. But his step is slow and devoid of elasticity—much more hesitating and weary than the wet sands beneath his feet, or the sudden, sullen gusts of the angry wind, still reluctant to give up its struggle, and retire utterly from the scenes of its recent power, would seem to warrant. His face is bent forward, but the rain, occasionally coming back for a renewed dash at whatever or whoever disputes its might, is not severe enough to make so bowed a position a necessity.

He turns a bend, around a corner of a jagged ledge, and wades knee-deep in the water in order to pass and find firm footing on the sands beyond.

Here there is a narrow nook, with rocks to the right and rocks to the left. The sandy shore reaches far up from the water's usual edge—though the stormy waves, now, alternately cover nearly all of it, and then leave it bare. Yonder, just under a more jagged and frowning ledge than elsewhere faces this sea, on the highest point of this rock-bordered oasis of shelving sand, there is a sunken mound, over which the careful hands of thoughtful men have heaped heavy stones. Careful and thoughtful? I said so. Though no wave ever reached as high as this, and only the spray from the stormiest billows ever falls here, and, running down to the ocean, carries the sands with it.

Some one has raised a cross here, an old and weather-beaten and time-stained cross of wood. It is not quite perpendicular. It shakes and creaks as the man lays his hand upon it, and stands looking down at the grave at his feet. Some day, in the not far-off future, the cross will fall, unless the tender hands of loving men set it more firmly in its place.

Once, I think, it had quite an inscription upon it—this cross which stands, an emblem of faith, as though to defend from all disaster, here and hereafter, the one on whose grave the shadow daily falls. But now—it has only one word left. One word—and, possibly, unknowing eyes might miss that, and unloving ones fail to read it aright. That word is "*Nona.*"

The man kneels down. He leans his head heavily against the cross. His hands are cut and bleeding from resting on the stones heaped on the grave.

"God! God!" he cries, the tears running down his cheeks in streams; "grant me Thy forgiveness if in any

way, unwittingly, I ever wronged the woman I once thought I loved. If possible, give it to me to prove that I meant no wrong—and knew of none. At least give me the strength to be true to and worthy of the woman I love now. And if—if—I may never reach her, and her favor, across this grave, grant that I may meet her, know her, love her, in a world which lies beyond all graves, and which contains none nor the dangers of any. I confess—I—cannot—prove—"

A sob sounded near him. He looked up. The moon, just then, found a crevice in the cloudy canopy of the heavens, and flooded the sea, the shore, the narrow place among the rocks, and the grave there, with a wonderful glory of light.

When she came, he knew not. But a woman knelt there, just across the rocky mound from him. And, with the light falling one moment all around and about them, while the next moment sunk them once more in the blackness of a stormy night, *Clarice Zedour and Wynne Arlingham faced one another!*

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING ABOUT RINGS.

From earliest times rings have been intimately associated with some of the most important of human concerns, and have been found, also, in the strangest places—as, amid the ruins of Egyptian Thebes, within the silent halls of the pyramids, lurking in gloomy centres of old Etruscan life, beneath the ashes of buried cities, in ancient tumuli, on the sites of battlefields of long ago, and in catacombs, whither Christian converts betook themselves for refuge from their persecutors. In England rings have been worn by the different races which have, in succession, inhabited it. Of our earliest ancestors we have the testimony of Julius Caesar that they wore dark rings, which he mistook for the currency of the realm; but among the Anglo-Saxons rings were frequently of gold, and in Ireland, which boasted a higher civilization at an earlier period than the sister kingdom, the workmanship was skilled and tasteful.

The fact that fish greedily swallow any glittering object has been taken advantage of by writers, who seem never weary of relating the discovery of missing gems, in the very nick of time, in the stomach of a salmon or a mackerel. Thus the arms of Glasgow exhibit a fish holding a ring in its mouth, alluding to an incident in the life of St. Kentigern, patron of the See. The Queen, his penitent, having formed an attachment to a soldier, gave him a ring which she had received from her husband, and the King, discovering the Lothario asleep one day on the banks of Clyde, removed the gem from his finger and threw it into the water. By-and-by His Majesty demanded a sight of his old love-gift, and the Queen, unable to comply with his request, confessed everything, with many promises of amendment, to St. Kentigern, who went to the river, caught a salmon, out of whose stomach he took the missing ring, and thereby re-established the interrupted current of domestic felicity.

The investiture of English monarchs with the ring is an important part of the coronation ceremony. Queen Elizabeth always wore the ring wherewith she was thus wedded to her kingdom, and it was necessary to file it off her finger shortly before her decease.

Cardinal York, the last of the direct Stuart line, left as a legacy to the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., the ring worn by the Kings of Scotland on the day of their coronation. This was the ring which was sent by

Mary Queen of Scots, at her death, to James I., through whom it came into the possession of Charles I., and on his execution was transmitted by Bishop Juxon to his son and used at his coronation. When James II. was detained by fishermen at Sheerness, on the occasion of his first attempt to escape, in 1688, he concealed this ring about his person, and it was only by a fortunate accident that it escaped the rough and rigorous search to which he was then subjected.

From mediæval times a ring, formerly worn on the forefinger of the right hand, but now always on the ring-finger, has been the symbol of investiture with the episcopal office, as indicative of a mystical union between the prelate and his diocese. Sapphire, as possessing the supposed property of checking evil thoughts, was deemed best fitted to be worn by those who were vowed to perpetual chastity, and, in addition, the violet color of the gem harmonized, not unbefittingly, with the hue of the episcopal vestments. Such rings were often interred with the prelates to whom in life they belonged, and have been discovered in their tombs, as in the case of Cardinal Henry de Blois (A.D. 1129) at Winchester, Archbishop Sewall (1256) and Greenfield (1815) at York, and Bishop Stanbery (A.D. 1474) at Hereford. Sometimes the burial-places of ecclesiastics have been rifled in search of such treasures, and a large ring of bronze set with amethyst was thus taken from the tomb of Pope Boniface during the popular insurrection at Rome in 1849. A large ring, not unlike an episcopal ring, was occasionally worn by laymen, especially by such of the middle classes as had attained high municipal position. To such a ring Falstaff refers when, speaking of his youthful slenderness, he says:

"I was not an eagle's talon in the waist;
I could have crept into any alderman's thumb ring."
—1 Henry IV., II. 4.

On the death of every pontiff, the "fisherman's ring," the signet of steel, which is in the keeping of the Cardinal Chamberlain, is broken with a golden hammer, a new one being made for each Pope, to whom, with much ceremony, it is presented after his consecration.

Special interest attaches to the gold ring which the Doge of Venice was accustomed, each Ascension Day, to throw from his gilded galley into the sea, and so to marry, as it were, the Adriatic, in token of the maritime power of Venice. It was in acknowledgment of important services rendered to the heirs of St. Peter, that Pope Alexander III. thus surrendered the Adriatic to the embraces of the Venetian Doges. As the bridegroom drew from his finger the glittering gem, which he cast into the sunlit bosom of a sea of blue, he pronounced the words, "We espouse thee, O sea! in token of real and perpetual dominion." When the Council of Ten demanded of the Doge Foscari

"The resignation of the Ducal ring
Which he had worn so long and venerably,"

he laid aside his bonnet and robes, and, surrendering the ring, cried aloud:

"There's the Ducal ring,
And there the Ducal diadem, and so
The Adriatic's free to wed another."

Among the more interesting historical rings which have come down to us may be noticed the signet of Mary Queen of Scots, now preserved in the British Museum, bearing a monogram formed of the letters M and A, Darnley having been created Duke of Albany. Every one remembers the story of the ring intrusted by Essex to the Countess of Nottingham for delivery to

Queen Elizabeth. This ring contains a fine sardonyx with an exquisitely engraved bust of the maiden Queen, and was handed down, in unbroken succession, to Lord John Thynne, who was descended from Essex's daughter, Lady Frances Devereux.

In the Strawberry Hill collection was one of seven mourning-rings given at the burial of Charles I.; behind a death's head is the King's head in miniature with the motto, "Prepared be to follow me." A ring bearing the initials W. S., supposed to be Shakespeare's signet of gold, was found in the year 1810 by the wife of a laborer, near Stratford Churchyard, and John Bunyan's ring, with his initials and "Memento mori" for legend, was also discovered in the year 1765, in enlarging the foundations of Bedford Prison, where the tinker of Elstow was for many years confined.

Somewhat similar to the practice of touching for the king's evil was the custom of the sovereign hallowing cramp rings on Good Friday—a ceremony which originated in the supposed virtues of the pilgrim's ring of St. Edward, for some time kept in Westminster Abbey. Sir Christopher Hatton presented Queen Elizabeth with a ring to protect her from the risks of "infectious air." This ring, however, was not to be worn upon the finger, but was to be placed in the bosom, "the chaste nest of pure constancy," and Lord Ruthven offered Mary Queen of Scots a ring to preserve her from the ill effects of poison.

The ceremony attendant on being made a serjeant was formerly a very expensive one, for not only was the lucky lawyer expected to give a dinner, described as "like to the feast of a king's coronation," but also to bestow a gold ring, with suitable motto, upon every person connected with the law courts who was present. On the admission of fourteen serjeants in 1737, 1,409 rings are said to have been thus given away, at a cost of £773; but in 1787 this custom underwent modification, and rings for the judges, Bar and attorneys were not subsequently provided.

The wedding-ring was wellnigh abolished in the days of the Commonwealth, as Butler tells us in "Hudibras":

"Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which the unsanctified bridegroom
Is married only to a thumb."

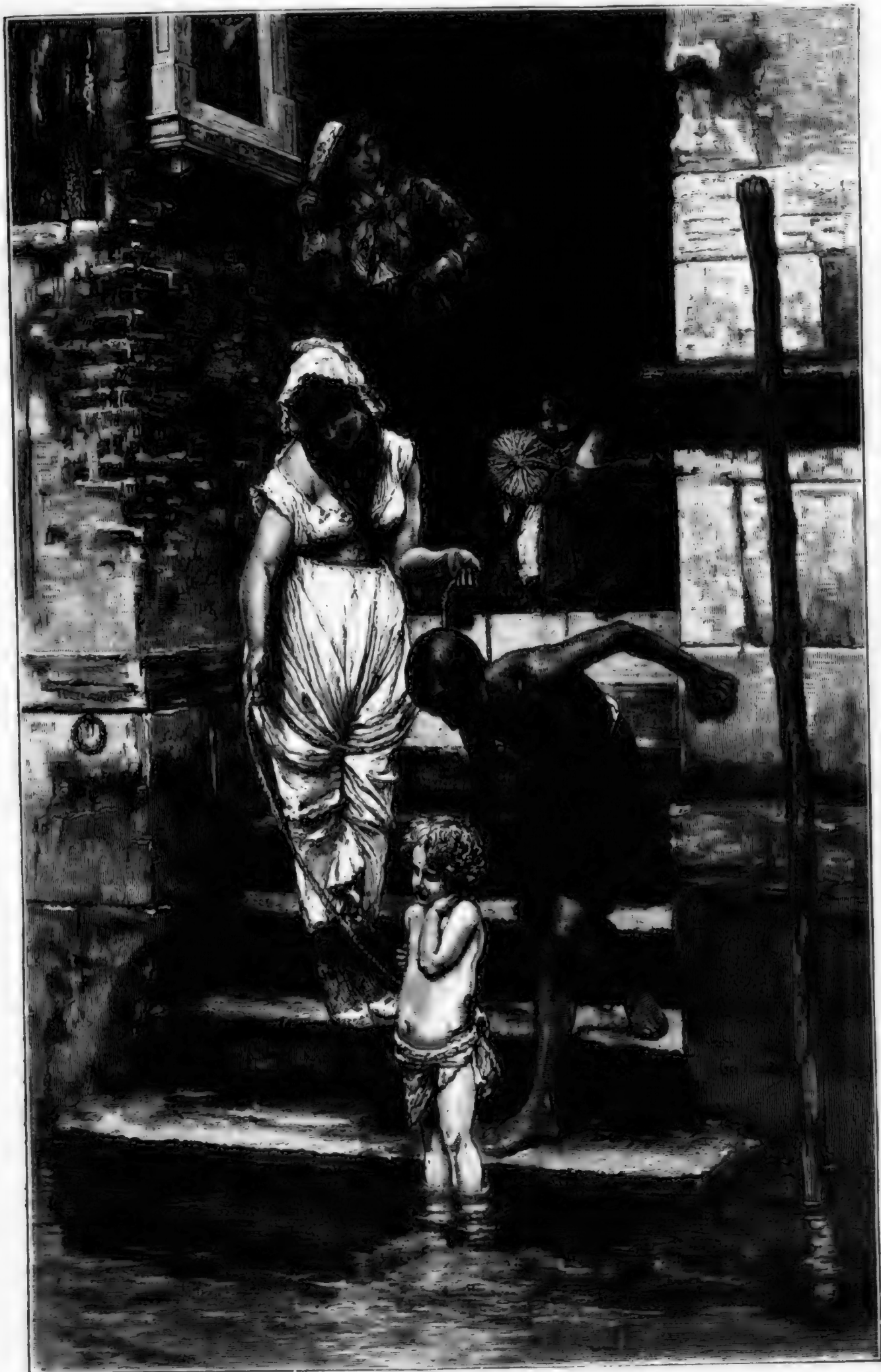
Within the hoop of the ring it was customary to inscribe a motto or poesy, consisting frequently of a sentiment in rhyme. Lady Cathcart, on marrying her fourth husband in 1713, caused the following poesy to be inscribed on her wedding-ring:

"If I survive
I will have five."

"My Lady Rochfort," writes Horace Walpole, "desired me, t'other day, to give her a motto for a ruby ring which had been given by a handsome woman of quality to a fine man," proving the late continuance of this custom, and that during the last century poesies had ceased to be confined to wedding-rings.

Among the Romans it was customary that the favorite rings of the deceased should be burnt together with the corpse, a fact which explains the calcined appearance which many fine intagli are, not unfrequently, found to present. A death's head and crossbones were sometimes engraved upon memorial rings, and thus we read in Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I'll keep it,
As they keep death's heads in rings,
To cry memento to me." — *Chances*, Act I., sc. 3.



A LACK OF COURAGE.

Such devices, also, were occasionally worn upon ordinary rings by persons who affected a more than usual degree of gravity; thus Luther wore a gold ring with a small death's head in enamel, now preserved at Dresden. Shakespeare bequeathed twenty-six shillings and eightpence apiece, to buy them rings, to his brother-players, whom he affectionately terms "my poor fellows." Izaak Walton directed a distribution of memorial rings to be made to several of his friends and relations, with the motto, "A Friend's Farewell." Mary Queen of Scots, just previous to her execution, distributed such jewels as remained to her among her faithful adherents, and, with other memorials, sent a sapphire ring, which she removed from her finger, to her kinsman, Lord Claude Hamilton. This ring is now, it is believed, in the possession of the present Duke of Hamilton.

After the execution of Dr. John Hewett, chaplain to

Charles I., and the object of Cromwell's vindictive cruelty, a mourning ring, inscribed "Herodes necuit Johannem," was worn by sorrowing Royalists. In times comparatively recent, a touching instance of the presentation of memorial rings occurs in the case of the Princess Amelia, who, almost on her dying bed, placed upon her father's finger a ring containing a lock of her hair, a mark of affection which is said to have hastened a renewal of the mental disorder from which the King had suffered some years previously.

A modern example of the ancient custom of throwing into the graves of departed friends rings removed from the fingers of the survivors occurred on the occasion of the funeral of the late Lord Palmerston at Westminster Abbey—October 27th, 1865—when the chief mourner, as "a precious offering to the dead," threw into the open grave several gold and diamond rings.

THE GOSSIP.

WALK in, my dear, and take a seat;
So glad to see you here at last.
Come to the fire and warm your feet;
'Tis chilly, though the Winter's past.
Remove your hat, your gloves and veil,
Appropriate the rocking-chair.
Indeed, my love, you're looking pale,
But your complexion is so fair.

And now we'll have a pleasant talk.
My sister Kate is out, you see;
Just gone to take an evening walk,
And call on little Mrs. B—.
You know her? Well, she's pretty gay—
Been married only one short year,
And just as fond of beaux, they say,
As when she was a girl, my dear.

I heard last night that Mrs. Q—,
Perhaps it will be wrong to tell;
(But then I don't mind telling you—
You always keep a secret well.)
They say that she and Mr. Q—
Live just like cat and dog! You know
To make it public will not do;
But I've no doubt 'tis really true.

Miss T— is certainly engaged.
I hope she will be married now;
For such a *girl* ought to be caged,
Or kept from fooling men somehow

I'm sorry for her, though; I think
The man she marries smokes cigars!
And my John saw him take a drink
While riding with him in the cars.

Miss L— has bought another shawl:
I wonder where she gets the cash.
Her father failed and broke, last Fall,
But still she buys all kinds of trash.
Her mother, too, spends all she finds
(But I suppose we all are sinners).
Her cooking is the richest kind.
She's really noted for good dinners.

Young O— again has lost his place.
He gambles, drinks and drives fast horses;
I fear he is a reckless case—
He spent some money in his losses
That was not his! I wonder how
His sweetheart takes his overthrow;
She surely will discard him now,
And catch another rich young beau.

Why, don't go yet! It is not late.
Well, if you must, good-by. But here,
Don't mention what I've said. I hate
People who talk too much, my dear.
'Tis best to take the safest side,
And let your neighbor's matters be;
Some people spread them far and wide.
I know that can't be said of me.

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SENTIMENTALISM.

SENSIBILITY is first found in the literature of the seventeenth century. The era of the "Grand Monarque" which produced so many graceful shams—the long wig, the high red heel of the beau, the fan of the lady of quality, the taste for old china, for rare gardening, for Laian patterns, for chocolate and epigram—produced also sensibility. In the interminable novels of Madame de la Fayette we first find the sighs, flames, platonic affections and conventional absurdities of the *précieuses ridicules*, whom Molière satirizes, reducing themselves into literary form. "Zaide" is her great book. The scene is, we believe, Oriental, but the men and women are of the most approved seventeenth-century French type. Here, then, is one of the distinguishing features of the novel of sensibility. Unlike the romantic school, which tries to cast itself heart and soul into mediævalism; unlike the realistic school, which is altogether materialist and of the present, the sentimentalist writers

never for a moment try to reproduce any but their own peculiar form of idealism. The same jargon and the same opinions are fitted to the most diverse scenes and epochs. Madame de la Fayette, of the seventeenth century, was succeeded by the Riccobonis and Marivauxs of the eighteenth century. *Marivaudage* became the nickname for sensibility, just as *sensiblerie* came to designate its quintessence and apotheosis under Napoleon. Marivaux adorned the period of the Regency dating from 1715, and it is to him, perhaps, that one may trace the spread of literary sensibility beyond the borders of Gaul. His two novels, "Marianne" and the "Paysan Parvenu," were respectively the models, though in different senses, for Richardson's "Pamela" and Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." In the "Paysan" we descend the social ladder the hero is a footman of sensibility. The thing is becoming democratic, and men are being prepared for the liberalism with which the century ends. Of such liberal

ism Madame de Genlis is, perhaps, the chief literary exponent. She and Benjamin Constant, Napoleon's revolutionary antagonist, may be said to close the long roll of distinctively sentimental novelists.

In France the literature of sensibility is never too much in earnest; hence its longevity. In England, Fielding laughs it down, but in Germany it becomes the grim "literature of suicide." In Madame de la Fayette's novels the people are always dying, but you have a suspicion that they will get up and walk away directly the curtain is well down. Not so in the case of German Werther. Extravagant as we may think Goethe's budding Lutheran pastor, who committed suicide because he couldn't marry a noble's daughter, we must admit that there was something painfully real in him.

So much for the mere literary history of sentimentalism. Its influence on men and things is far more hard to gauge. That it is everywhere is evident. You have only to go into an old curiosity-shop, and to look there at the antique carved furniture—the Chippendale, the marquetry, the *buhl*—the old china, the old medals, the old snuff-boxes and musical instruments, the old miniatures, the old prints (those by Bartolozzi especially), and you will see the spirit of sentimentalism as it influenced the art-people who worked to suit a fashionable taste. In Bartolozzi's engravings and their imitations you have the pictorial epitome of sentimentalism. The taper fingers, the constrained attitudes, the improbable classicism, the looks of languishment in these last century prints, and withal the exceeding lightness of execution and half-sincerity of feeling, are so many symbols of the spirit of the thing.

Take, too, the isolated sayings of eighteenth-century worthies. Take Wolfe's curious little recitation and speech before the victory of Quebec. It is said of him that he recited Gray's "Elegy" all the while the boats under his command were making, with muffled oars, to the river-side, where he and many another brave Englishman were to die. "I had rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec," says he, closing the quotation. Which of her Britannic Majesty's officers would say such things now? Take any of Pitt's little reported sayings; take that episode in which Edmund Burke brandished a knife before the not too astonished House of Commons. Burke was a moderate Whig; but the wildest Home-ruler would not do such things now.

The lives, too, of historical personages, take these: Catharine of Russia, two or three Popes, the petty princes of Germany, Joseph II., Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Robespierre and friends, Frederick the Great of Prussia—the typical king of the century—all did homage to sensibility.

HOW "EVANGELINE" CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

ONE day, late in the year 1845, Mr. Hawthorne, with the Rev. Father Connolly, went to dine with Mr. Longfellow. While at dinner Father Connolly said he had been trying to prevail upon Mr. Hawthorne to write a story of a young Acadian maiden who had been, with her people, driven into exile by the English troops, from Grand Pré. In exile she was separated from her betrothed lover. Each for years sought the other. At last she found him, sick and dying, she as a Sister of Mercy ministering to him. Mr. Longfellow was touched by the story, more especially by the constancy of the heroine, and thus he said to Mr. Hawthorne: "If you really do

not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem," a proposition to which Mr. Hawthorne consented; and thus was born "Evangeline," at first christened "Gabrielle." The writing of the verses Mr. Longfellow tells in these memoranda taken from his diary:

"Nov. 28, 1845.—Set about 'Gabrielle,' my idyl in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it, if it be but a single line. Felton and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem.

"Dec. 2, 1845.—I know not what name to give, not to my new baby, but my new poem. Shall it be 'Gabrielle,' or 'Celestine,' or 'Evangeline'?"

"Jan. 8, 1846.—Striving, but alas! how vainly, to work upon 'Evangeline.' One interruption after another till I long to fly to the desert for a season.

"Jan. 12, 1846.—The vacation is at hand. I hope before its close to get far on in 'Evangeline.' Two cantos are now done, which is a good beginning.

"April 30, 1846.—Looked over the 'Recueil des Cantiques à l'usage des Missions,' a curious book in which the most ardent spiritual canticles are sung to common airs and dancing tunes. Among the airs is the 'Charmante Gabrielle.'

"July 9, 1846.—Idly busy days, days which leave no record in verse; no advance made in my long-neglected but dearly loved 'Evangeline.'

"Nov. 12, 1846.—I long to be fairly at work on 'Evangeline,' but as surely as I hope for a free day something unexpected steps in and deprives me of it.

"Dec. 15, 1846.—Staid at home, worked a little on 'Evangeline,' planning out the second part, which fascinates me—if I can but give complete tone and expression to it. Of materials for this part there is superabundance. The difficulty is to select and give unity to variety.

"Dec. 17, 1846.—Finished this morning and copied the first canto of the second part of 'Evangeline.' The portions of the poem which I write in the morning I write chiefly standing at my desk here by the window, so as to need no copying. What I write at other times is scrawled with a pencil on my knee in the dark, and has to be written out afterward. This way of writing with a pencil and portfolio I enjoy much, as I can sit by the fireside and do not use my eyes. I see a panorama of the Mississippi advertised. This comes very apropos. The river comes to me instead of my going to the river, and as it is to flow through the pages of my poem, I look upon this as a special benediction.

"Jan. 14, 1847.—Finished the last canto of 'Evangeline,' but the poem is not finished. There are three intermediate cantos to be written.

"Jan. 22, 1847.—Wrote in 'Evangeline,' then walked a couple of hours.

"Jan. 26, 1847.—Finished second canto of Part II. of 'Evangeline.' I then tried a passage of it in the common rhymed English pentameter.

"Jan. 27, 1847.—Went to the library and got 'Watson's Annals of Philadelphia,' and the 'Historical Collections of Pennsylvania'; also 'Darby's Geographical Description of Louisiana.' These books must help me through the last part of 'Evangeline,' so far as facts and local coloring go. But for the form and the poetry, they must come from my own brain.

"Feb. 1, 1847.—During the day worked briskly and pleasantly on 'Evangeline'—canto third of Part II. It is nearly finished.

"Feb. 23, 1847.—'Evangeline' is nearly finished. I shall complete it this week, together with my fortieth year.

"Feb. 27, 1847.—'Evangeline' is ended. I wrote the last lines this morning.

"April 3, 1847.—The first canto of 'Evangeline' in proofs. Some of the lines need pounding, nails are to be driven and clinched. On the whole I am pretty well satisfied. Fields came out in the afternoon. I told him of the poem, and he wants to publish it.

"April 4, 1847.—Sumner and Felton came to tea and we discussed 'Evangeline.' I think Sumner is rather afraid of it still, and wants me to let it repose for a six-month.

"April 9, 1847.—Proof-sheets of 'Evangeline' all tattooed with Folsom's (the proof-reader's) marks. How severe he is! but so much the better.

"Oct. 2, 1847.—Why does not Ticknor publish 'Evangeline'?"

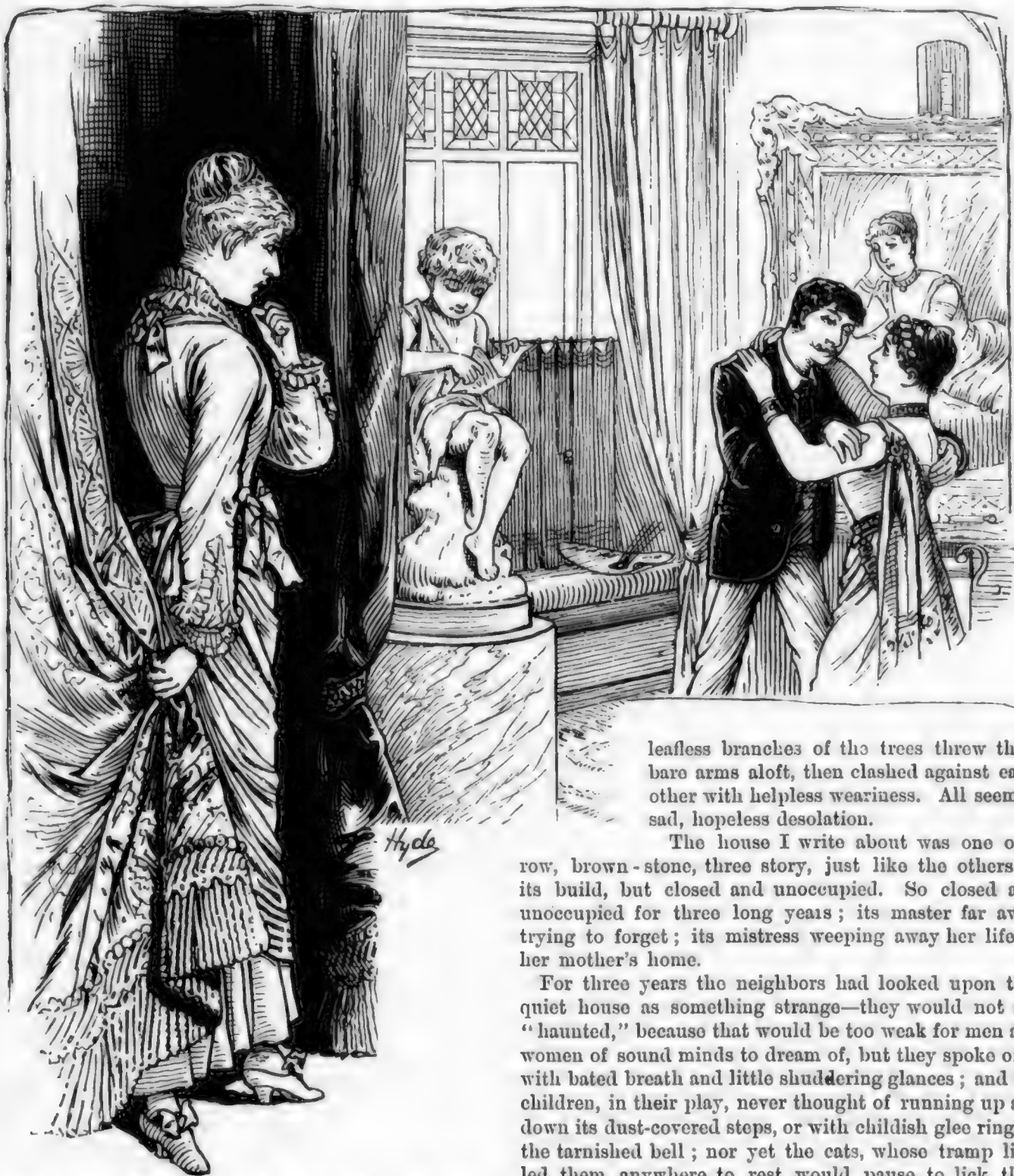
"Oct. 30, 1847.—'Evangeline' published.

"Nov. 8, 1847.—'Evangeline' goes bravely on. I have received greater and warmer commendations than on any previous volume.

"Nov. 13, 1847.—The third thousand of 'Evangeline.'"



BY THE SUMMER TIDE.



"NOT A SOUND FROM THE TREMBLING WOMAN AT THE DOOR. SHE STOOD AND HEARD IT ALL — HEARD THAT THE MAN SHE LOVED BEYOND ALL ELSE IN THE WORLD NO LONGER CARED FOR HER—HIS WIFE!"

THE OLD CHAIR'S STORY.

BY JULIE BERFORD, AUTHOR OF "DICK'S CHRISTMAS,"
"PHILIP," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE room was filled with shadows. Only a bar of light showed near the window, where a slat of the closed blinds had been opened by the rushing wind; by its dim light the carpet seemed filled with roses, and a chair or two looked soft, like plush. Nothing, however, could be distinctly seen, only in outline, and the outstretched arms of a large chair looked ghostly in that quiet room.

The rain poured down and dashed against the house; the wind moaned and sobbed like a tired child; and the

leafless branches of the trees threw their bare arms aloft, then clashed against each other with helpless weariness. All seemed sad, hopeless desolation.

The house I write about was one of a row, brown-stone, three story, just like the others in its build, but closed and unoccupied. So closed and unoccupied for three long years; its master far away trying to forget; its mistress weeping away her life in her mother's home.

For three years the neighbors had looked upon that quiet house as something strange—they would not say "haunted," because that would be too weak for men and women of sound minds to dream of, but they spoke of it with bated breath and little shuddering glances; and the children, in their play, never thought of running up and down its dust-covered steps, or with childish glee ringing the tarnished bell; nor yet the cats, whose tramp lives led them anywhere to rest, would pause to lick their feet at its door, but would rush by as if the Evil One was after them.

The officer, on his beat, when questioned about the house, could only say: "I don't know myself why it is shut up. Three years ago all seemed bright enough; why, it looked about the cheeriest house on the block; but one night, they do say, sir, a loud cry was heard—but not that I could hear, and it was my night on watch, and I found it silent enough. We tried to investigate the matter, but the man left in charge, whom we questioned, said 'Mr. and Mrs. Mills had gone to Europe, but would be back in six months or so.' Since that time he, too, has gone; the house has been dark and silent, and well locked up. We can only wait now until Mr. and Mrs. Mills return. No, there were no children, only the two of them; and once, a tall, dark woman—a cousin of Mrs. Mills, whom some people say"—speaking in a whisper—"was over fond of the master; but, then,

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people will talk, you know. Mr. Mills was an artist, a fine one, too, they say. Thank you, sir; you are very welcome, sir. Good-day."

On this rainy day the dreary rooms looked more drear, and the silence more grave-like—when a murmur was heard like a sad voice; not human, but soft and low and hushed, as if from some spirit. It came from the old chair that stood in the centre of the room, and it spoke as if tired of the silence, the darkness, and the loneliness, and longed to break it.

Do you know (it began), that it is three years ago to-day since we saw the blessed daylight, or breathed the pure, sweet air of heaven? Do you know that it is three years ago to-night since we heard our master's voice, or saw the dear face of our mistress? Do you know that the dust, the silence, the heat, the cold, the day in and the day out darkness, is ruining us? (Silence again fell upon the room; then, after a moment's pause, the strange voice again took up its weird story.) You do not all remember the family to whom we belong, or love them as I do, for I have come from the old family stock, and belonged to our dear lady's grandmother. I stood in the family sitting-rooms; I have held grandfather and mother, their children—boys, girls and lovers. I have had tears of joy and tears of sorrow fall upon my arms; I have seen death creep like quiet slumber upon an aged face; I have heard the first sweet kiss of promised love; I have heard vows broken—have heard the Judas voice, and seen the Judas kiss given in this very room. I bear upon my arm the marks of blood—ah, God! the marks of blood that fell, drip, drip, from the cruel blow upon my dear one's face. Ah, that night, that night—if I could but forget it!

This silence drives me mad. The storm outside is filled with tears and moans and wailings, and brings back to memory all too clearly the crime that broke up our happy home.

How well I remember the first day we came here! The bright, warm sun of Spring shone like golden bars in this very room; our sweet mistress, with great eyes filled with love, flitted from one piece of furniture to another, now changing a chair where the light would look best upon it, moving a divan a little more to the left; standing with grave face at the door as each piece of priceless marble was lifted upon its pedestal; draping a curtain a little higher; and, when all was finished, kneeling by my side, at her husband's feet, and saying, "Is it not all beautiful, Arthur? Will we not be happy?—oh, so happy?"

He put his arms about her and kissed her silently, giving her the answer she loved the best.

Days passed quickly, and each month found our home more happy. It seemed like a little piece of heaven. Our mistress sang like a bird, joyous in her household duties, seeking no other love but her husband's, striving only to please him.

Once, and once only, my master seemed to get a little restless, and sigh impatiently, I thought, at the quiet evenings.

And once he said: "Edith, I had an invitation to go out and meet a party of gentlemen this evening, to have a game of cards."

She laughed, and answered: "Did you tell your friends you preferred your wife's society to all others?"

"Well, no," he said, "I didn't, as I was not quite sure whether I would stay home or not."

"Not quite sure, Arthur? Surely you are jesting! Did you not tell me you would never leave me at home in the evening alone? You must remember, dear, I am far away from all my loved ones. I left them all for your

sake, and in this strange city we were to be everything to each other. You were jesting, were you not?"

Her sweet voice broke a little, and on her pleading face I saw a tear.

"Of course I was jesting, darling," he answered, kissing her. "I could have my friends come here if I was so anxious to be with them, but I do not care for a lot of rough fellows to meet my wife. So we will say no more about it. Come, sing me something bright and gay. Let me forget I brought the tears to my dear one's eyes."

And so the first shadow passed, and all was bright again.

One morning, at breakfast, a letter was handed to our mistress; the deep, black border on the envelope told of some recent bereavement. Woman-like, she studied the handwriting long and seriously, wondering who could have sent it!

At her husband's laughing suggestion that she had better open it, she followed his advice.

"Poor Emily!" she murmured, after reading a while; "poor Emily! of course she may! We would be glad to have her, would we not, Arthur? To think how sad and lonely she must be—not a soul left to comfort her!"

She handed the letter to her husband, and he read it aloud:

"Edith, my dear cousin, death has again come into our family, this time taking my dear mother. And here I am indeed an orphan. Father, mother and brother all gone! I am so alone, so unhappy! May I come to you, if only for a short time?"

"Your sad cousin,

EMILY."

"Who is Emily?" my master said. "Have I ever heard you speak of her?"

"I do not think you have. She is a distant cousin on my father's side. I have not seen her for years, and only slightly remember her. I know she was a little, dark-faced girl, never willing to play games with my brother and I, but sat and read all the time. I—don't—think—I—liked her much"—reluctantly—"and I wonder she comes to me, instead of mamma; dear mamma, whose home is a very haven of rest for all those who are in trouble. Still, she must have her reasons for writing me, and, if we can comfort her in her hour of need, why, it is our duty to do so."

"Certainly," the master answered; "but good-bye to our quiet talks, our long, happy hours. When are we to expect her?"

"As soon as I write and tell her to come, which must be done at once. Oh, Arthur, is it wrong, dear, for me to wish she were not coming? Will it make a great difference in our home, do you think? We have been so happy—too happy, I fear! It has made me selfish."

She clung to him like a spoiled child.

"What a nervous little woman you are!" he answered.

"Of course not. Why should it make a difference? I will have you still to myself many hours, and if you sit for the picture of 'Elaine,' which I certainly intend to paint next, why, your cousin will be welcome in my studio also. Think what a sad life hers must be, and how much brightness you, my little sunbeam, will be able to cast about her!"

The old, happy look came again into the face I loved to watch, and after the master left the room my dear mistress sat down and wrote the answer to her cousin's letter.

For a week she was busy getting the guest-chamber in readiness for the visitor. Time and again her bright face would look in the studio-door, to see if all was right there,

and sometimes she would sit a while and tell her husband what she had been doing, and toward the last of the week she said :

"I have put crimson in the room, for that is Emily's color, and we must have everything bright to cheer her. Nanine has finished the heavy curtains and put them up, so you must come and take a look now, as Emily ought to be here to-night. And, Arthur, could you not get some flowers, some bright flowers, to put in this vase? It would be perfect then. What does your artistic eye think of it?" throwing open the door.

"It is fit for a queen," he answered, laughingly, putting his arms about her waist. "Am I to meet the queen? Then I must change my coat, for it is almost train-time now, and I have to get the flowers first."

An hour after our mistress stood waiting. How lovely she looked that evening! I remember her dress was of some soft, clinging material, that fitted the graceful form to perfection. She was very fond of blue, and on this night it was that color she had on. Her husband had sent her some white flowers when he sent the roses, and she had a bunch of them at her throat and in her belt. No fairer picture would one wish to see,

"This lily maid of Astolat"—

this Elaine of her husband's choice; and very happy she looked as the time drew near for the train to be in.

At last they came. The master came in first, and then—this cousin—Cousin Emily! I did not see her face until my mistress had kissed her and bid her welcome. Then her hat was laid aside, and I saw—how shall I describe that wonderful face? so dark and yet so beautiful. Eyes like stars, with curling lashes that touched the cheek as she looked down, a trick she seemed to have; a low, broad forehead, from which the hair of midnight blackness was combed in wavy masses; a color so warm and bright in her cheeks, at times rising to her temples, then slowly dying out, leaving the face like tinted marble; the form! ah, I cannot describe it, words fail me—I only know it was perfect.

I saw my mistress start and her brow contract when she first saw "Cousin Emily," and then she looked at the master with a half-frightened look, that pained even me. What was it? Surely she had nothing to fear.

I, too, looked at the master then, and was startled at the look of amazed admiration on his face. True, he was an artist, and loved everything that was beautiful; but his eyes seemed to feast on this woman before him, and he could not seem to withdraw them.

At last my mistress spoke slowly, as if not knowing what she said.

"How you have changed! How beautiful you are! I would not have known you. I——"

"Was I, then, so frightful?" was the laughing interruption; then in an almost sobbing voice: "Am I welcome? May I stay?"

My mistress, as if ashamed of her scant welcome, put her arms around her cousin, and again kissed her, telling her she was indeed welcome, and that she was to stay until she grew weary of them, and wanted to go back to her home again.

"Ah, that will be a long time, I fear," answered Cousin Emily. "Home is not home to me now. All whom I loved are dead. I am alone! I am alone!"

She sank down on the floor in front of me and buried her face in my lap, sobbing as if her heart would break; but a strange chill went through and through me, for not one tear fell between those slender fingers. I felt she was false—I knew she was untrue!

My dear mistress was distressed. She did not know what to say to comfort this wounded heart. She hastily gathered up the hat and cloak that had fallen upon the floor, and whispering to her husband that she would see that the room was ready, and a supper taken there—no doubt Cousin Emily was tired, and needed rest and quiet—left the room.

CHAPTER II.

THE silence of the room was only broken by the sobs, which came louder and faster after my mistress left. The master stood by my side, not speaking, not moving, as if he feared to disturb the grief-stricken woman. At last she became more quiet, and, still holding her handkerchief to her eyes, rose slowly from the floor.

"You must forgive me," she faltered. "I didn't intend to intrude my grief upon you so, but it seems as if my heart must break, and the warm welcome given me by Edith was only a reminder of my dead ones, lost for ever. Her gentle voice and fond kiss brought back to me my darling mother. I will try so hard not to forget they were strangers to you, and—that it is—it must be difficult for you to sympathize with me, or have patience with my sorrow."

"Do not say that," he answered, eagerly. "We must sorrow for those who are in trouble, even though they be strangers to us. How much more must we sympathize with you, who are bound to us by ties of blood?"

"Thank you for that," she said, holding out her hand. "And now, will you, also, say, 'You are welcome Emily'? You know"—with a faint, little smile—"it was Edith only who said it to me—not you."

"My dear Emily," he answered, drawing her nearer to him, "you are more than welcome. Indeed, sometimes Edith and I grow a little weary of each other's society, and it will be a delightful change to have you help us wile away the time."

He still held her hand in his, and, as he finished speaking, he raised it to his lips and kissed it.

I cannot tell you how I felt. If I could have trembled I would have done so, for I felt this woman would bring trouble into our happy home. Looking toward the door, I saw the sweet face of our mistress looking in, filled with surprise and pain. Could she have heard her husband's words? No, no, I would not believe it—that would wellnigh break her heart.

When he raised his head from that woman's hand and saw his wife before him, he gave a guilty little laugh and said he was bidding Cousin Emily welcome; rather late, he knew, but better late than never, and he wanted her to feel perfectly at home.

"Yes?" answered his wife; "I thought Emily understood that when she first came in; at least, I tried to make her understand it. And now, I am sure she is weary, so I have come to lead her to her room."

Good-nights were spoken, then wife and guest left the room together.

Alone, the master walked restlessly up and down, whistling softly to himself. He looked out upon the night for a while, looked at his watch, picked up a book, glanced at its contents. I never saw him so nervous. He seemed to wait for his wife's return; not with the loving look I had seen so often, yet still impatiently. At last she came, walking slowly, as if tired, looking pale and sad. She sat down listlessly, and waited for her husband to speak.

"Well," he said, "what did she say when you were alone together? Did she—did she speak of me? I mean, do you think she will be happy and contented here?"

"Yes, Arthur, I am *sure* she will be contented. No; she did not speak of you at all." After a moment's silence: "What could she say?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing! I wondered if she liked me, you know, that was all. Men all like a little praise."

She spoke slowly and quietly. She was not like her dear self. All the glad, sweet light seemed to have left her eyes. She did not go to him—as had been her wont—to lean against his breast, to hold his hand in hers. I knew then—God help them both!—that she had heard



THE PALM OF VICTORY.

"I scarcely think," she answered, gravely, "it would have been in keeping with her grief to spend the few moments we were alone together in praising you. I am sure she will like you, and I hope it may be so, for every true wife is pleased when her husband is admired. I am not the exception."

his words—had heard him say he had grown weary of her. How was it all to end?

One week went by, then my master began his painting of "Elaine." He explained it all to Cousin Emily, telling her what a lovely model he had in his wife, and how he hoped to make his name through this picture.

"You see," he said, "I have chosen for my subject Elaine, because Edith is just suited for it. She is graceful, slender and girlish, and would really make her mark as an actress, so superb is her pose; and her face—well, the expression is perfect!"

I was in the studio at the time, having been carried up for Cousin Emily's comfort. She sat with her head resting well against my back, and her hands restlessly patting my arms. When my master spoke of his wife's grace and beauty, she caught hold of me tightly as if his words hurt her, and I saw an angry frown gather upon her brow. Was she jealous? I wondered. It could not be, for lovely as my mistress was, she seemed but a pure wayside flower compared with this brilliant beauty, so I couldn't understand this show of feeling. My master had been more like himself these last few days, showing more tenderness and consideration for his wife, not seeking Cousin Emily's side as often as he had done the first two days she was with us, so my dear mistress was again quite bright. This day I speak of she had dressed herself in quaint imitation of Elaine, and looked so lovely I didn't wonder at the master kissing her and calling her "his lily."

At first the little group in the studio seemed quite gay, talking some light nonsense, my master being the brightest of all; but after a time silence fell upon them; he so intent upon his work, and my mistress so anxious to please him, she almost feared to breathe. This did not suit their guest. She became restless and impatient. At last she could endure it no longer. She walked over to the easel and idly watched the progress of the painting, once or twice suggesting a touch here and there, that was listened to with surprise, not unmixed with admiration.

"Why, Emily, I did not know you were an artist," the master said, suddenly, stopping his work and looking up at her.

"I do not profess to be," she answered. "I have done a few little things, not amounting to much. I am more of a critic than an artist. I have sat as model for so many of my friends that I consider myself quite a judge."

"Sat as model? Oh, Emily! will you not grant me that favor?" He had put down his palette and brushes, and, regardless of his wife, had taken both her hands in his. "You would make such a glorious Cleopatra, a picture I have always had a desire to paint! Edith will tell you how often I have wished for an opportunity to paint it, but did not know where to get my model. I

would not bring a stranger in our home, and most of our friends are blondes—blondes! You really do not know how little satisfaction there is in painting them."

A faint smile and an uplifting of the arched eyebrows made him pause. He started, let fall the hands he had held up to this time, flushed crimson for a moment, and then laughed.

"Edith, I am sure, does not mind what I say. She knows how fascinated I am with my work, and is as eager as I am about it. If you will only say the word I will put this canvas aside—I can take it up at any time after you leave us—and will begin at once the other picture. Edith has in her wardrobe any number of bright things that will do for the character."

Forgotten was the black robe and crape Cousin Emily was shrouded in; forgotten everything but his art and this beautiful woman whom he longed to have sit for him; forgotten the wife, pale and crushed, who looked

indeed like the forsaken Elaine as she stood, with the lily falling from her hand, her sweet, blue eyes down-cast to hide her tears.

I could have killed that woman for coming into our home to wreck its happiness—could have killed our master for his thoughtless selfishness. But, alas! I was helpless, and could only look on and suffer.

At first Cousin Emily demurred. It did not seem right to put aside her mourning for even a day—it did not

seem just toward Edith. She feared she would grow weary if she had to remain quiet too long, and so on; intending all the time to do as the master wished. My mistress walked proudly out of the room unnoticed by either of them. At last this woman allowed herself to be persuaded into saying Yes, and the work began the next morning.

I do not know what my master said to his wife that night. She seemed bright and content, and when Cousin Emily made her appearance in the studio, arrayed as Cleopatra, it was with my mistress by her side. Never, never shall I forget the beautiful vision that stood before us—beautiful beyond compare! A woman, before whose regal beauty men must bow down and worship:

"A twist of gold was round her hair; a robe
Of samite without price, that more exprest
Than hid her, clung about her perfect limbs."

Her arms, bare to the shoulders, gleamed marble-like against the crimson of her robe. Ah, my mistress! never were you less wise! What devil tempted you to do



ANCIENT IRISH METAL-WORK.—A BRONZE BROOCH.—SEE PAGE 91.

this deed? Were you so sure of your husband's love that you could tempt him so, and yet feel safe? You did not look into his face and see, as I did, the passion-glow upon it, that was so soon to wreck your home and happiness. You only thought of his art. Alas! you were, indeed, blind. Not one word of praise did he utter, to all his wife's eager questions, as to how the costume suited? was the hair arrayed properly for the character? was Emily not a perfect model? He simply answered, "I am satisfied," then turned abruptly toward the easel, as if to put it in a better light.

Our mistress seemed annoyed at the scant praise her work called forth; but Cousin Emily smiled—smiled a pleased, slow, cruel smile, that made me hate her still more than I already did.

"Shall I pose myself?" she asked, sitting upon a low couch covered with white robes. "Am I to watch for Antony? If so, how will this do?" Her clasped hands rested upon her knees, her head bent forward slightly, she seemed to be listening, and into the eyes which she turned upon the master was a look, so strange, so filled with love and longing, that I shuddered, and looked toward my mistress with a feeling of fear and shame. What was my astonishment, nay, almost contempt, when I saw her smile of delight, and heard her say: "Bravo, Emily! Success is sure, if Arthur only catches that expression, and you can keep it there until he does!" My poor blind mistress!

For hours my master worked, pausing now and then for a little while only to give the model rest—a rest she did not seem to need, for she would say, impatiently, "Go on!" The room was strangely quiet, broken only by a word, now and then, from the mistress, who had brought in her work; a sigh, short and quick, from the master, as if he could not quite satisfy himself, and the dropping of a coal from the open fire upon the hearth. The mistress at last let fall her work, leaned her head upon her hand, and fell into deep thought, tapping the floor softly with her slender foot. I thought she looked paler than usual, and the tender, mobile lips seemed to tremble; and once I thought she brushed away a tear. Ah, my poor mistress, the thorns were at last coming into your rose-colored life, and thoughts of home and mother were getting dearer to you, and more sacred, daily.

The light grew dim, too dim to see the crimson-draped figure on the couch, too dim to paint longer, and for that day work was over.

For several days this continued, until my mistress grew weary of the long, silent days, and, one morning, just as the master began mixing his paints, she came in dressed for a walk.

"I am going out, Arthur," she said; "I am tired sitting in the house all day; I really long for the fresh air. You know, since Emily came, you never ask me out in the evening, and I am beginning to feel absolutely stupid."

"It would have been rude for us to go out and leave Emily home alone," he answered, "and it would not do for her to go with us to any concert or theatre, on account of her mourning."

"No, I suppose not," she answered; then, after a pause, "I wonder if I am rude and inhospitable, when I say I wish she would suggest going home? I am so tired! so tired!"—passionately—"of living in this way. So tired of never seeing you alone! So tired of—everything!"

"You are a strange woman," he answered, coldly. "For my part I think it much more agreeable to have

some one in the house with us—some one, especially like Emily, who is bright, talented and beautiful—than—"

Just then the door opened, after a slight knock, and the subject of their conversation entered. She was dressed, as usual, in her Cleopatra dress, and looked, as she always did, calm and beautiful. She started slightly when she saw the mistress with her hat on, and asked her where she was going?

"Out into the cold, bright air," she answered. "I feel lately as if I would suffocate in this room—as if I did not have air enough to breathe—as if I would die if I did not get away. I suppose that it is not very complimentary to Arthur, as he thinks his studio is the gem of the house; but I feel so, notwithstanding. So I am off, but will return shortly."

The door closed, and she was gone.

This day Cousin Emily did not care to hurry. She stood a while looking into the fire, with a gleam of triumph in her dark eyes, then she walked slowly toward the easel, and looked long and earnestly at her picture, smiling a pleased, satisfied smile at what she saw—he, the master, watching her eagerly.

"Am I—am I really, then, so beautiful?" she said, in a faltering way, as if abashed at her own words.

"Beautiful! Do you not know how beautiful you are?" he answered, madly. "If you but knew how I count the hours until I see your lovely face again, you would not doubt it. Oh, Emily, I feel I did not live before I met you—I feel I cannot live if you leave me now!"

He caught her hands in his and kissed them wildly.

"Hush!" she said, sadly; "do not talk in that way. It is not wise—it is not right. We must part. Yes"—as he tried to speak—"it must be soon. This life is more than even I can bear—this life with you. I always thought I could be brave, no matter what I had to go through with; but this, ah! this"—sobbing—"is too much!" She paused, then said, softly: "Sometimes, I wish you could see into my heart, dear love! Sometimes I have wished I had never seen you, but both of those wishes I have crushed; the first, because it would not be wise; the second, because I would have lost much happiness. No, do not speak. Let us forget the misery of the moment. Go on with the picture. Remember, Edith returns shortly. Once, before we part, you may speak of this again, but not now."

She turned from him and walked over to the couch; again, as Cleopatra, throwing upon him that look of passionate love which now he could not bear.

"Do not look at me in that way," he said, hoarsely, "for I will not be accountable for what I do or say. You have driven me mad with your words and looks! God knows I wish I had the power to bid you go, but I have not—I have not! I feel as if all the light of my life would go out if you left me now. Let me but speak—"

"Hush!" she said, quickly, with hand upraised. "Your wife, Edith, is coming!"

CHAPTER III.

He caught up his brushes and painted wildly. A palor like death had crept over his face, and I could see his hand tremble from where I stood. It was some little time before the mistress came in. He could hear her giving some order to the maid, then she ran lightly upstairs to get her work, no doubt, for she came in with it in her hand, her flower-like face bright and glowing with the cold outdoor air and quick walk she had taken, her eyes sparkling and merry, her hair tossed. She was

bright and gay, and seemed to bring in an atmosphere of innocence and purity.

"I intend going out every day," she said, with a laugh, after telling them of some wonderful things she had seen, "for really I feel five years younger since I saw you last." She did not seem to notice their strange silence, but went on talking and working.

The next day was Friday. I remember it only too well. I never saw the sun shine as it did—it flooded the room with gold. The painting began earlier that day, as the picture was almost finished, that is, the harder work. The master had still much to do before he could say "Completed."

Our dear mistress had spoken the night before of having breakfast earlier than usual, as she intended spending the day with an old friend of her mother's whom she had somewhat neglected of late. She said, also, that she felt her husband and cousin would not miss her very much, as their thoughts were too much occupied with the picture to trouble about her, and better to go out at such a time than to feel herself rather in the way. She said this, I know, hoping her husband would contradict her, but he made no answer, and Cousin Emily only smiled. So she started off bright and early in the morning, kissing her husband fondly before going, and laughingly telling him not to miss her too much, as she would certainly return to him—then she was gone. If I could have but lifted up my voice and cried aloud, "Come back! come back! come back!"

By noon the sunlight had gone; great clouds came rolling up from the east, and drops of rain began to fall. The trees threw their branches wildly upward, then clashed together with a sigh. The master worked frantically—he seemed afraid to stop. A silence like death had fallen upon them. At last it became too dark to see, and the rain came down in torrents—just such a day as this has been; just such a moaning sound outside, like some lost spirit. To paint was impossible. With an impatient sigh our master put down his brushes and walked over to the fire, standing with his back to Cousin Emily. He seemed afraid—afraid of himself—of her—of the darkness! Suddenly he started. Was it not her voice he heard? Her voice breaking the silence:

"Arthur, come to me!" then, "Take me in your arms!"

No need to call him twice. He went to her then, threw himself at her feet, called her in a voice strange and new to me, his "darling"! Words like fire fell from his lips. He told her again and again how he loved her! how he had loved her from the moment he saw her! how he had fought against that love, knowing what a sin it was! how life would be a burden without her! She must not leave him—he would die if she did. She must promise him now—now—she would not! He almost raved. A sound like a sob broke from him as he crushed her in his arms. And she—this fiend! this devil—kissed his eyes, his hair, his lips.

"Give me but time to think before I answer you—a little time; but know this now, *I love you! I love you!*"

She spoke these words slowly, adding fire to the passion already consuming him.

They did not hear, as I did, through all the storm, the sound of a carriage-door closing; they did not hear, as I did, the light feet running up-stairs; they did not see, as I did, the white horror of the stricken face looking in upon them. Ah, God! they had forgotten all else in the world but their guilty love, all else but this mad passion.

Not a sound from the trembling woman at the door. She stood and heard it all—heard that the man she loved

beyond all else in the world no longer cared for her—his wife! Heard and saw the kisses he gave to this other woman—this woman whom he had known but a short time. Heard it all, and yet she did not die! She listened, drinking in every word, with her dear face growing whiter and whiter. She heard the master say he would not paint the next day, but would go away, and so give this woman time to think, coming back in the evening for his answer—for the answer that would bring him his happiness—and heard the woman bid him "hope"! Heard enough to drive her mad! Before they had finished she had closed the door, but not until I saw a look of agony and resolution settle upon her face, as I thought, for ever.

Later in the evening, what was my surprise to see her come in the studio, still very pale, but full of laughter and gay talk, greeting them merrily. She told them of her visit; of her friends' delight at seeing her; of her trouble in getting home; how she had just reached there; how glad she was to get back; how fierce the storm was.

"Hear it now," she said, with a shudder, drawing nearer the fire. "How it moans! how it sobs! as if—as if in pain, as if it knew of some dreadful crime."

Her voice sank in a whisper, and she looked wildly at husband and cousin, but they did not see her face. Their eyes fell, and a guilty flush crept up from lip to brow. She laughed at this lightly, then walked over to the easel. She looked upon the hated picture long and critically, then said:

"You did not paint much to-day, Arthur, did you? Was it too dark? I feared it would be so when I saw the storm coming. How very long the afternoon must have been to you. You will have to make up for lost time to-morrow, will you not?"

There was a slight pause before he answered her, then he said, slowly:

"Well, I think not to-morrow. I have grown somewhat weary of my work, and needs must rest. I, too, long for the outside world and cold, crisp air. Emily is also tired. It has been a great strain upon her, these long, silent days, so I shall go away for the day, leaving you to each other."

"It may be very kind for you to do so," answered his wife; "but"—slowly—"I fear Emily will not appreciate my society; I have become rather dull of late. We have seen so little of each other that I scarcely know how to entertain her; but"—with a strange fire in her eyes—"I promise the time will not drag."

"Dear Edith, you must not think of me," answered her cousin. "I have much to do to-morrow. Letters long neglected must be answered, and some work untouched in so long a time must be finished. I am about to leave you. I feel I have already intruded upon you too long, and must prepare for my homeward journey."

She gave the master a quick look as he was about to speak, then left the room.

The master spoke but little after she had gone. I waited to hear a storm of words, passionate and bitter, from the mistress, but none came. She stood before the fire silently, whilst her husband tenderly covered up the picture, hiding the lovely, wicked face from view; then, seeing he had finished, she left the fire, walked over to him quickly, as if to speak, paused, turned from him, and was—gone.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY the next morning, almost before the gray dawn broke, our master came in the studio. He looked pale and troubled—looked as if sleep had been a stranger to

him. He walked restlessly up and down, up and down, deep in thought. Turning quickly, as if to escape some unpleasant memory, he walked to his easel, uncovered the picture, and murmured words of love and passion to the painted woman there.

I heard him call her "darling"! again and again. He leaned forward and looked into the eyes, as if they could answer him look for look.

How long he stood there I cannot tell—until some noise startled him; then, pulling out his watch, he muttered, "Still so early!" closed it, and left the room. Shortly after, I heard the front door close, then again silence.

It seemed to me an hour must have passed, when again I heard the sound of coming footsteps and the rustle of a woman's dress. This time it was our dear mistress. She came in slowly and wearily, looking around her in a dazed way, like one in a strange place, until her eyes rested upon the uncovered picture; then a shudder ran through the slender form. She staggered blindly toward me, holding out her dear hands as if to keep from falling. She caught my arm, then fell upon her knees before me, rocking herself to and fro.

"My God! my God!" she cried; "what am I to do! what am I to do! I cannot live! What is there for me to

live for! Oh, my husband! my husband!" Sob after sob shook the slight frame. She crouched upon the floor, resting her head upon it in very abandonment of grief. A dreadful feeling of despair came over her. "Why not end it all!" she cried. "It would be so easy, and who would care? Perhaps Arthur would, a little, if he saw me lying dead. Perhaps he would remember then our early days of happy married life! Perhaps——" Here she sprang to her feet, brushed the fallen hair from her eyes with both hands, locked the door, then, walking rapidly to the picture, laughed wildly as she looked at it. "Perhaps you would be glad if I died!" striking it with her hand. "It would be your place then to comfort Arthur, would it not! Your place to share his sorrow! Well, I will not trouble you to do that yet. I have too much thought for you to pain you so."

All the time she was talking she was rapidly mixing the paint left on the palette, still soft from the day before. She caught up the brushes, and, with firm strokes, undid the work of weeks.

Gone now were the beautiful dreaming eyes, so full of passionate love; the soft, full lips of vivid red; the broad, white brow; the full, fair throat; all, all that was so lovely but a moment before—now one shapeless mass of many-colored paints. But a little time it took to do

it, but it was well done, and the half-crazed woman working there was well pleased with her work.

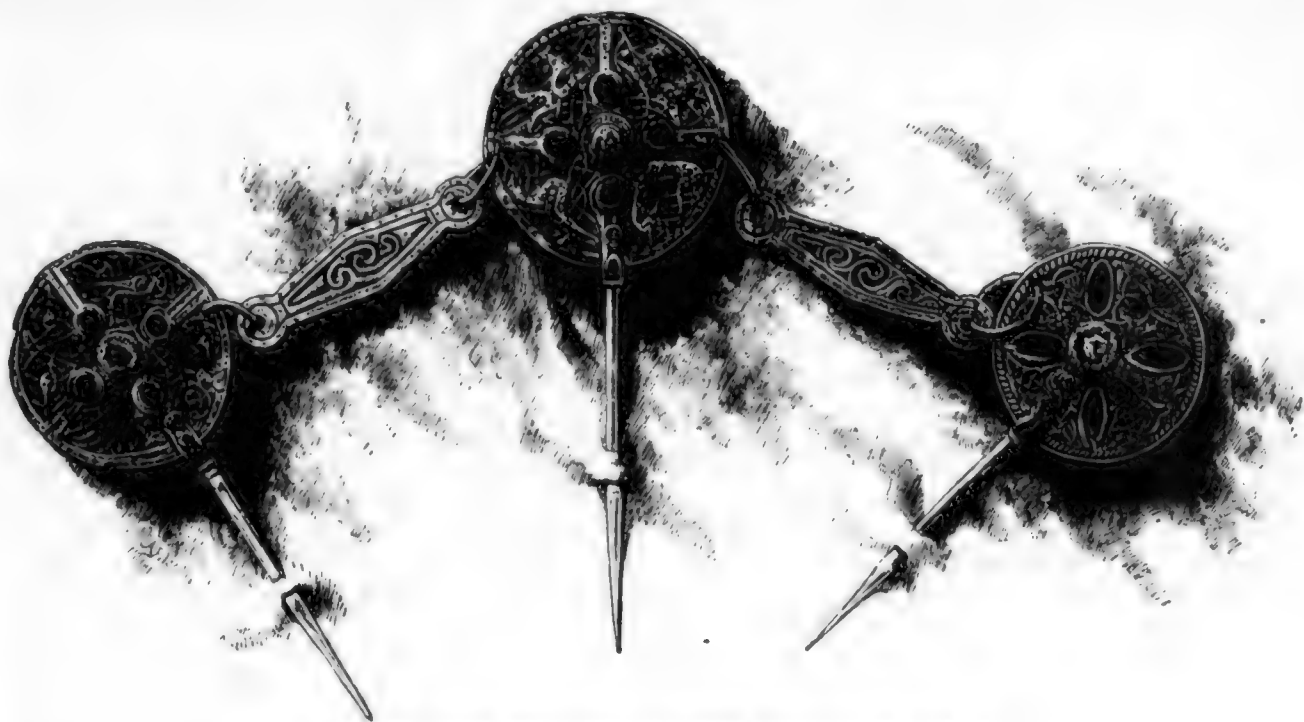
"No need now," she said, "for him to cover it up so carefully. No need for him to steal in here at daybreak to take a parting look. It is all gone, and she—shall be gone, too, before he returns! But how?—but how? Let me but think!"

She walked up and down, thinking deeply, when the loud ringing of the door-bell startled her. She quickly twisted up her hair, and fastened it with a comb. She must not be seen by the servants looking as she did. She must be quite cool and calm—she had work to do. She walked to the door, opened it, and waited to hear what news had come so early in the morning. She heard faint sobs, then Nanine, the maid, came up to her.

"Oh, madam, my mother is very ill.



ANCIENT IRISH METAL-WORK.—SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S BELL.—SEE PAGE 91.



ANCIENT IRISH METAL-WORK.—BRONZE FIBULA.—SEE PAGE 91.

See, I have this message. She may not live, and wants to see both Annie and me before she dies. Oh, madam, may we go to her, if only for the day?"

A feeling of joy came over our mistress. It would be so much easier to get rid of Emily if these two girls were out of the house. It was a merciful Providence that helped her so.

"Yes, yes, Nanine; why, certainly! Tell Annie to finish getting breakfast, and then you may go. The master is out for the day, and Miss Emily and I can do very well without you. You need not return until to-morrow, unless you find your mother better. No, do not thank me, but get ready."

I heard Cousin Emily coming, then. To her our mistress spoke coldly and quietly; but I saw the quick clasp and unclasp of the hands, that told of extreme nervousness. They went to breakfast together, and I waited with almost fear for their return.

For a while I could only hear the quick footsteps of Nanine, getting the house in order, then she came in the studio, and, catching me up in her arms, carried me down here. You know all that took place that dreadful day, but yet I must speak. I grow garrulous, I know, with age, and silence, so sad in this darkened room, almost kills me.

It took Nanine and Annie but a short time to get ready and go. I heard our mistress ask Nanine if she had carried the chair down from the studio; then, when she answered "Yes," bid her good-by. How silent the house was then, how loud the ticking of the clock seemed as it told the passing moments. How long was it before they came in—these two women, left alone—wife and cousin! To me, it seemed hours; it was, I know, but a few seconds.

"I think, Edith," I heard Cousin Emily say, as she neared the room, "that I will write my letters now. I have one or two important ones that must be answered, as I have decided—with your permission, of course—to remain a week longer. The picture—"

"Do not say more," was the answer our mistress made, as she entered the room. "It is on this subject I wish to speak." Her voice was strangely low and hoarse. "I cannot consent to your remaining in this house a moment

longer. Hush!"—with warning hand upraised. "Do not attempt to answer or question me; it would be dangerous for you to do so. You came into this house as a grief-stricken woman—came for comfort, pity and consolation. I gave it to you. I did all in my power to make you happy, to make you forget the sad loss you said you had to bear alone! I made you welcome. I took you in my arms, and pitied you. Ah, God! It was the story of the serpent over again! You stung with mortal wound the hand that succored you! You have poisoned my life! You have ruined my home! With your fiendish arts you have stolen my husband's love away from me! You have taken *my* place by his side! You reign in my stead! You think to meet him here to-night, to tell him you will remain always; whilst I—I—the wife, must stand by, with smiling lips, and see it all! "Go! go!"—she almost screamed, wrought up to a frenzy by her own words. "Go—before I forget what I am—before I forget whom and what you are!"

Breathless and panting, she fell into my arms, hiding her white face in her hands; her slight form, grown so thin of late, trembling from head to foot.

Her cousin stood before her, pale to the lips—lips pressed so hard by the white teeth that drops of blood showed here and there. She waited, as if to hear what more was to be said—waited without a word, then turned and walked slowly toward the door. Here again she paused for a moment, looking at our mistress with such a look of deadly hatred in her eyes that I thanked Heaven our dear one did not look up. Then—she passed from sight.

Through the hall, where the heavy carpet deadened the fall of her footsteps, up the polished stairs she went. We heard her pause at the studio-door. Would she go in? If she did, what then? Would she wait for our master, when she saw the ruined picture, or, would she still leave the house, as she had been told to do? She did not go in the room, but passed on to her own, and, going in, locked the door. So long did she remain there, I feared she intended to stay, as did our mistress, who, filled with an excitement so great that to keep still was impossible, walked the floor like some wild creature who could not rest. Again and again she would go to the

door and listen; then, hearing nothing, resume her rapid walk. At last, at last, we heard that woman coming down; she came here to this door, and, with a smile on her lips, said:

"I am going—going as you bid me. The day is yours now, but not for long—my time is coming! *You will see me back again!* I do not blame you for trying to win your husband, but believe me, it is too late! He has grown tired of your baby face and ways. You had better give him up. I am truly sorry for you, and—sorry for him. Really, your marriage was a wretched mistake! Oh, I am going." This she said hurriedly, turning quickly and leaving the house. I think what she saw in our dear one's face warned her she had better go before it was too late.

How slowly the hours crept along that day! how loud the ticking of the clock was! how like the tolling of the funeral-bells its striking hours seemed! How long our poor mistress lay with her head upon my arm I cannot tell, but suddenly she sprang up, as if with a new hope in her breast.

"Yes, I had better do it," she said; "I must not let him see me thus."

She hurried out of the room, but was not gone long.

When she returned she looked more like the dear mistress we had been in the habit of seeing her, but—strange fatality!—she had put on the same dress she had worn the night her cousin had arrived. The soft, blue folds clung about her form, the golden hair was gathered in a twist about the shapely head. The rich white lace, gathered about the throat, made her look like some fair lily. And so she waited, waited for the husband whose love she had lost, whose love she hoped to win back again, now that they would be alone—alone, without that beautiful, treacherous face to come between them. Not once did she doubt her power. She only remembered he had loved her once; that they had been so happy; that they—

The sound of the door opening told her he had come. All her brave resolution died out. She remembered the ruined picture; the quiet, empty house; the cousin, whose presence he sought, gone—whose absence she must account for. What would he say when she told him she had turned her out? What would he say when he heard all her story? She felt she was the one to ask forgiveness. She forgot she was the one who had been so basely wronged.

He came in then, stumbling over a gilded chair, not seeing it in the dark, and calling, "Emily! Nanine! Edith! Where are you all? Why is the house so dark!"

This hated woman's name was first upon his lips when he came in; hers, his wife's, last. Ah, well, it would end soon now—it would all be over! She tried to answer him, but her voice failed her. Her tongue seemed to refuse her bidding. He didn't see her there, sitting with her trembling hands folded on her lap, her white face drooping low. He only saw the darkness and wondered at it, and then, turning, ran up the stairs, two at a time, to his studio, expecting to see his wife and cousin there.

She could hear the scratching of a match; then his footsteps going across the floor; then, a loud, agonized cry! It was all over now. He had seen the picture; the picture that was to bring him fame; the picture he had learned to love with an almost idolatrous love; the picture of the woman who had brought to him hours of delirious, passionate happiness, ruined! A shapeless mass of nothing!

He was coming down then. She still sat there. Even when he came in with a match and lighted the gas above she did not move, only looked up at him with great blue eyes wide opened, not even starting at the white, set look in his face—a look which I never shall forget.

He caught her by the wrist, and made her stand by him. He seemed to understand it all without a question—understand that she had found out his guilty love for her cousin. But for that he did not care. He forgot she was his wife; forgot all that was due to her; forgot everything but his ruined picture.

"Who did it?" the words coming through his closed teeth in a hoarse, hissing whisper; "who did it, I say? Was it you?"

He shook her slightly, as she did not answer, and looked into her pale face with fierce, deadly anger.

"I ask you again: Was it you who ruined my picture? And where is Emily?"

At the sound of this name she seemed to grow strong. She drew her hand away from his, and, holding up her head, looked at him with proud eyes.

"Don't insult me by speaking that woman's name to me! Yes, I turned her from this house to-day. One or the other had to go. *She* was the one, not I! I am the wife—my place is here! Yes, I destroyed the picture! A picture that has brought ruin into our home *shall not* bring to you fame! From the day that woman sat for you first I have not known one moment's peace or happiness. You forgot your duty to me! You degraded your higher instincts. In this mad infatuation you forgot your manhood! You lost your self-respect!"

Almost without pausing the words left her lips. She seemed to grow taller as she spoke them. Her great blue eyes flashed with indignant fire. Then her mood changed. She went closer to him and laid her hands on his arm.

"Arthur, forgive me if I have spoken bitterly. I have loved you so dearly that you must cease to wonder at what I have done. If you but knew how I have prayed that I might be mistaken; if you but knew of the sickening pain of my heart, day after day, when you were alone with her; of the cold, quiet nights when sleep had forgotten me, when all the doubts and fears and jealousies that in the blessed daylight slumbered rose up to torture me! when every thought that once was gladness turned to gall—I say if you but knew it, darling, you would forgive it all—even as I forgive you."

She raised her sweet face to his, smiles already on the trembling lips, so sure is she of peace at last, of the old fond love back again.

Well, God forgive him! he did not answer her for a while, but stood towering above her. Rage seemed to have bereft him of speech. He crushed the small white hands in his until a cry of pain escaped her, then he spoke. Words fell from his lips that burnt into her brain like molten lead. He wished to God he had died before he met her! that each hour spent with her was torture to him! that he would leave, and hoped he might never see her again; that there was but one woman in the world whom he could love, and that woman he would find if he had to search the world over! With these words he threw her from him and rushed from the house.

Faint from want of food, which she had not tasted all day, sick almost unto death, she staggered and fell. One loud cry of pain left her lips as her head struck the sharp edge of a pedestal standing near, then all was silence. She lay there so long, I feared she was dead; and yet I could not go to her—I could but stand and

watch her, with an agony of fear at my heart. At last I saw her move. Slowly she raised herself from the floor and looked wildly around. She saw nothing—felt nothing—heard nothing. He was gone—she knew that in a dull sort of way—gone for ever. She dragged her heavy limbs over to me, and sank down upon my lap. She tried to recall the words he had said, but in vain. To remember seemed to hurt her, to think distressed her. She only knew she was alone—alone in this dark house.

She rested her head wearily on my arm, and I felt warm drops of blood drip upon it—blood from a cut in the dear head, hurt in her fall. She mechanically raised her hand to wipe it off as it fell upon her cheek. She did not mind the pain; her heart was too full of passionate despair to care now for anything.

What was she to do? He would never see her again. Did he not tell her so? Where was she to go? Home! home? Why had she not thought of it before? Home and mother! that dear mother who would take her tired child to her breast and lull her to rest as she had done so many times before. Yes, she would go home. She had money; she could travel all night; but how tired she was—so tired!

She walked unsteadily out of the room; came back directly with hat and cloak on, her white face drawn and haggard. She looked so lonely! so forsaken!

The bell down-stairs rang. Even in her misery she felt she must be brave. She remembered, it was the man to fix the furnace for the night. He must know nothing. She must not betray her agony before this stranger. Perhaps it was well he had come. She opened the door for him. Her face seemed frozen into marble stillness; her voice sounded calm and clear as she spoke. She told him the master had been called away on important business; would be gone for some months. She was going to her mother's to remain a few days, then from there to meet her husband. The girls were both away for two days; she would leave their money with him if he would kindly remain there until they returned, or until she wrote him from her mother's home. He would be paid well for his services.

"Yes," he said, "he could stay very well; he was a single man and his own master; he would do as she said. If the people asked him where the family had gone, what was he to say?"

"That they have gone to Europe," she answered, with a bitter laugh. "It will prevent unnecessary questions. You have only to do your duty well. Lock up the house when you hear from Mr. Mills or myself, and that is all. Now get me a carriage."

When he was gone she came back to us. Do you remember how sad her farewell was? How the sobs shook the frail body as she kissed us each before she left? She threw her arms about me and rested her head for a moment on me, saying, "Good-by, dear old friend, we may never meet again!" and then she left us.

Two weeks after, the man left in charge locked up the house. He had paid the girls their money left for them, and since that time no one has disturbed our solitude. The spider has woven his web, the moths have held high revel, the clock, whose ticking I long to hear, is silent, and we are as if in the grave—falling into dust. The strange, low voice grew silent, and the outstretched arms seem to fold themselves together in the midnight darkness of that silent room.

* * * * *

The sunlight flooded every corner. The old chair blinked, and its crimson velvet cover shone out through the dust that was beaten from its body by the strong

arm of Nanine, who stood with smiling face by it, at the same time talking to Annie, who had just finished directing a man about the carpet.

"Yes, they are coming back next week," she said, cheerily. "Dear lady, how glad I shall be to see her. I wonder," gravely, "what the trouble was? Well, it is none of our business! They are coming back, that is all we want to know, and the house must be ready for them."

And it was ready, in one week's time, with happy hearts and willing hands; all the dust had disappeared, and the house with its shiny windows and sunlit walls, looked as it had looked three years ago.

The clock ticked on the mantel; the fire crackled merrily on the hearth; the old chair seemed to beam in its crimson glory.

They are coming! the girls stood to welcome them with smiling faces, but their voices were hushed, and a sob broke from Nanine as she saw their master lift from the carriage and carry in only a frail shadow of their former mistress. She smiled sadly as they stood before her, as she sat in the old chair, and held out her thin white hands to them.

"Do not look—so—at me," she said, her voice low and broken. I have been ill, so ill; but"—looking around her wistfully, "I may grow strong again, now—that I am home—home!" The words fell brokenly from her lips, and the tears fell from the sad blue eyes. They kissed her hands fondly, holding back their tears, then left her alone with her husband.

He fell upon his knees before her, burying his face in her dear hands; then spoke low and tenderly:

"Dear love, your gentle forgiveness for my great sin has unmanned me. I feel I am not worthy of you, but will try so hard to make you forget the past. Oh, put your arms around me darling! Say again you have forgiven me!"

The same tender, gentle smile that lighted up her face of old came upon it. She laid her hands caressingly upon his head, and said:

"Arthur, face to face with the man she loves, a true woman can never be hard, howsoever he may have sinned against her; so it is with me. My love for you has never faltered, and when you came to me to ask forgiveness, and told me you had never seen—" here she paused as if it hurt her to speak that name—"her" since the day she left here, I could not but take you to my heart again. I may never grow strong, Arthur. Something seems to tell me so; but, whilst I am with you, oh, do not spare your love! I have been so hungry for it all the miserable years! She paused a moment, then kissed him softly. "I am glad I was the one to tell you of her marriage, dear; had you come to me knowing of it, I would not have been so happy, or—so ready to forgive."

He clasped her closely to him, so close he could feel her heart beat against his own—and holding back the lovely face, looked into the tear-filled eyes, and murmured: "God bless my wife!"

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ANCIENT IRISH METAL-WORK.

AS THE character of the arts introduced into Ireland with Christianity was grafted upon and modified by the arts of Pagan Ireland, it will be well to learn what degree of excellence in this art of metal-work had been attained before the fourth and fifth centuries of our era. This knowledge will better be acquired by the accurate observation of one particular example than by a more

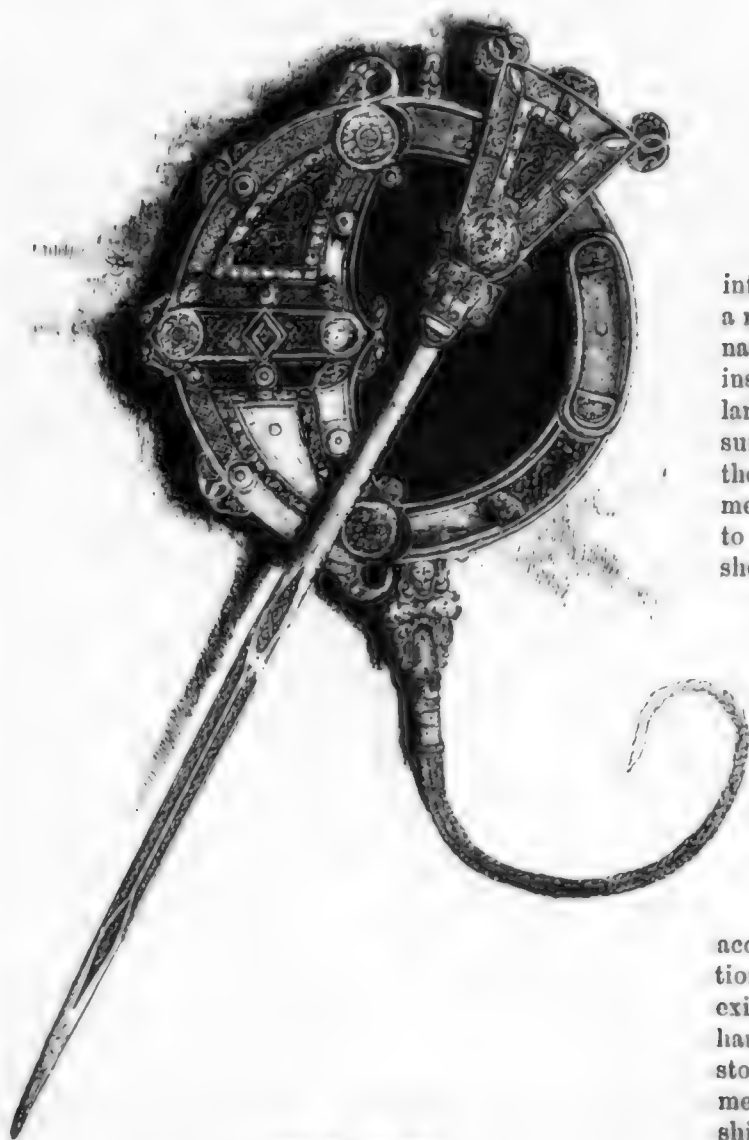
comprehensive treatment of the bronze and gold antiquities of this early date.

"It would appear," says Dr. Petrie, "from the number of references to shrines in the Irish annals, that previously to the irruptions of the Northmen in the eighth and ninth centuries there were few, if any, of the distinguished churches in Ireland which had not costly shrines." But such objects became the prey of the pagan invader, and thus we may account for the fact that no fine specimen of Christian art in metal-work is to be seen in our museums to which we can assign a date earlier than the tenth century.

Although we find the Irish annalists lauding "the great skill" of those artificers who made St. Patrick's bells, patens, etc., yet the only example of their work extant is of the rudest possible character. The iron bell of St. Patrick is at once the most authentic and the oldest Irish relic of Christian metal-work that has descended to us. It possesses the singular merit of having an unbroken history through fourteen hundred years. This bell is quadrilateral, and is formed of two plates of sheet-iron, which are bent over so as to meet, and are fastened together by large-headed iron rivets. The corners are rounded by a gentle inclination of the parts which join. One of the plates constitutes the face, the crown, and upper third of the back, as well as the adjacent part of each side, being doubled over at the top, and descending to meet the smaller plate, which overlaps it at the junction. Subsequently to the securing the joints by rivets, the iron frame was consolidated by the fusion of bronze



CROZIER OF BISHOPS OF CLONMACNOISE.



A BROOCH AND PIN.

into the joints and over the surface, giving to the whole a metallic solidity, which very much enhanced its resonance, as well as contributed to its preservation. The inside also was coated with bronze, though more irregularly than the outside, owing to the unevenness of the surface; and the coating seems to have been effected by the dipping of the iron shell into a vessel of the fused metallic compound, a process which has been employed to a recent date in the manufacture of the Wiltshire sheep-bells. The handle is of iron, let in by projecting spikes to perforations on the ridge of the bell, and further secured on the outside by bronze attachments of its straps.

One remarkable fact in connection with the reliquary in which this bell was enshrined is, that, since it was made, about the year 1091, it has never been lost sight of. From the beginning it had a special keeper; in succeeding generations its custody was continued in the same family, and proved to them a source of considerable emolument; and in after ages, when its profits ceased to accrue, long associations so bound it up with the affections of the keeper's family that they almost held their existence upon the tenure of its safe custody, and thus handed it down from generation to generation, till the stock at last became extinct, and the object of their former care passed into a keeping establishment by friendship instead of blood. It was one proof of the fact that these little iron hand-bells of the first expounders of

Christianity were among the relics held in high estimation among the Irish. These, when worn and useless, as in the case of this bell of the great apostle of Ireland, were enshrined in cases in the form of the bell, and adorned with gold and precious stones; and, as in the case of the book-shrines, also probably executed about 400 or 500 years after the death of the saint to whom the bell belonged.

This rude iron bell is a fair example of the type which seems to have also prevailed in Wales and Scotland during the first centuries after the introduction of Christianity. Mr. Ellacombe has described and illustrated six such hand-bells of the Early Welsh Church, and refers to fifty-three examples in Irish museums of native work, besides one bell still preserved in Switzerland, the celebrated Bell of St. Gall; one in France, that of St. Gode-

The Tara brooch and the Ardagh chalice offer the most perfect examples of the use of this peculiar spiral that have been found in the metal-work of Irish Christian art; and we are strongly reminded of the decoration of Irish manuscripts from the "Book of Kells," circa 690, when we study them. That these two relics are contemporaneous one with another there can be but little doubt. They show not only perfectly similar developments of this spiral design, but many other points of agreement besides. The same filigree wire-work; the same Trichinopoli chain-work; the same circles of amber and translucent glass; the same emeralds, both "cloisonnés" and "champlevés."

The native character which distinguishes the art of these works has very much disappeared from the metal-work of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The shrine



THE PARSEES OF INDIA.—PARSEE CHILDREN.—SEE PAGE 94.

berte in Noyon; and one at Stival, in Brittany. Didron describes a similar bell preserved at the Museum of Cologne, which is said to have belonged to Cumbert, the first bishop of that town. Dr. Anderson describes four of such bells in Scotland, and notes that there are but two of the same type in England, and adds: "As all those in Scotland whose associations have been preserved are attributed to Irish saints, we naturally turn to Ireland in search of the parent group. There we find the type is well known, and examples both in iron and bronze are abundant. The exact number of those that are still extant in Ireland is not easily ascertained, but they can be enumerated up to between fifty and sixty." The antiquary may further find in Ireland that a large number of these primitive iron bells can be said to possess an authentic history.

of St. Patrick's Bell and the Cross of Cong belong to a time when the trumpet pattern has fallen into disuse, just as it disappears from the illuminated manuscripts after the year 1000.

"The Tara brooch," says Dr. Petrie, "is superior to any hitherto found, in the variety of its ornaments and in the exquisite delicacy and perfection of its execution." It is composed of a metal harder than silver, formed by a combination of copper and tin called white bronze. A silver chain is attached to it, which was intended to keep the pin tight and in its proper position. This chain is of that peculiar construction known as Trichinopoli work. The face of the ornament is overlaid with various ornamented patterns, of the same class as those found in Irish illuminated manuscript, designed with beautiful taste, and which are not confined to the front but also

enrich the reverse. A lens of no moderate power is necessary if we would appreciate the perfect execution of these ornaments.

There are no less than seventy-six varieties of these designs, all of which exhibit an admirable sense of ornamented beauty and happy fitness for their relative situations; in the fastening used to keep these delicate traceries in their places only a delicate bar, scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, is found. In other places, however, and particularly in the circular insertions of amber, the gold rosettes placed upon them are fastened by pins, which pass through the brooch, and are riveted also on the opposite side.

It should be observed that insertions of amber and variegated glass are frequently found in the jewelry of early Christian Ireland. Niello-work, of exquisite beauty, is also to be met with; but of this and the carving and casting of glass into the forms of human faces, such as is here seen, we have no other example among the personal ornaments hitherto found in Ireland.

The history and authenticity of the old Irish crosiers generally rests on the same foundation as that of the ecclesiastical bells. Certain privileges, grants of land and others, appertained to the custodianship of the relic committed in the beginning to some servant of the monastery in whose family the office and its emoluments descended, through successive generations, down to the present century.

In Scotland the title of this office was *dewar*, a word derived from *deoradh*, a stranger, pilgrim, exile. The crosier of St. Fillan, of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, and of Fertullagh, Westmeath, in Ireland, was itself called *quig-rich*, signifying the stranger, and was in the keeping of the Dewars, a family whose name was derived from the office of custodian held by their ancestors. The word *deoradh*—*dewar*—first applied to the representatives of those who took the pilgrim's staff, and died upon their pilgrimage, reminds us that the crosier intrusted to them was, not the pastoral crook of other churches, but the Irish pilgrim's staff. The crosier of Dympna of Te Darnet, in the County of Monaghan, was thus an heirloom in the family of O'Luan, the hereditary keepers of the relic, till the last representative, whose name was changed to Lamb, sold it to Dr. Petrie; so also with the crosiers of St. Tola, founder of Disert O'Dea, whose hereditary keeper was of the family of O'Quinn; the crosier of Columba of Durrow, obtained from the custodian in the MacGeoghegan family. The crosier of Colman Mac-Duach, founder of the church of Kilmacduach, in Galway, was obtained from the O'Heynys who succeeded the O'Shaughnessys in the custodianship.

The Bachall Gearr Berach, or short crosier of St. Berach, of Termonbarry, in the County of Roscommon, is one of the most interesting examples in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, since it has been not only handed down through the hereditary custodians, the O'Hanlys, of Slieve Ban, successors or erenachs of St. Berach, but is mentioned in the ancient life of the saint given by Colgan, "Act. SS.," page 345, February 15th. The artificer Dagrens, at whose school Berach was trained, when sending his pupil to Kevin of Glendalough for further instruction, is described as giving him this "short crosier," along with a bell, called Berach's bell. "After some time," says the legend, "he was directed by an angel, in a vision, to follow a certain deer whom he would find at the entrance of the monastery. This deer led him to a certain spot in the County of Roscommon, since called Termon Berach, and then disappeared." The ruins of some small churches are still to be seen

there; and there was a round tower standing within the memory of some of the inhabitants, in the year 1837. This crosier is a staff of yew-wood, covered with brass; there is very little sign of decoration, and the crest of the handle is missing; it measures twenty-one inches in length.

One of the finest as well as the best-preserved Irish crosiers in existence is that of the Abbots of Clonmacnois, now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.

PSEUDONYMS AND SOBRIQUETS.

THE difference between pseudonyms and sobriquets, says a writer, recently, is, that the former are spontaneously assumed by the bearers, while the latter, often with some slightly ironical or bantering intention, are bestowed upon them. Henry Vaughan, the poet, elected to be called the Silurist; and Gacon, the bitter opponent of J. B. Rousseau, announced himself as "De Poëte sans fard." Ben Jonson fixed on Shakespeare the name of "The Swan of Avon." Rochester is, I fancy, responsible for the name of "The Merry Monarch," which, without the accompanying phrase "scandalous and poor," clings to Charles II; his soldiers fixed on Bonaparte the name of "Le Petit Caporal," while some unknown luminary—an unrecorded and probably unconscious master of bathos—greeted George IV. as the "First Gentleman in Europe." The well-known names Artemus Ward and Mark Twain are pseudonyms, such as are often employed on the stage, where not one man in three holds his own name. Meanwhile some names become accidentally both sobriquets and nicknames. Such, to quote only comparatively recent and illustrious instances, are "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table" and "The English Opium-eater," both of them employed at first in the title of books, and then fastened on and accepted by the respective bearers. Many names assigned to writers are very unhappy, and in some cases idiotic. Alexander Brome thus appears as "The English Anacreon," Thomas Lodge as "The English Aretino," William Warner as "The English Homer," and James I. as "The English Solomon"—the last an absurd appellation, a joke on which, by Raleigh, is said to have cost that worthy his head.

THE PARSEES OF INDIA.

THE Parsees are next to Europeans in manners and civilization. They are a thrifty people—traders, contractors and mill-owners—and pauperism is unknown among them. Their wives and daughters are not shut up in their houses, but can go anywhere. They like to attend parties, and other entertainments, where they can meet European ladies. All the rich young men know English, and the mothers are eager to have their daughters educated in the language, so that they may make good marriages. Some of them are sending their daughters to England to be educated, while others employ private teachers. The Parsees have schools of their own also, where English, as well as the higher branches, are taught.

Miss Sorabji, who has just taken her degree at the University of Bombay, is the daughter of a Christianized Parsee. Two of her sisters were educated in England, and now have charge of a Government training-school for native girls, at Ahmedabad. Another sister assists the mother in a large school for girls in Poona.

Parsee young ladies and little girls are extremely

pretty, and the dress of the ladies is charming—rich silks of bright colors, and magnificent pearls and diamonds. The girls do not marry until they are grown, often not before they are eighteen or twenty years of age, and many of these marriages are genuine love matches, as the young people meet each other freely.

Four other ladies and myself were guests at the wedding of a lovely Parsee girl, named Shireenbai, to a tall young man, named Framji, at Kama Baga, an entertainment room in the garden of a fire temple. The invitation stated that the ceremony would take place at five o'clock p. m., but when we arrived there were only women and children present. These were all beautifully dressed, except four old crones, who were singing a monotonous hymn, which was more like a dirge than a wedding-hymn. I learned afterward that they were hired for the occasion.

The bride-elect's mother had gone, at the head of a procession of young ladies, to carry presents to the bridegroom, whose house was near. Soon after their return another procession of ladies, headed by a band of music, came in sight, and it appeared that the groom's relatives were coming to bring flowers and presents to the bride. They brought her lovely garments and jewelry, and her relatives at once proceeded to dress her in them. The band continued to play, but no gentleman came, so I asked one of the ladies why the ceremony did not commence, and was told that they must wait for the sun to go down, when the groom would immediately make his appearance. I sat where I could watch the sun, and the moment it was out of sight more music was heard, and the bridegroom was seen approaching, followed by a large number of Parsee gentlemen, all dressed in their long white ceremonial robes, and all walking in the middle of the street, their carriages following.

The bride's mother met the groom at the door, and painted a red mark upon his forehead; then the gentlemen all came in, and the room was so full of long white garments that it was difficult to see what was going on.

They first spread down a carpet in the centre of the room, and warned us that we must not step upon it, or touch it in any way. It was sacred, and our unbelieving touch would defile it.

The young couple were then seated in chairs on this carpet, with their relatives standing behind them. The bride's mother was next to her chair, and the other relatives formed a line behind her.

The groom's mother was a widow and could not be present, as Parsee widows are not allowed to share in any festivity. So her place was filled by the eldest daughter-in-law, and the other relatives formed a line behind her.

The groom's two brothers stood in front, on either side, holding silver candlesticks with lighted candles, and the *dustoor*, or high-priest, and his assistant, faced the couple.

A large silver pan, filled with pieces of coconuts, pomegranates and rice, was placed by the side of the *dustoor*, and, as he addressed the couple, he threw handfuls of this mixture from the pan over the bridal party, until he had exhausted the contents.

He mumbled to them in Zend (a language which no one understood) for half an hour, every word being repeated, in the same mumbling tone, by his assistant. Then he changed to Gujarati, the language of the Parsees, and gave them good advice, which they received with shouts of laughter.

When he had finished, the bride's mother brought in a silver pan of milk, and went through with the ceremony

of washing her new son-in-law's feet. In reality, she only washed his great toe, but that was enough to satisfy the priest, and he pronounced the young couple husband and wife.

Then the Parsees all repaired to the fire temple, where a grand dinner was awaiting them. They sat upon the stone floor, and the food was served upon large, green leaves, instead of plates. The rules of the Zoroastrian religion are very arbitrary, and they extend even to the minutiae of weddings: "The sisters of the bride must deliver the invitations in person; the ceremony must not commence until the sun has gone down; the wedding-feast must be served upon the floor while they eat."

This sitting upon the floor is rather damaging to the immaculate whiteness of the gentlemen's robes and the rich silken garments of the ladies.

They prepared a nice table for us in the side room, with linen, silver, glass and china, and such refreshments as we would expect in a European house. When we came away they gave us each a bouquet of flowers, and sprinkled us with rose-water.

According to the Parsee religion, the earth and sea, as well as fire, are holy. As the earth is holy and must not be defiled by dead bodies, they cannot bury their dead. Water must not be polluted, so they cannot cast them into the sea. Fire is too holy to admit of cremation, so they expose the bodies to the vultures on the tops of high buildings, called "Towers of Silence." Large flocks of the unclean birds are always seen hovering about, or sitting upon the walls surrounding the towers, waiting for a body to be deposited. They even swoop down to meet a funeral procession as it winds its way up the hill approaching the towers.

The body is wrapped in white cloth, and carried on an iron bier, which is borne upon the shoulders of four Parsees, who are hereditary bearers. They can never do any other work, or approach any other caste than their own, as they are defiled by handling dead bodies. A little distance behind the bearers there follow a number of priests, with white tape tied around their shoes to keep away evil spirits, and behind them a large number of Parsee gentlemen in their long, white robes, and enormous cummerbunds, consisting of yards and yards of white cloth wound around their waists. They walk in pairs, joined together by each holding a corner of a white handkerchief.

The body is placed, uncovered, upon the grating on the top of the tower, and the vultures commence their work at once. It is asserted that they will pick the bones in fifteen minutes, but this may be an exaggerated statement. No one except the bearers can enter the tower, and they only wait to see which eye is torn out first, so that they can report it to the friends. If it is the right eye, it is a good omen, and shows that the deceased will stand a good chance in the next world. When the bones are picked clean they are swept into the well which forms the centre of the tower, and when the well is full another tower is built. These towers are in the best part of the City of Bombay, near the bungalows of the European residents, who complain that the vultures sit upon their garden-walls to pick the bones, and drop them in the avenues and paths.

A few years ago a large reservoir was built on the hill near the towers, and the Hindoo residents petitioned the municipality to put a roof over it, as their religious prejudices would not allow them to drink water into which human bones had been dropped.

When a Parsee is near his end he is given over to the



A PARSEE WOMAN.

bearers, and his friends see him no more. A dog was brought in and tied to the foot of the bed, to assist the soul in passing. What they call a "four-eyed" dog—one with yellow spots over its eyes—is chosen for this purpose. The person may live several hours after this, or recover even, but it makes no difference to his friends; they have given him over and cannot receive him again.

One man, supposed to be dead, escaped from the "Towers of Silence" after he was exposed to the vultures, but he never dared show himself to his friends. He made his way out of the city and fled to a small village near Surat, where he still lives.

A new tower, recently built, has chains running down the sides, to aid in the escape of persons who may "come to life."

Parsees do not use gas or matches, and the fires for cooking are never allowed to go out. If a family lose their fire by accident, they must borrow of some other Parsee.

They illuminate their dwellings by means of tumblers of oil with short wicks, and one of these is kept burning all day to light the others by at night. They never blow out a light; fire is too holy to be polluted by a human breath.

When the Parsees were driven out of Persia, A. D. 631, by Caliph Omar, they brought their sacred fire to India with them, and they maintain that the same fire is still burning in their fire temples.

At the time of the riots between the Parsees and Mohammedans in Bombay, a few years ago, the former's greatest grievance was that the Mohammedans had entered one of their temples and put out the sacred fire. Parsees are the only Oriental people who do not smoke.

There is a religious significance to all their clothing.

Every woman must wear a silk garment, and all must wear the *suddra* or sacred shirt, whether old or young, male or female, and it must never be left off for a single moment during their natural lives. It is made of white muslin or lace, and is usually embroidered. It shows in front of the gentleman's coat, and below the lady's jacket. Like the Brahmins, the Parsees always wear the sacred thread.

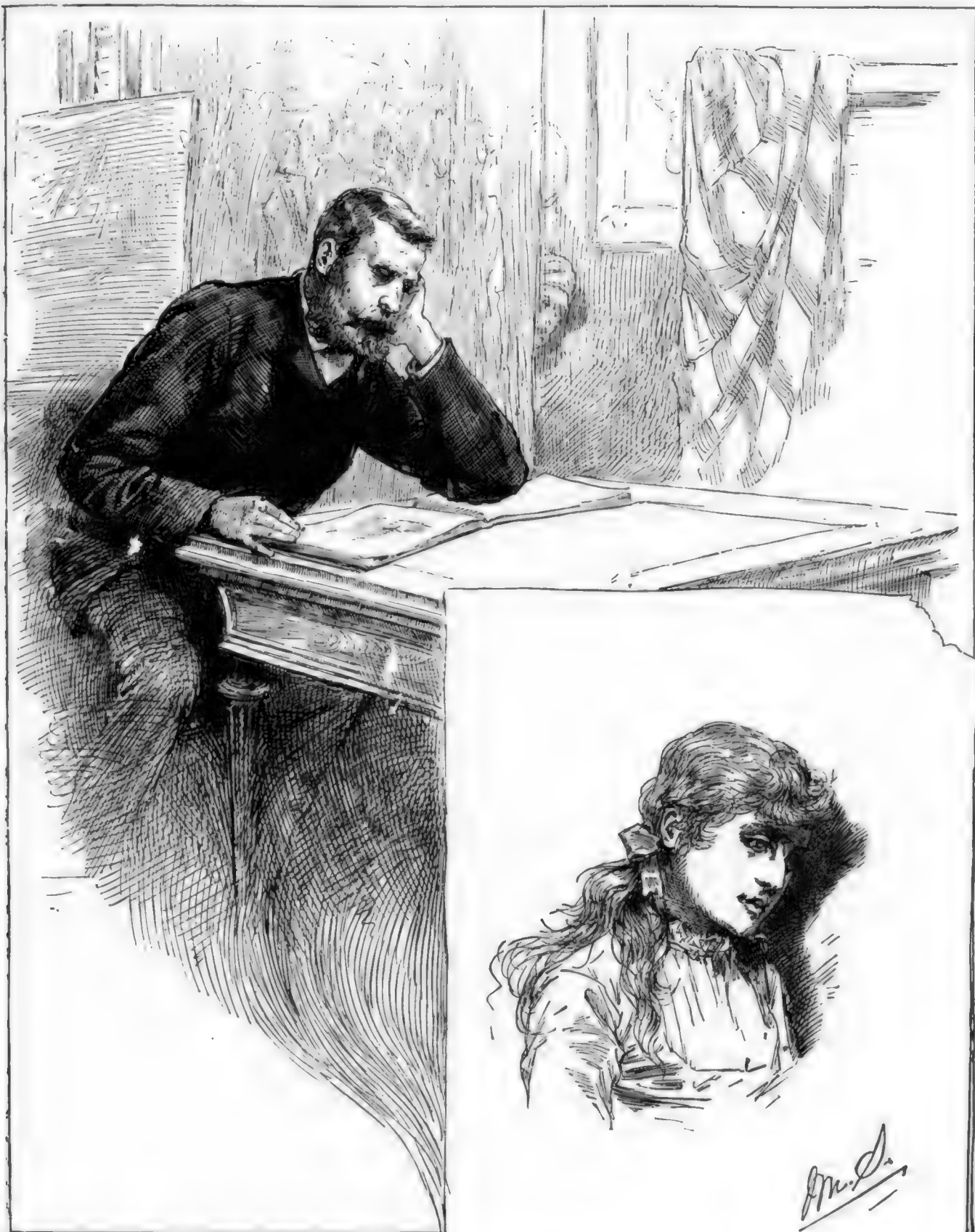
Little girls wear a round cap at all times, whether in the house or out-of-doors. When they are grown up, the cap is changed for a white cloth, which is bound around the head, entirely concealing the hair. They say that evil spirits will seize them by the hair if it is left uncovered.

Boys and men wear the round cap also. The men wear a high turban over the cap when they are on the street, making calls, or in public assemblies. Etiquette demands that the turban shall always be worn in the presence of superiors.

A NATURAL BAROMETER.—In the village of Meyrin (Canton of Geneva), Switzerland, some disused wells have been hermetically sealed to serve as barometers to the people. An orifice about an inch in diameter is made in the cover of the well by which the internal air is put in communication with the external. When the air-pressure outside diminishes on the approach of a storm, the air in the well escapes and blows a whistle in connection with the orifice, and in this way notice of a storm's approach is given to the inhabitants. If, on the contrary, the pressure increases, a different sound is produced by the entry of the air into the well, and the probability of fine weather is announced.



A PARSEE WOMAN AND CHILD.



"HIS HANDS TURNED THE PAGES RAPIDLY, AND HE AT LAST LEFT THE BOOK OPEN AND LOOKED AT IT. IT WAS A GIRLISH FACE—NOT PRETTY, BUT INTERESTING—AND STRANGELY LIKE THE FACE OF MILDRED SOMERLEA."

MILDRED.

ALECK'S LOVE.

HORTON looked at the clock, fingered his pen a while, wrote a little more, then threw down the pen and walked to the window in impatience. Then he looked at the clock in the church-tower on the opposite side of the square, and after fell to dreaming and jingling the things in his pockets. He was a young lawyer, with a wealthy father, and the pleasant room he occupied was his office.

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He was still standing by the window when the sound of footsteps coming rapidly up the stairs made itself audible. A sudden gleam of light shot into the young man's eyes and lit up his face. He sprang toward the door just in time to admit another young man, his best friend.

"Ah! Horton, old fellow!" said the newcomer.

They grasped hands as though they had been parted for years, when, in reality, they met daily.

Damon and Pythias could not have been better friends than Garrie Horton and Aleck Grimshaw. College-chumming, in their case, had started a friendship which bade fair to last as long as their lives. On occasion it amounted to love. They were well suited to each other, and some powerful affinity knit them together.

They were about the same height, but there resemblance ended. Horton was slender to thinness, with a boyish set of features, which even his mustache could not mature—it was a good mustache, too. But he was only twenty-four, while Aleck was twenty-seven. Horton was of the blonde type, with beautiful teeth and complexion and blue eyes. His chin was deeply cleft, and he was as handsome a mate as handsome Aleck could get. Aleck was a contrast to Garrie. He had dark-brown hair and a beard of like color, which was parted after the English fashion. His mustache was lighter and very silky; his brown eyes were filled with a grave, soft light, which played a complementary part to those of Garrie's laughing blue ones. Garrie's right name was Garriot.

"I received your note," said Aleck.

"You did? I suppose you wondered why I should write it?"

"Yes, till I opened it. Before that I was as curious as a woman. So you have something to tell me?"

"Yes, something"—slowly.

Garrie moved one or two of the books upon the table. His light eyebrows went up and frowned simultaneously, and produced a funny expression.

Aleck, who was an artist, thought what a charming picture he would make, and smiled in an amused way as he made a rough guess at the "something."

"Well, Garrie, I hope by this time I am a partially safe depository for a secret."

He smiled outright.

"Oh! Aleck! I know that anything is safe in your keeping."

He reached across the table, gained strong possession of Aleck's hand, and held it while he talked. It was a connecting-link of sympathy. There was nothing "Molly-coddlish" about it. They loved one another in a strong, manly fashion, and when they were alone together were not ashamed to show it. But a test was coming.

"I—I won't say it is nothing, because I think it a great thing. I suppose you have been in love, Aleck?"

"Ah! so that is it!" said Aleck; but he did not at first answer the question. Then he dropped his eyes to his friend's hand in his, and he said: "Yes, I was in love once, Garrie, but she was too young, and I would not tie her down, to perhaps love some other man afterward."

Garrie went swiftly on, with no sign but a firm pressure on his friend's hand.

"Well, I believe I have met the woman, Aleck, whom I should love to marry. I have known her for some time. She, too, is young—about twenty—beautiful of course—"

"Mine was not," said Aleck, softly but sweetly, as though he thought no less of her for that.

"And she seems of a charming disposition. But I want you to see her and tell me if you read anything unpleasing in her general nature. They say lovers are blind, and it may be I do not see that in her which would make us both unhappy if we married."

He spoke in a straight, loving, honest way, and Aleck understood it. It told him that Garrie wanted him to

like the wife he chose, that their friendship might, in a measure, continue.

"So," went on Horton, "you must meet her. First at a ball, where you will be able to see her beauty, and then at her home. Will you go to the Anonymous Club tomorrow? She rides on Graves's coach in the afternoon, and will be at the party."

He rose, looking at the face of his friend.

"Yes, certainly; with all my heart. But I know if she satisfies you she suits me."

"Thanks, old fellow! Well, we must see the parade together, and I will show her to you then."

What more they did that day was of no importance, but the next afternoon found Aleck wending his way to Horton's office.

He was not much of a society man, and would rather hear and see Garrie than the most beautiful woman—so, at least, he told himself. But his thoughts would wander, this day more than ever, to a time in his past, when he spent the Summer vacation in the country, and had for next neighbor a most lovable child, who had no idea of her position as heiress, and deemed her sixteen years but a drop in the bucket of her life. Therefore, with all the years that awaited her, she could afford to spend her days as she wished, and roamed at will, free-hearted, and hated her lessons as a boy does. Now she must be twenty—ah, here was Garrie's—and with a quaint expression of face; not large, not tall, nor yet small. How strange that he could not forget that child! And then he reached Garrie's room.

"It should pass in a quarter of an hour," said Garrie.

"Have you proposed yet, Garrie?" asked Aleck.

"Oh, no; I could not do it. I have not had time. I have never intimated that I loved her."

"At the ball, Garrie, you go first—early—and ask her for a dance for me. I have the drawing club to attend, and shall not be able to leave before ten. Tell her I am your friend—your best, Garrie—and write me down for a square dance. Then we can talk it out."

"Very well, I will."

The crowd assembled on the pavement below them to wait for the coaches. They soon began to murmur, and then to shout, as the coaches came in sight. Horton's office was on the second floor, and the gay companies on the coach-tops were almost up to the windows.

"There she is, Aleck! There—see! On the box-seat beside Graves!"

The young lady turned, and smilingly bowed to the excited Garrie.

"Isn't she beautiful! How I envy Graves! By Jove!"

Aleck said never a word. He sat like one in a dream, as the remainder passed. A sense of being in the country filled him. Something brought up the laughing face of a young girl whose gray eyes were the only beauty she possessed. He scarcely saw Garrie's idol.

Garrie took him to supper, and then they separated.

The drawing club was over, and Aleck passed into the brilliant rooms at the Anonymous. The music was playing, and he leaned against the wall to await the dance's end, when he might hunt up Garrie. In some measure, it saddened him to hear the exquisite music. He had come to see and pass judgment upon Garrie's love. He knew it was for mere form's sake; that Garrie would let no decision of another's have weight with him; and a melancholy pain forced itself out in the form of a sigh, when he thought how much Garrie's wife would take of Garrie's heart. What was her name? he wondered. Why, Garrie had not mentioned it! How ridiculous!

At that moment some one tapped him on the arm

lightly with a fan, and he realized that the music had ceased, and some one—a young lady—was standing before him with a half-smile on her lips. She was on the arm of a gentleman—afterward, Aleck could not tell who. She had bright, brown hair that shone like burnished copper, and her eyes were a pure gray, clear and full of light. He stood perplexed, struggling for and against a feeling that he knew her—the eyes—and then she spoke and he recognized her.

"Ah! You have forgotten me, Mr. Grimshaw, and I knew you at once, in spite of the beard."

She laughed prettily.

Aleck was very pale for an instant, while he spoke.

"Heavens! this is not you! Why, Mildred, how you have changed!"

Her face grew rosy at the admiration in his voice.

"But I suppose I must call you Miss Somerlea now?"

"Oh, no; do not, pray!" was the answer. "I have danced for you—see!"

"Who told you I was coming?"

"Mr. Horton."

Her former partner had melted away in the crowd. Aleck gave her his arm, and led her into one of the quieter rooms. Happy! blissful! he could have sung as his heart was singing! His little sweetheart, grown into a tall, graceful—beauty! He could not quite realize it, and sat back to gaze at her while she talked. She was always picturesque, but this new beauty in her face made her "a joy for ever."

Her features were so clear-cut and delicately distinct! Something seemed to keep the surrounding dull air, as it were, away from her face, and each part of it was imbued with expression. The skin was transparently colorless, but her lips were a vivid carmine. Oh, she was beautiful!

Horton came hurrying up to them.

"Did you come—and meet?" he cried. "I hoped I should have the honor of introducing you."

"There was no need of an introduction," she said.

"Mr. Aleck and I are quite old friends."

"You don't say so. You're a fine one, Aleck, not to tell me you knew Miss Somerlea! Let me write your name on her card, all innocence. Taken to joking, have you!"

Aleck sat dumb. At that moment his heart gave a great throe and ache. He saw that Garrie's love and his were one. He heard himself speaking, like the voice of some one beyond a closed door.

"It was the most delightful surprise in the world. But you never mentioned her name, so how was I to know she was in town?"

"Really? Well, no wonder you were surprised?"

He never noticed the life was gone out of Aleck's tones.

"But you told me you had often spoken of me with Mr. Grimshaw. Pray how did you speak of me?" asked Mildred, who regarded it as a great joke.

"How—what did I say, Aleck?" said Horton, his face a puzzle, his eyes radiant with mirth.

"He said, Miss Mildred, that you were the prettiest young lady that could be here, or words to that effect, and held out our introduction as an inducement for me to come. I should not have heeded it under ordinary circumstances, but something told me I should be repaid for coming, and I have met you."

Garrie smiled, very broadly indeed.

Mildred laughed, and said: "Thank you! I see you have added flattery to your other accomplishments."

"I never flatter, but one does not meet a beauty every

day in the week, and it brings out my admiration when I do."

"There is our waltz, and your soul is spared further sinning!" she cried. "I made it a waltz, because I do not like the lancers and always talk them out, and I did not care to talk so much with a stranger. That was before I knew it was you, when Mr. Horton said he had a friend to present to me, and wrote the name down."

That waltz was full of miserable happiness to Aleck. He held her in his arms, the sweet, exquisite face nearer his own than it ever would be again. She it was upon whom he was to pass judgment. If he said aught, he would say too little to prevent saying too much. If that music would only stop, or else play on for ever! What would eternity be without her—or with her! By that time, most likely, Garrie would be tired of her, and then Aleck could claim her, and, in his heaven, would never grow weary. He had never looked so handsome. A deep glory filled his eyes. He felt he could die then and there. Life without her must be a dreary sort of existence, and even his patient philosophy had no power against his love. He had always dreamed of going back to seek her, and trying to win her heart. He had lived and striven for her. For her, he had eschewed evil and tried to live a blameless existence. Some odd, indefinable charm about her had drawn him to her; and now, with her beauty, she had made it impossible for him to love any one else.

The last notes died away; the last, slackening steps were taken; Aleck's arm fell from about her waist with a lingering tenderness, and it was over. He walked around the ballroom with her till her next partner came. He tried to lose the knowledge he had gained, to imagine her perfectly free, and for a few moments enjoyed the delusion.

Then Horton came along. On his arm leaned a tall, fair woman, young, beautiful, with glorious brown eyes. Aleck bowed, and Garrie and his companion bowed to Mildred. Garrie made a sign to Aleck by means of his facial expression, but his friend did not comprehend it. Then Mildred's partner claimed her. Aleck lingered a moment to say he was going home at once. Would Miss Mildred bid him good-night? A fleeting shadow crossed her face.

"So soon? Well, if you must, good-night." She held out her hand, and thus he bade her good-by.

He did not seek Garrie; could not. He hurried away like one with a crime at his door; went to his rooms, wrote several letters, took one to Garrie's office and dropped it in the letter-box, and then returned to his room, where he packed his trunk and valise, left written instructions to several people, and then he was ready to go.

He went into his studio and lit the gas. He bade fair to be an artist of mark, and had succeeded in a financial way. He was interested in all of his work, but he did not glance at that on hand at the time. He went to a carved chest and took out a sketch-book, and carried it with him to the other room. There he laid it open upon the table and sat down.

The lamplight cast warm depths of shadow upon his face. His stern, sweet eyes and the mouth were full of saddening pain. His hands turned the pages rapidly, and he at last left the book open and looked at it.

The sketch was rough, but masterly. It was a girlish face—not pretty, but interesting, and strangely like the face of Mildred Somerlea. The set of the small head upon the shoulders and the laughing eyes were like hers, and beneath the picture was "M. S."



THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG EXPLORER.—BIDDING ADIEU TO CIVILIZATION, AT ARÉCIFE.

He sat there, his elbows on the table, till night made ungracious way for dawn. He spoke once, and then it sounded dismally. He cried aloud, wearily :

"O Love ! O Love !"

In the morning a pale, haggard Aleck boarded a West-bound train, and, in his office, Garrie, first with a hard, set face, next wonder, and then almost horror, read Aleck's letter :

"DEAR GARRIE: When this reaches you I shall be on my way to the West. I do not think you saw, last night, through what will affect both our after lives. Oh, my friend, you know my love for you, and that I desire your happiness above all else ! Let, then, no thought of me interfere with it. One of us must have suffered ; it is best that it be I.

"If you had but told me her name ! When first you told me that you loved her I felt sad at the slight break it must make in our intercourse, but happy that you have the blessing of loving. You remember I told you I had loved ? Well, I do still, and when I found that Mildred, the girl you loved, was the one to whom I, too, had given my heart, I saw I must withdraw. Therefore I hurried away, and leave for the great Western mountain region, where I may paint my time and thoughts away.

"Oh ! God bless you, dear fellow ! Treasure her and be true, and never let Mildred Somerlea know that she has unconsciously destroyed my hopes of happiness.

"I will wait over at Chicago, and hope for a short letter—care of the Palmer House. Good-by, my friend, for a time.

"Faithfully yours, ALECK GREMSHAW."



MR. CAMILLE DOULS.

Garrie was wild. He was struck by the sadness in the letter, but through it all a wild desire for ridiculing Aleck's haste came over him. He spent the day driving around town on sundry errands, chiefest of which was to Mildred's. And then he wrote the letter which Aleck received in Chicago. It read :

"MY DEAR OLD CHUM: What a guy you have made of yourself ! I could rail at you if I had you here. What will you wager that you get beyond Chicago ? You won't go on this occasion, at all events.

"Oh ! Aleck ! Aleck !

"I made an engagement early in the evening with my betrothed (notice that) to dance with you. I also put your name down upon the card of a young lady friend who was visiting her, and who rode on the coach with her in the afternoon. I found you and Mildred knew each other, and was glad of it. Admired a certain facility of speech and invention you possessed, and—

"Well, my dear Aleck, my betrothed waited for her dance, and you never came. I had left it vacant on my card on purpose to introduce you, so I took it.

"Do you see ? Is the light breaking in upon you ? For oh ! you precipitate sentimentalist ! I never saw Miss Mildred till two days before that, and Maude Hallon is the name of my sweetheart.

"Have you strength to read the rest ? When I wrote your name upon Miss Somerlea's card she turned red and pale by turns, and Maude says she is desperately in love—with you ! Do you think you will go further West ? Affectionately yours,

6179

"GARRIE.

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG EXPLORER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE NOMAD MOORS OF THE WESTERN SAHARA.

BY MR. CAMILLE DOULS.*

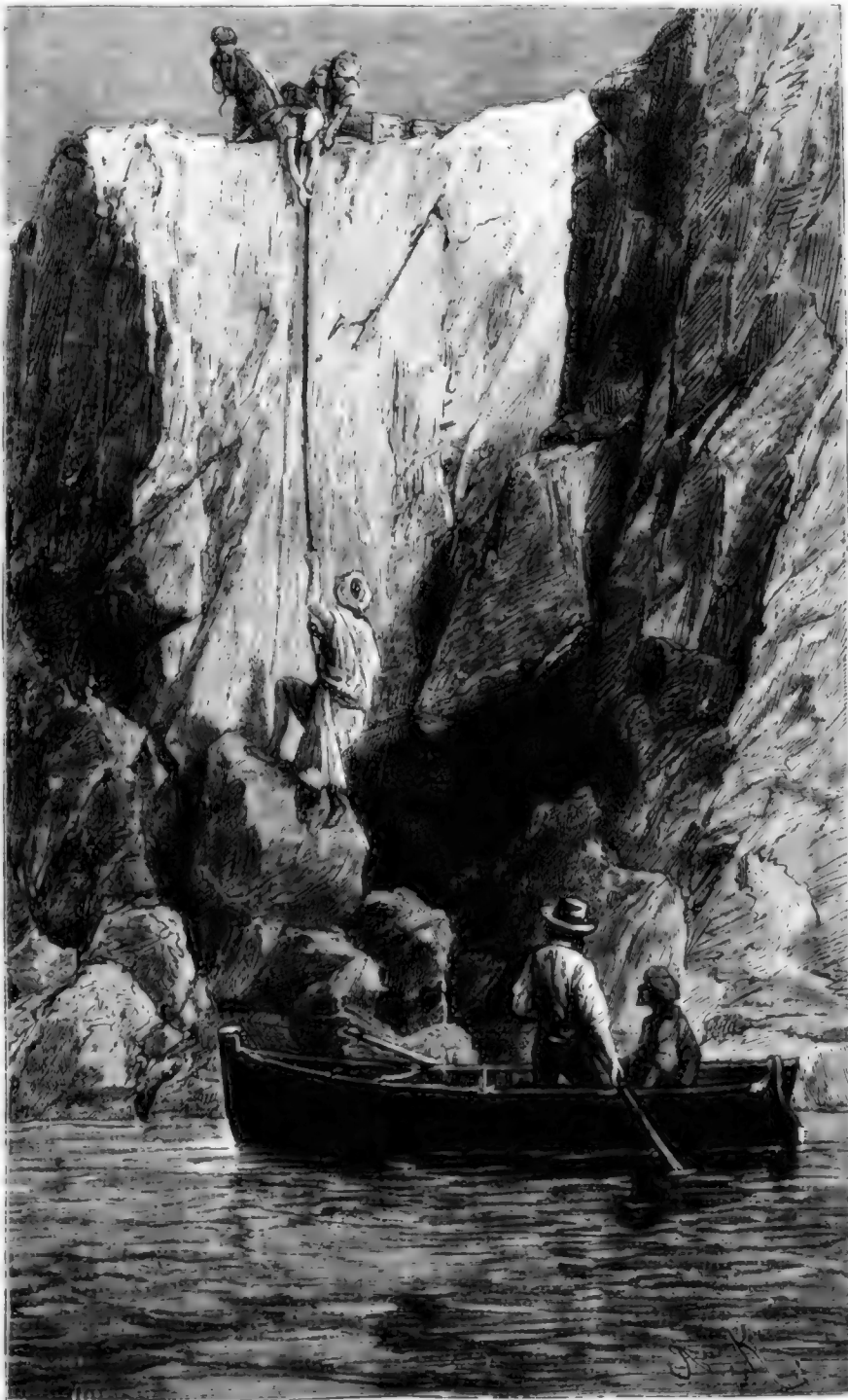
THE southern slope of the Atlas range of Morocco is buttressed by a chain of mountains extending to the south in a direction parallel to the Atlantic coast-line, finally losing itself in the sands of the desert. This chain traverses

two countries of remarkable richness and fertility, and which until recent times have remained independent of the Sultans of Fez and Morocco. The first and most important, bordering upon the Atlas, is El Sous, an agricultural region; the second, much smaller, is Ouad-Noun, which forms the northern frontier of the Sahara, and is especially suitable for the pasturage of flocks and herds. El Sous is inhabited by an autochthonous population, the Chleuh Berbers, who have a language and customs peculiar to themselves. The inhabitants of Ouad-Noun are an intermediate race between the Berbers and the nomad Moors of the Western Sahara.

Muley Hassan, the present Sultan of Morocco, had no sooner mounted the throne, than his eyes were turned covetously toward this region beyond the Atlas, with which he was familiar through his youthful experience as a commander of his father's troops in the south. His ambition was finally gratified; and in the early part of 1886, the conquest of El Sous and Ouad-Noun, as the result of two memorable expeditions, was signalized in Morocco by a series of splendid and solemn festivals lasting several weeks. Jealous of his prize, Muley Hassan has undertaken to guard it even from the eyes of

Europeans. He has planted garrisons at all the inhabited points along the coast, and placed the governors of these garrisons under orders to seize and incarcerate all Europeans discovered on the territory, without exception.

It was after a sojourn in Morocco, where I had learned the Arabic tongue and studied Mussulman customs, that I formed the project of visiting this famous country of El Sous, this veritable Garden of the Hesperides, so carefully guarded by the Sultan. From the first it was my absolute conviction that the only practicable means of penetrating the region without attracting the attention of the native authorities was by passing among them as a coreligionist. The chief difficulty lay in finding a point of departure. Known as I was in Southern Morocco, it would have been imprudent to attempt to cross the Atlas in disguise. On the other hand, the approach by a southern route, by way of Senegal and the Sahara, would have taken me amongst the suspicious sedentary Moors, where my rôle of Mussulman would be full



ASCENDING THE CLIFFS OF THE SAHARA COAST.

of difficulties and hazard. Finally, in pursuance of my fixed idea, I determined to advance from the south, by penetrating the Sahara directly from the coast, near the southern boundaries of Morocco, and presenting myself to the natives as a Mussulman from a foreign country. If, as I hoped, they would accept me as such, I might proceed northward, traversing Ouad-Noun and El Sous without attracting notice, and finally reaching Morocco by the Atlas. With this project in mind, and my itinerary carefully traced out in advance,

* Condensed from the original narrative of the explorer.

I provided myself with letters from the Minister of Foreign Affairs to our French representatives at Morocco and elsewhere, and embarked at Havre for the Canary Isles.

It was on the 20th of December, 1886, that I landed at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, and found myself at once in a delicious, balmy climate, where the luxurious tropical foliage, the manners and customs of the people—all that is characteristic of these Fortunate Isles, formed a most striking contrast with the chill and cloudy Europe which I had so recently quitted. The French Consul, Baron de Chasseriau, furnished me with abundant information concerning the barbarity of the wild Moors of the neighboring coast of Africa which I proposed to visit, and assured me that I would not find a soul in all the Canaries who would consent to accompany me on such an expedition. However, he listened to my persuasions, and finally, entering into my plans and ambitions with the utmost courtesy, he offered what seemed to be a practicable suggestion for the attainment of my object. The Northwestern African Company, which owns Cape Juby, on the African coast, has a branch establishment at Las Palmas, on the Grand Canary Island. Communication between the two points is maintained by means of a schooner, and in one of the periodical trips of this vessel I might find my opportunity.

I at once proceeded to Las Palmas, arriving there on the second day of January, 1887. The company's English manager there promptly and emphatically declared that the undertaking which I proposed was not to be thought of for a moment—that he was simply acting the part of a philanthropist in refusing to aid me in my rash design. It was the same with all the scientific and other personages to whom I was presented. They were courteous and sympathetic, and unmistakably manifested their interest in me; but none of them had encouragement to offer. As a last resort, they intimated, I might apply to the fishermen of the Island of Lanzarote, who alone frequented the savage coast.

Lanzarote is twelve hours by steamer from Las Palmas. Aréciffe, a place of some 4,000 inhabitants, is the port and capital of the island. Upon my arrival there I put up at the *Fonda Italiana*, the only hotel. I was the first Frenchman who had visited the island for some years; and in a very short time the whole community had heard of me and of my purpose of going to the coast of the savage Moors. At first I was regarded with amazement, then with incredulity, and finally with a kind of mingled pity and admiration.

The person who seemed most likely to be of service to me was Dr. Lorenzo Cabrera, the functions of whose office of sanitary inspector placed him in continual relations with the fisherfolk. He, like the rest of the islanders, held up the wild Moors to my imagination as a terrible bugbear; but he listened to my reasoning, and apparently surrendered. The next day, the *Carmita*, one of two fishing-schooners that had been out, returned to Aréciffe. Dr. Cabrera presented me to the skipper, whereupon that bold seaman, himself the son of an old French soldier of the Empire, laid his hand solemnly upon my shoulder, and, without permitting me to say a word, refused in the most solemn and decisive manner to take me where I was bent upon going, either for love or for money. Disappointed and desperate, but not discouraged, I was actually making preparations to embark in an open boat—a kind of pleasure-skiff, which a native merchant was willing to let me have for a consideration—when Dr. Cabrera, having heard the news, called upon me in a state of violent excitement, and entered a most emphatic protest.

"*Por dios!*" he exclaimed, "have patience for a day or two. The *Adelaida* will probably arrive to-morrow, and I give you my promise that I will do my utmost to induce her captain to take you on his next trip."

The *Adelaida*, the second fishing-schooner, came in as expected, the next day. The captain, who called himself Don Camilio, called upon me in company with his mate, and, having been already informed of my project by Dr. Cabrera, at once declared himself at my service. "In a few days," he said, "I am to sail for the fishing-grounds off the Rio de Oro and Cape Blanco, and if you desire it, I can hasten my departure by two or three days." After the various details had been arranged, he added: "They say you propose to go among the Moors, in the disguise of a Mohammedan; that is something I know little about; you think you can succeed, that is enough. All I have to do is to transport you thither. If you like, we will touch at Cape Bojador, which is a convenient landing-place, and much frequented by the Moors. But before you set out, reflect; for it won't do to be frightened at the last minute, when you come in sight of those shock-headed savages, with their poniards in their hands." I assured him that even if I were afraid, he should never perceive it. "You are a brave boy, and I should feel very sorry if anything happened to you!" he exclaimed, grasping my hand warmly. He then announced that we should leave on the evening of the second day after this interview.

Sending my adieux to my relatives and friends, I at the same time wrote to the French Consul of the Canaries, announcing my departure; also to the Minister of Foreign Affairs at home, and to the Consuls at Tangier and Mogador, recommending myself to their kind offices, and begging them to use their influence in my behalf in case I should get into trouble in the course of my explorations on the Sultan's territory. My personal preparations were simple. Meaning to travel as a *tagère* (Mussulman merchant), I had two small wooden boxes made, and corded for convenience in carrying, in which I packed such merchandise as I was to make pretense of peddling. Dressed in the flowing garments which I had brought from Morocco, I embarked, one Monday evening early in January, 1887, being accompanied to the dock by a considerable portion of the population of Aréciffe, and by Dr. Cabrera, to whose kindness I was indebted for the opportunity of making the voyage. As the schooner raised anchor a favoring breeze sprang up, the sails filled, and we headed for Cape Bojador. From the stern I watched the rapidly diminishing Island of Lanzarote; and as the *silhouette* of Aréciffe was on the point of disappearing in the twilight, I waved for the last time the capacious sleeve of my burnoose, thus bidding my final adieu to civilization.

All night the breeze wafted us along, bearing a balmy perfume reminiscent of the gardens of Orotava and Las Palmas. The next day we were in view of the African coast, and the fishermen hoped, if the wind held out, to reach Cape Bojador the same evening. This we actually did; but darkness having fallen, a landing could not be made, and the captain decided to tack about until day-break. During the greater part of the night the fishermen, crowded in the cabin beneath the glimmer of a smoky lamp, regaled me with horrible tales of the Moors; but I had grown accustomed to these recitals, and listened unmoved.

"How old are you?" one of them asked me, suddenly interrupting a blood-curdling narrative which had been calculated to make me reconsider my rash purpose.

"Twenty-two years," I replied.

"Why, a mere child!"

And, crossing himself, he consigned me to Divine protection with paternal solicitude.

At the dawn of day, when we were able to examine the coast, it appeared that, notwithstanding the manœuvring of the vessel, we had been driven a long way south of our intended destination. A return in the face of the wind was not to be thought of, and I determined to make a landing upon the rocky coast which we were now skirting. We anchored not far from a promontory, which the fishermen recognized as Cape Garnet. A boat was lowered, and, after shaking hands with all on board the schooner, I took my place in the skiff with the mate and four of the crew. We pulled off, and soon landed at the foot of the granite cliffs. The mate and two of the men clambered up first with a cord, and aided my ascension of this rugged coast of the Sahara, after which my boxes were hoisted up in the same manner, together with a basket of provisions which they insisted upon leaving with me. I gave them each a "backsheesh" at parting, whereupon they overwhelmed me with benedictions, then descended to their boat and rowed off to the schooner.

My first sensation upon finding myself alone on that desert coast was not one of fear. I did not as yet realize the danger to which I was exposing myself; I was young, and had confidence in my lucky star. Something within told me that I should not lose my life in this adventure. The schooner, with swelling sails, was scudding off before the wind. I knew that the gaze of all on board was fixed upon the rock where I stood, and that a sign would yet bring them back to me; but I remained motionless, and watched the white sails until they dwindled into a speck on the horizon's verge, and then disappeared.

Looking about me, I beheld the Great Desert in all its sterility, its siliceous soil sprinkled with stones, with clumps of parched, meagre bushes here and there, while lines of low hills extended in endless, wavy succession to the eastern horizon. Some distance to the north, a herd of dromedaries was visible. I decided to go thither in search of the Moors.

Having concealed my boxes and my basket of provisions behind a rock, removed my turban, placed my revolver in the hood of my burnoose, and a curved poniard in my belt, I approached the herd of dromedaries. A little African, as naked as a worm, was taking them to pasture. I called to him in Arabic; but at sight of me he set up a frightened cry, and made off as fast as his legs could carry him. The dromedaries themselves regarded me with considerable uneasiness. Continuing my march, I came across two other herds of these same animals of the desert, guarded by slaves who fled precipitately at my approach. I have since learned that the general panic at my appearance was caused by my pale face and my white garments—particularly the latter, as the inhabitants of the desert, presumably on account of the scarcity of water, wear only dark-colored fabrics which "don't show the dirt."

Finally, after a long walk, tired, thirsty and burnt by the sun, I was about to throw myself upon the sands for a rest, when, in the distance, I perceived four Moors. I hastened forward to meet them. Two of them were young men, the others older. Clad in the skins of beasts, half naked, their long, matted hair falling to their shoulders, poniard in belt and gun in hand, they advanced, talking together with animation, and evidently excited at my apparition.

I addressed myself to the eldest of the party, offering

my hand, and wishing him, according to the Arab custom, "the peace of God." He recoiled, and, regarding me with an evil eye, felt for his weapon. The other savages, meanwhile, were eying me with an expression in which it was easy to read at once their astonishment at hearing me speak; their doubt, and then their conviction, from my appearance, that I was a Christian; and, finally, their desire to plunder and to kill me.

In reply to the brusque demand of the one to whom I had first addressed myself, I explained in the gentlest manner possible, that I was "a slave of the Most High, an Algerian merchant, whom Providence had cast upon that coast."

At this moment, one of the young Moors snatched my Mussulman's chaplet from my neck, while pretending to examine it with admiration. The other extracted my revolver from the hood of my burnoose.

Resenting this offensive familiarity, I made a quick movement to recover my property, when I felt myself seized from behind and violently thrown to the ground. The oldest Moor, who was called Mohammed el-Medhi, placed his foot on my neck and held me down, while the others bound me; and when I gasped for breath under this brutal pressure, one of my assailants struck me a heavy blow upon the mouth with the handle of his yataghan, breaking two teeth. As the blood gushed forth, and I was near fainting from the pain, the savages began to strip me, cutting the garments from my body with their knives when they did not readily yield. When they came to the leathern money-belt which I had had made at Lanzarote, they severed it by recklessly plunging a sharp blade between it and the bare skin. As the money was scattered on the ground, a Moorish woman with two children, passing on their way to a tent near by, joined in the scramble. The cries which arose brought out the woman's husband, one Ibrahim ould Mohammed. The pillage completed, there arose a second dispute, more violent than the first, as to whether I should be made away with, and my body flung into the sea, or whether Ibrahim should retain me as his slave. Happily, the latter's arguments and apparent influence prevailed, and I was led to Ibrahim's tent, after having a portion of my garments restored to me.

The tent was of a coarse camel's-hair fabric, so like the ground of the desert in color that at a short distance it was undistinguishable. Weak and burning with thirst, I penetrated the low entrance, and sank upon the matting that formed the floor, asking at once for something to drink. "Eliazize, give the Christian a drink," commanded Ibrahim. A half-clad young girl of twelve years brought a wooden vessel filled with brackish, muddy water, and held it to my lips, while I drank with avidity.

The news of the arrival of a Christian quickly spread through the camp, and Moors began to arrive at Ibrahim's tent, gun in hand, to salute the family in fraternal fashion, and then seat themselves around me in a circle. Then followed a series of interrogations as to my country, race, etc. When I declared myself an Algerian Mussulman, they said:

"A Mussulman would not arrive by the sea. Only Christians and infidels go on the water."

"I am the slave of the Most High, and go and come according to His all-wise decrees," I replied.

"Proclaim that God is God, and Mahomet his prophet."

I repeated the formula, at which the Moors whispered among themselves, some of the old men venturing the opinion that I might possibly be a Mussulman; but the greater number insisted that I must be a Christian, because I had arrived by the sea.

While this discussion was going on, and the women and children were cutting the buttons off my clothes for ornaments, the tent was suddenly invaded by three or four men of ferocious aspect, who loudly demanded of my host a share of the booty. Upon being refused, they laid hold of me, and crying, "Then we'll cut your Christian's throat!" endeavored to drag me from the tent. I had just time to throw one arm about a tent-peg, to which I clung desperately, while a struggle went on over my prostrate form, ending in Ibrahim's pointing his gun at the aggressors, and threatening to fire upon the first who should advance. The fellows finally withdrew, muttering terrible imprecations against me; and for some time I could hear shots and angry cries in the distance.

I was now alone in the tent with the young girl who had brought me water to drink. Seeing me prostrate

The last words she whispered gently in my ear, and their friendly tone conveyed so much of consolation that I sought to press her hand in gratitude. She shrank back timidly at first, then, after looking about to see that we were alone, shyly put out her little hand, saying: "You know, Abd el-Malek, it is forbidden for the men to touch the women, with us."

Several women of the camp now came in to gaze upon the Christian; and they were mostly quite attractive, in their savage beauty, with melting black eyes, white and regular teeth, and majestic carriage. They were full of curiosity and mischievous laughter. One of them cautioned me to silence, and, with a gesture expressive of throat-cutting, added, "Be sure you don't go out, or you'll be killed."

When my host returned to the tent, he informed me that



IN THE HANDS OF THE MOORS.

and exhausted, she approached, and asked me my name. I replied that it was Abd el-Malek.

"Tell me, Abd el-Malek, why are you a Christian?" And she looked at me with an expression of lively interest in her large black eyes.

"Do you know," I said in reply, "that the men of your country are very wicked? Why have they robbed and beaten me in this manner? I am, like you, a faithful servitor; and yet your brothers have sought to kill me."

"But why did you come by the sea? Only the infidels do that. But do not be afraid. Ibrahim our Mohammed is kind, and you will remain with us. Listen to me, Abd el-Malek. Some of the brothers in this *rhiam* (camp) are very bad; you must show yourself a good Mussulman. I, myself, will tell every one that you are a faithful servant of our Master."

I was to remain a prisoner until it could be ascertained to a certainty whether I was Christian or Mussulman. It was now near the hour of sunset. A Moor with a stentorian voice stood in the middle of the camp, and, turning to the four points of the compass, called the faithful to prayer. Ibrahim called me to follow him into the midst of the camp, where the nomads ranged themselves in line, with their veiled faces turned toward the east, for the preliminary ceremony of ablution. This was performed by rubbing the hands and face with sand, instead of water. The *imam* (priest) then raised his hands and chanted the *Fātiha*, which is the opening chapter of the Koran. The others followed the recital in lower tones, and bowed their heads to the earth. The fervent devotions of these savage Moors, amidst the vast solitude of the desert, with the sun sinking into the ocean on the



THE QUARREL OVER THE BOOTY.



FORGING FETTERS UPON THE CAPTIVE'S FEET.

one hand, and the purple shades of twilight deepening on the other, formed a strangely impressive spectacle.

Night fell rapidly, and the Moors returned to their tents. My host's family consisted of father, mother, five children (two of whom were girls), one servant and a slave. A brush fire was lighted at the opening of the tent, around which the family seated themselves while the animals were coming in from pasture, and while the evening meal was preparing. The camel's milk was brought in a large wooden vessel, and divided equally amongst the members of the family, apparently constituting the sole repast of the day. After prayer, came bedtime. The servants went to sleep outside with the cattle. The father, mother and children extended themselves upon the matting, and, crowding close together for warmth, drew the family coverlet over them. I, too, lay on the floor of the tent, and, exhausted by the fatigues and adventures of the day, felt a heavy sleep bearing down my eyelids.

Before sunrise the next morning the family was roused by its chief calling to prayer. Faint and feverish, I arose with difficulty and went out, shivering as the cold, damp morning air fell upon my bare shoulders. I went through the prayer with Ibrahim, and, when it was over, he said: "Very good. I am pleased with you, Abd el-Malek. God grant that you are a Mussulman!"

I now thought of my two boxes of merchandise, which I had hidden on the cliffs upon my arrival, and felt great anxiety lest they should have been found. I decided to confide the matter to my host, and thus, perhaps, to further establish myself in his good graces. He heard with evident approval, and went his way. Half an hour later, he returned with a saddled dromedary and ten armed Moors, who seated themselves in a circle to listen to the words of one of their number.

"This fellow," declared the spokesman, "is a Christian, and his story about the boxes is a lie. The truth is, that he has come among us as a spy, and his friends are hiding over there among the rocks, awaiting the signal to fall upon and kill us. Beware! for these Christians are all knaves and traitors."

These sentiments being received with approbation, he went on to inquire if two Moors, who had been sent out to the cliffs to watch the previous night, had returned. None knew. They had, no doubt, been slain by the friends of the Christian.

"Let us go in search of our brothers!" cried the young men: "and if we do not find them we can avenge them upon the captive here." An older Moor proposed that I should be taken to the rocks, and if the boxes were not found there, my treachery would be proven. "But first," he said, "let him be put in irons, so that he cannot escape."

A pair of shackles being brought, I was thrown upon the ground, and the irons were riveted upon my ankles with the aid of a mallet and a species of small anvil. Then, with my hands pinioned behind my back, I was placed upon a dromedary, and the whole party started off eagerly in search of the promised booty. They soon became impatient, and began making the most diabolical threats of vengeance, in case I had deceived. I became terribly anxious myself lest the boxes should have disappeared; but finally, after a long and almost despairing search, I was rejoiced to discover my treasures undisturbed in the spot where I had left them.

The Moors sprang forward with exultant cries, but Ibrahim, leveling his gun, enforced a peaceful division of the spoils. The packages were burst and cut open, and the necklaces, the bracelets, earrings, glass trinkets,

perfumery, needles and thread, etc., were divided amongst the party, the women securing also the pasteboard boxes, papers, strings and other litterment of unpacking. The Moors were unfamiliar with most of the articles, and even attempted to eat some cakes of scented toilet soap, which they mistook for sweetmeats. It was indeed a singular spectacle which they presented, surrounded by their plunder, holding their poniards in one hand and their chaplets in the other, thanking the Almighty for the riches He had so kindly thrown in their way.

They emptied my basket of provisions, also; but I had taken the precaution that it should contain nothing which might compromise my assumed character. With mistaken kindness, however, the good Canary fishermen had, unknown to me, slipped in a box of sardines in oil. The Moors, fortunately, did not know what these were, and I persuaded them that the box contained medicine; whereupon Ibrahim stowed it away, to be employed in the future as a universal panacea.

Meanwhile, a new and terrible danger was hanging over my head. The greater part of the company, absorbed in the contemplation and exchange of their prizes, began to disperse, and Ibrahim also withdrew, in consultation with two or three friends, leaving me alone on the sand where I had been laid, in my helpless condition, upon arrival. Four or five young savages, whom I recognized as the same that had attacked me in Ibrahim's tent the night before, had been watching for this opportunity. They now sprang upon me, bandaged my mouth before I could cry out, and quickly scooping a hole in the sand with their knives and the covers of my boxes, proceeded to bury me in a perpendicular position. The sand was packed in around my body, leaving only my head above ground. Almost paralyzed by astonishment and fright, I now began to suffer terrible agonies in my cramped position. A veil of blood seemed to hang before my eyes. The hot sand burned my body like molten lead, and the bandage about my mouth would soon have suffocated me, had not my torturers removed it in order to prolong my sufferings. They danced about me like fiends, and then prepared to leave me to die, having first placed a vessel of water near my head, where I could see but not reach it.

It seemed now that my fate was sealed, for I was fast losing both strength and consciousness; still, my presence of mind did not entirely desert me, and in a feeble, choked voice I began mumbling verses from the Koran. This act was my salvation. The effect upon the Moors was instantaneous and startling. They exchanged looks of consternation, and, striking their foreheads, exclaimed:

"Misfortune upon our heads! He was not a Christian, after all!"

They instantly took me from the sand, unbound my hands, placed me upon a dromedary, and conducted me back to the camp. There we found two richly clad strangers, mounted upon white camels, who turned out to be the young Sidi Ahmed el-Bakkai, son of a great *chérif* of Adrar, and his secretary. The Moorish prince, a youth of singular beauty and gentleness, took me compassionately by the hand, and, looking into my face with his large, pensive, melancholy black eyes, expressed the hope that I was a good Mussulman. I repeated the formula with him, whereupon he lifted his gaze to the heavens in prayer, called me "brother," and assured me that I should return safely to "father, mother—sweetheart, perhaps," who awaited me in tears. Turning to the Moors of the camp, who stood around in respectful silence, he said:

"My brothers, I regard this man as a true believer.

You have done wrong thus to enchain and rob him ; but God is great and merciful. Maltreat your brother no longer, for to have upon your head the blood of a Mussulman who is your guest, will be your eternal perdition."

With these words, the young *chérif* drew his veil over his face, remounted his white camel, and, after a parting benediction upon all, rode off with his companion over the desert.

The next day I received a visit from one Sidi Mahmoud, a *chérif* and *thaleb* (scribe) from Taflelt, and a compatriot of his named Razz'r. The *chérif* had traveled amongst the town-dwelling Moors of the coast, and was held in high esteem as a personage of superior learning and experience. I was put through a long examination by this *savant* of the Sahara, who made a profound impression upon the ignorant Moors by pronouncing, in the course of his interrogations as to my country, the names of all the places, real and imaginary, in Europe and Africa, that he had heard of in the course of his travels. I easily baffled his arguments, but could not convince him that I was a true Mussulman, as the old question of my arrival by the sea kept constantly springing up.

Sidi Mahmoud finally declared even his science insufficient to make me out. There was but one man in all the Sahara capable of getting at the truth of the matter, and that was the Sheik Mel-Aynin, chief of the nomads. It was agreed, therefore, that my case should at once be laid before this autocrat of the desert. The *chérif* wrote out a report of his examination, and of the history of my capture, together with an inventory of the articles taken from me.

After his departure, as I lay upon the sand, half asleep, my body gratefully absorbing the voluptuous warmth of the sunshine, the young Moorish girl Eliazize stole to my side for a few moments of sympathetic conversation.

The talk, as usual, turned upon the question of my orthodoxy. She did not think me wicked enough to be a Christian, she said. Anyway, it was a shame that I was kept in irons, as, otherwise, I might become a useful member of the tribe, go out with the other men on their raids, and in time accumulate herds of my own.

"Suppose I were, indeed, a Christian?" I asked.

"Oh, I should be very sorry, for then my brothers would kill you. But I would help you to escape. I would go to the cliffs and signal one of those floating tents of the Christians, which we can see sometimes far out on the sea, and they would come and take you away."

"You are a good child, Eliazize," I said, moved by this gentleness and devotion; "but I do not want to run away with the Christians. I am a Mussulman, and you can do me a greater service by persuading your people to recognize me as such."

The expedition which was to conduct me to the camp of the Sheik Mel-Aynin, a long distance toward the interior of the country, where no European had as yet penetrated, set out the very next morning. I rode with Ibrahim at the head of the *cortège*, and three or four Moors followed. It was a three days' journey, and at every encampment which we passed the general curiosity to see, question, and sometimes to abuse, "the Christian," caused me some embarrassment and vexation. Every evening I joined in the prayers with fervor, and my piety in some instances dispelled previous prejudice. I, also, took occasion to learn as much as I could about the Sheik Mel-Aynin, who, as I was already aware, had sent emissaries to attempt the assassin-

ation of the Spanish explorers of Adrar—Messrs. Quiroga and Cervera—the year before. Mel-Aynin was reputed very rich and very saintly. He had hundreds of camels, and four wives—the latter a rare circumstance among the nomads, who are all monogamists. It was also claimed that he wrought miracles, having only lately, so rumor said, restored a camel to life, after it had been killed in a fight.

On the third day we arrived at the headquarters of the great chief, whose large, bell-shaped canvas tent, of European manufacture, rose conspicuously in the midst of a large encampment of warriors and pilgrims of various desert tribes. Some of these savages were very eager to lay violent hands upon the "Christian from the sea," but my companions succeeded in conducting me safely to the audience-tent of the holy sheik—a smaller structure than the one he lived in, but also of canvas. I was placed at the opening of the tent, in front of the sheik, where he could observe me while engaged in dispensing blessings and holy sand to the nomads who had come long marches over the desert to obtain them.

Seated cross-legged upon a rich rug, with his attendants about him, Mel-Aynin looked like a Turkish or Indian potentate. With veiled face, head enveloped in an enormous turban, and form wrapped in a flowing *haik* of azure blue, nothing of his person was visible save his brilliant eyes, and the two hands which rested upon his knees. At a word from him, the attendant *tolbas* beckoned me to approach, which I did amidst a silence broken only by the clanking of my chains. After I had kissed his hand, according to the custom, he bade me be seated beside him, and asked me a few brief but kindly questions. I spoke of Algeria as my native country, and told him that, though I was a Frenchman, this detracted nothing from my quality as a Mussulman, there being innumerable true believers in Algeria, together with venerated *zaouyas* (saints) whose reputation extended as far as the Soudan. At his request, I recited the *Fātiha*, and wrote my name in Arabic in the sand. Mel-Aynin was satisfied with this examination, and gave his judgment in the following words: "God be praised, my brothers, this is a true Mussulman. Remove his chains, restore the property you have taken from him, and welcome him into your tribe as a brother."

Even now the Moors were not satisfied. Bent upon making me out a false Mussulman, they decided as a last resort upon taking me before the venerable Hady Ibrahim, renowned for his knowledge of the world, and whose tent was a day's march further to the east. The Hady Ibrahim, a kindly old man, was pleased at being appealed to after the judgment of Mel-Aynin; and almost as soon as he set eyes on me he held out his hand, exclaiming: "Why, this is a Turk! Is it not so?"

Taking my cue at once, I replied that, although an inhabitant of Algeria, I was in reality a Turk.

"Of course," said the Hady. "Rest assured, my good friends, that this is a veritable Mussulman—a Turk. I saw many like him at Alexandria, on my voyage to Mecca."

The Moors, who had never before heard the name of Turk, could only yield with the best grace possible; and my captivity at once nominally ceased. They took me back to the camp, removed my irons, and at a formal convocation of the whole tribe declared me a "brother." I was clothed in a costume of skins and coarse blue cloth, and armed with gun and poniard. Some show of restoring my property was made, but I allowed the women to keep the trinkets, and most of the other articles were scattered or broken. I insisted, however, upon having back my

compass, pretending that I wanted it in order to direct my prayers due east; and it was of the greatest service to me subsequently in marking my itinerary over the desert plains.

A few days after our return, the entire camp started on a long journey toward the south-east, to pay a visit to the father-in-law of my host, Ibrahim. Half a dozen dromedaries bore the baggage, and, with the sheep and goats in charge of a shepherd, headed the caravan. Then came the women and young children in leather-bottomed palanquins, mounted upon the older and less sturdy dromedaries; while the main herd of animals, escorted by the men and grown children, brought up the rear. The animals were allowed to scatter considerably on the march, nibbling any herbage



DOULS BURIED IN THE SAND.

they might find. At sunset they were brought into the camp, for which some hillside or depression was usually chosen; and, after prayer, the camels and goats were milked, and the rations served out. Most of the Moors warmed their portions of milk by dropping into it pebbles heated redhot at the fire before the tent-door.

One of the most interesting features of the march was the perambulating school. These Western Moors have a quick intelligence, developed

by their active and adventurous life. Learning is held in high honor among them, and there are few of the nomads who cannot read and write Arabic. Their principal literary exercise is in the study of the Koran, and in theological discussions, in which some of them develop



THE CARAVAN APPROACHING TINDOUF.

genuine oratorical qualities. The schoolmasters of the Western Sahara are principally the Filali, originally from Tafilelt, whose headquarters is the region about Cape Bojador, and who circulate amongst the different tribes, making their tents veritable academies. When one of these *tolbas* (clerks) is in the camp, all the children of both sexes, and of masters and slaves alike, gather around him in the evening, as soon as the tents are up, to learn their Arabic letters and their verses from the Koran. For slates, they have smooth shingles of wood, upon which they write with bits of charcoal. Sometimes months pass before a teacher is met; but school keeps just the same, the elder children instructing the younger ones.

Ibrahim's father-in-law, whose name was Ennadjem, dwelt in the region of the Ouedis, at the extreme limit of the plains to the east, on the border of the Great Desert, just under the tropic. We arrived there after a fifteen days' march. Ennadjem was rich, being the possessor of fifty dromedaries, five or six hundred sheep and goats, and three slaves. He had two other sons, and, in marrying Menina, his daughter, to my host, he had exacted a marriage portion of ten camels. It was now several years since he had seen his son-in-law, and he was delighted to see the three or four grandchildren born since his daughter's last visit.

Once more I had to go through my religious catechism, and it was several days before the old man could be entirely satisfied as to my orthodoxy; but after that he made amends by treating me with great kindness. For the feast with which he celebrated our arrival, several sheep were killed, and cooked after the Sahara style. They were cut into small pieces, and boiled pell-mell in a huge iron pot, into which the livers and entrails were also thrown, to be served afterward as a favorite *hors-d'œuvre*. The company seated themselves on the sand, and the Moorish *chef* served the repast by taking the pieces of meat from the pot with his hands, and hurling them at the guests, each of whom was expected to catch his portion "on the fly." A neck and a shoulder-blade came my way, and, although I missed the latter piece, my neighbor politely picked it up for me, wiping

it with his sleeve. The sand which adhered to it was the only seasoning it had; but I never ate with greater relish, for it was many days since I had tasted any food save camel's milk and barley cakes.

We were on the march northward, and water became more and more scarce. About once in ten days we came to a well, where the animals drank their fill, the men and



IBRAHIM ATTACKS A DATE CARAVAN.

women performed veritable ablutions, and a store was laid in for the next stage of the journey. As we neared Zemmour, a child was born to a woman in one of the palanquins on a dromedary's back; but this did not for an instant arrest the march, and it was not until nightfall that the mother and babe descended. Then, by way of celebration, a sheep or two was killed, guns were fired, and the father of the child received congratulations.

Another characteristic ceremony took place about the same time.

It is the custom of the nomad youth to wear on top of the head three long tufts of hair, one of which is cut off at each grand event or epoch in the young man's life. That of the occiput is the last, and the sooner that is got rid of, the prouder its owner. The young herdsman of our camp had distinguished himself in the guardianship of the cattle and young camels, and now shed his long back hair amidst general rejoicing. A favorite game of the men and boys was to form a circle about one of their number, and bait him with loud cries and taps with the knuckles. He defended himself with his feet, leaping wildly in the air; and whoever he succeeded in giving a sound kick had to replace him in the noisy ring.

From Zemmour we struck northwest in the direction of Cape Bojador. One of the ineffaceable memories of my captivity is our journey over that dismal, sandy plain. To prepare for it the dromedaries were loaded with vessels of water, and the sheep and goats were watered. Everything that would hold a drop of water was filled. Then, under a burning and enervating sun, we entered the rocky desert where not a sign of vegetation met the eye. At the close of the first day's march I had an attack of what the natives call *ralgue*. The whole party with the dromedaries were ahead, most of them drowsy, the women and children asleep, one man chanting a low, mournful ditty, when suddenly the desert changed its aspect. I was alone on my dromedary between heaven and earth, over a smooth, resplendent plain, that ravished my eyes, as the sweetest music lulled my ears. In this hypnotic state perception ceased. Though seated upright with my eyes open, my countenance showed the effect. A Moor cried out as he struck me sharply: "Rouse up! rouse up! you have the *ralgue*. You are getting crazy!"

The east wind next day made the air even more oppressive. Man and beast panted for breath. We had to envelop our heads and suffocate to escape the blinding sand, that penetrated every pore. Then I saw why they always muffled the lower part of the face.

At last we reached the fertile table-land or *kadi* of Cape Bojador. Here we halted, and I witnessed a wedding. As among all Moslems, the bridegroom brings a dowry, or rather purchases the bride. A woman is worth five to twelve dromedaries. When a young man fixes his mind on a girl, he opens negotiations with her family. If they are rich and he is poor, the father-in-law advances means; if both are poor, the groom borrows among his friends. At this wedding I beheld the first Sahara dances. Women alone take part. The bayadere on this occasion was a girl of fourteen, with languid eyes, a flexible figure, slender limbs, a bold and haughty mien. The dance took place before the tent of the young married pair after sunset under the starry heavens. The Moors were grouped in a circle around a blazing fire of brushwood; the women and girls on one side, the men on the other. At a given signal all conversation ceased, the girl entered the circle, and the pipes and tambourines began their monotonous strain. She stood in a voluptuous attitude, with half-closed eyes. As the music became more animated she opened her eyes as if awakening from sleep, and with her hands on her hips began a swaying, sensuous movement of her body, gradually becoming more excited till her nostrils dilated, her eyes flashed, her cheeks grew rosy, and hissing words came fitfully from her parted lips.

After the dance came firing of guns and congratulations. The women sang, the children rattled castanets,

and marabouts chanted whole chapters of the Koran. Barley bread and dates steeped in milk were served, and all retired, expressing their best wishes to the bride and groom in repeated "Hamdou 'llâh!"

After a few days' rest we again marched northward. Before long we descried a caravan evidently loaded with merchandise. It belonged to the tribe of Oulad Tyderarin, enemies of the Oulad Dervin, to whom I appertained. As soon as it had been reconnoitred an attack was ordered. The dromedaries were unloaded, the women and children placed behind a hillock. Then every man got ready his flintlock musket and Morocco dagger and mounted his dromedary. We numbered in all eighty warriors, for I had to join, though placed in the rear. When we came within 200 or 300 yards our leader, Ibrahim, gave the cry "Bismillah!" brandishing his musket. With horrible grimaces and yells they rushed on the caravan. The Oulad Tyderarin made no defense, but scattered in wild panic, pursued and cut down, till in less than half an hour twenty-five of them lay dead on the desert sands. Five with fleet dromedaries alone escaped. It was a terrible scene. The shrieking women and children, the men writhing in the agonies of death, the plaintive cries of the dromedaries, made an impression on me never to be forgotten. Ibrahim and his men were too well trained to such work to feel any emotion. The booty was soon divided among the band; the women and children, as slaves, were assigned by lot to the braves, and we resumed our march as if nothing extraordinary had happened.

Along the seacoast were sandy and rocky plains marked by stone heaps, covering the bodies of Europeans wrecked and murdered there, on which each Moor threw a stone with a curse as we plodded onward. My heart bled at the thought of the fate of these unhappy victims, for whom even nature seemed to sympathize, little blue flowers often growing from amid the stones. Unseen, I knelt and prayed, and gathered as a souvenir one of these blossoms of hope.

Near Saguiat-el-Hamra, Ibrahim, who had taken a great fancy to me, offered me his daughter Eliazize in marriage, some of the young warriors negotiating for him. I agreed to give seven dromedaries as the dowry, for I saw that this marriage affair might enable me to escape. I told Ibrahim that I felt greatly honored. "But, as you know, I have been stripped of all my goods. Let us keep on to Onad-Noun, introduce me to the Caïd as your son-in-law, and ask him to give me a guide and horse to Morocco. Then I can send for money, and in a few months, *Inch' Allah* (please God), I will return with the dowry and additional presents for yourself."

My proposal was accepted, and a few days after we started for Southern Morocco.

My betrothed, Eliazize, was the black-eyed girl of twelve who had befriended me at the beginning of my captivity. Tall and graceful, and wrapped in her loose cotton *haïk*, with arms and bosom bare, she was a type of desert beauty. The very evening that I had made the arrangement with her father, she came to me in the tent, and placing her hand in mine, said: "*Ja khronia* (my brother), I shall henceforth call you only my intended. Our souls are sisters, for when you were only a poor slave I tried to save you; and now you are my brother, God wills that we shall henceforth dwell in the same tent."

I had grown interested in the girl, and had become her confidant. It was impossible to deceive her, and without betraying my intentions, I endeavored to create

doubt in her mind. She looked at me with streaming eyes, and her head sank upon my bosom.

Ibrahim had a stock of goat and sheep skins that he could dispose of only in some town. Leaving the camp in charge of his wife, he started for Tindouf with another Moor and myself, for I had used every stratagem to make him take me. We set out with five dromedaries, two carrying our goods. It was a painful march. We camped at night, asking hospitality of any Moors we met, always hospitably received, no questions being asked, who we were nor whither we went. Sometimes we came to tents, in which women had been left. The wife of the chief then came out to welcome us, and spread a mat for us while food was prepared. In a ten days' journey, however, we met only five camps, and half the time had to bivouac as we could, almost without food, Ibrahim dealing out a handful of barley to each of us. These nights I suffered from cold, for after sunset the air and ground cool rapidly, and we had no bed and no covering. When I complained Ibrahim consoled me with some words of the Koran.

At last we reached Tindouf, a little hamlet at the foot of a hill, with a minaret rising amid the palms. After months in the desert it seemed to me, as it did to my captors, an important place, for in all the time I had not seen a house or a tree. We came in sight of it about noon, with a larger caravan we met on the way. Our caravan halted, each man dismounted, and prostrating himself thrice on the ground, facing eastward, recited the *Fātiha*; then standing up each raised his arms to heaven and cried "El Hamdou 'llah." Not one of the Moors had seen a town for several years, and they were thanking God for bringing them to one safe and sound.

Tindouf was founded in this oasis in 1857, by Bel Hamedj, a marabout of the Tadjakants tribe, and soon acquired commercial importance. The houses are built of sun-dried bricks, and the mosque and koubba are the only edifices of any pretension. Five roads meet there, and Tindouf is thus the great station for all trade to Timbuctoc. From Soudan come caravans with slaves, giraffe skins, goat and camel hair. The caravans start with many dromedaries carrying skins of water; as these are used, a little slave is set up in its place, so that the poor creatures nearly all arrive mounted. Tindouf has doubled in size and population in ten years. As far as I could judge it has now some two hundred houses. We spent three days at Tindouf, at the house of a dealer in dates and hides, then we set out for the camp with a stock of dates as our provision, taking a more northerly route, then easterly across Tekna. As we approached the camp sounds of mourning broke on our ears. A young man mortally wounded in a quarrel had just died. Moors with a gun in one hand and beads in the other were chanting verses of the Koran at the door of the tent, while the women were wringing their hands, rending their garments and lacerating their faces. A grave was dug in the sand, and amid the chant of the Koran the body was taken to it; there it was laid facing the east, the sand filled in, and a stone set up to mark the spot.

A more cheerful scene followed. Before setting out for South Morocco my betrothal to Eliazize was celebrated with all solemnity. Four sheep were killed. I was seated beside my intended, who was the queen of the day. There were songs, dances, even speeches in which I was assured that God had great designs on me, since He had preserved me amid so many dangers to bring me to a happy life amid flocks of dromedaries, with a charming wife to share my lot.

As water is not obtainable in the desert, washing of the person, or of cooking and eating vessels, is performed with the urine of the dromedaries, which is carefully kept for the purpose. The milk of the animals is churned by the women into butter; skin-bags containing the milk being swung to and fro, often over a fire to quicken the result. This butter is used not only for food, but for dressing the hair, and a Sahara lady makes such an elaborate headdress, adorned with shells and bits of amber, that she cannot spare time to take it down for a week.

The day after the festivities we set out for Ouad-Noun, several Moors joining us to sell young camels at Glimin. Our caravan consisted of twenty persons, and thirty-five dromedaries. Between Saguia-el-Hamra and Ouad-Draah the country shows volcanic action. There are beds of immense rivers, hills evidently thrown up, and a broken country very different from Sahara. In the bed of one of these rivers a marabout of earth was raised, in 1886, to Sidi-bou-Baker, a personage of great repute for sanctity. Every Moor took off his shoes at the entrance, and, after making a circuit around the building several times, went in to kiss devoutly the stone covering the holy man's head, and then addressed him, recounting his troubles and hopes and joys, and implored his intercession at the Day of Judgment.

After crossing the Ouad Draah, the first flowing stream I had seen, we reached Ksar-el-Abiai, a village in South Morocco, on the desert frontier. My joy was unbounded as I beheld this wild and cheerless spot, the little town with its scanty fig-trees, but it was the first stage of civilization, and I was turning my back on the desert for good.

On reaching Glimin, Ibrahim took me to the Caïd Dagman Ould Beyrouk, to whom he introduced me as a Moslem, explaining my reasons for my intended journey. The Caïd, without any suspicion, gave me a generous hospitality. Here I took leave of Ibrahim and his clansmen.

Glimin stands on the slope of a hill, amid pleasant gardens, a double wall surrounding it. The people are intermediaries between the Berbers and the nomad tribes. In dress and speech they resemble the people of Sahara. After holding out for years, Glimin surrendered to Morocco in 1886, and is now occupied by a strong garrison. After some days of grateful rest, I expressed a wish to proceed on my journey. Ould-Beyrouk furnished me a horse and a soldier to act as guide. He gave me a *gilabia*, or white woolen robe, to supplement my scanty desert attire, and bade me seek hospitality with his brother Abidin, who was at the Sultan's court.

Two hours from Glimin, we reached the frontier of the Aït-bou-Amram. A chain of mountains, extending to the southwest, marks the boundary-line of El Sous and Ouad-Noun. Our way henceforth lay through the fertile El Sous as far as the Atlas. We rested a while in a delicious little oasis, where we found some Berbers who spoke Arabic. In contrast to the nomads of the Sahara, they were of gentle disposition, not at all fanatic in religious matters, and proud of their towns and civilization. They complained, however, of the yoke of suzerainty which the Sultan had imposed upon them; for, until the invasion of 1886, El Sous was practically a free republic. The richness of the country certainly justifies the jealousy of Muley Hassan, no less than the covetousness of Europeans. Everywhere we met thriving villages and productive farms; and I thought I should never tire of feasting my eyes upon the running rivers, flowery fields, verdurous slopes and noble mountains now spread out

before me, after five months' wanderings in the parched desert.

After having followed the coast line from Aglou to Massa, and crossed the splendid valley of the Ouad Sous, I arrived at Agadir, a natural port, in a superb bay at the foot of the Atlas Mountains. I skirted these mountains at Cape Ghir, and, having traversed the

provinces of Haha and Oulad-bou-Sba, came to Marrakech, one of the capitals of the empire.

Following the recommendation of the Caïd Ould Beyrouk, I presented myself to his brother, the Sheik Abidin.

My arrival at Marrakech, as it happened, was simultaneous with that of the English legation, and a number of tourists accompanying Sir Kirby Green, the British Minister. One of these tourists, a young Englishman named Ferguson, called upon my host, Abidin, while I was in conversation with the sheik. He was the first European I had seen since leaving the Canaries, and I suppose the emotion I felt betrayed itself upon my face. The Englishman at once recognized me as a Christian, and I eagerly entered into conversation with him — for



GLIMIN, THE CAPITAL OF OUAD-NOUN.

I did not dream of any further danger here in Morocco, in a city visited by Europeans, and scarcely three days' journey from Mogador. Mr. Ferguson told me that the news of my death had some time since gone abroad, but that it had finally come to be the general belief that I was still a captive in the Sahara.

The news-

papers of the Canaries announced that the Moors demanded 3,000 duros for my ransom, and that M. Lacoste, the French Consul, was about to send a native messenger to negotiate with them.

Mr. Ferguson invited me to continue our conversation at his quarters in the midst of a beautiful garden near the mosque. With the consent of my host, I accepted the invitation. Without my knowledge, the Sheik Abidin sent a slave along to spy upon my movements.

After a long talk, over tea, during which several happy hours sped, my new friend begged me to accompany him to the legation to announce the news of my arrival. I demurred on account of my appearance, whereupon he called a servant and had his own rich Morocco costume brought me. Arrayed in this, I proceeded in state to the



FRONTIER OF EL SOUS AND OUAD-NOUN.



THE ENGLISH GUIDE. —“‘MY CHILD,’ HE EXCLAIMED, ‘IT IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE WHETHER YOUR FATHER NEEDS ME OR NOT, YOU NEED ME, AND I NEED YOU, AND NOTHING ON EARTH CAN SEPARATE US.’—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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quarters of the European ambassadors, where I was received with great cordiality by Sir Kirby and Lady Green, who had heard of my adventures.

When, after a delightful visit, I prepared to take my leave, the ambassador took me by the hand and said: "You had better take advantage of our hospitality, for you are not secure at Marrakech, surrounded by Mussulmans." Thanking him duly, I explained why it was necessary that I should play my rôle of Mussulman to the end, and preserve my *incognito* until I arrived at the coast. "In any case," he added, "if you have need of my services, you may depend upon me for the utmost in my power."

As I entered Abidin's house, overjoyed with the news I had heard, my host greeted me with a smile of disdain, and, in a cold, sharp tone that pierced like steel, hissed out the word "Christian!"

"Yes, Christian," he continued, as I looked at him in silent astonishment, "you have deceived us. A Mussulman does not receive presents from the infidels; he does not visit them, and he does not drink tea from their cups. You are an infidel."

And he wrapped his haik about him, turning away in majestic scorn when I undertook to offer protest.

I now turned to leave, but found the way barred by two gigantic, brutal-looking Soudanese, who stood before the door. Enraged and baffled, I turned impulsively upon Abidin, and uttered the Arab malediction which had so often been launched at me in the desert: "Cursed be the day you were born!"

That night, as I lay feverishly dreaming of Europe, five armed negroes of the Sultan's guard entered my chamber, and, without offering any explanation, dragged me off by the light of a torch to a building attached to the residence of the Caïd. Here I was conducted to a bare, damp room on the ground floor, where irons were once more riveted upon my ankles, much after the fashion of those which I had worn in the desert. I was then left alone with my tumultuous emotions and returning despair.

At daybreak I heard the bolts drawn back, and three men appeared—two Moorish soldiers, and a third dressed as a Mussulman, but with features plainly European. The latter at once addressed me in perfect French. He was a Belgian from Luxembourg!

"I heard that you were a Frenchman," he said, "and that you had been arrested upon the accusation of the Sheik Abidin for visiting an English tourist. The judgments of the Sultan are terrible. Many men enter these Morocco prisons, but few ever come out. However, I can perhaps aid you, if you have committed no worse crime than that with which you are charged."

This Belgian Frenchman, it appeared, had deserted from the garrison of Sidi-bel-Abbès some two years before, and, after passing extraordinary adventures in the mountains of Southern Morocco, and turning Mussulman, had been sent to the Sultan, to work in the capital at his trade of armorer. He was still the object of some suspicion and jealousy at court, but had made many friends amongst the people.

My good star, then, had not deserted me after all!

"Save me, and I will rescue you!" I exclaimed, eagerly, to my compatriot.

I told him that I had a powerful friend in the British Minister, to whom it was only necessary to convey word as to my plight. Although reluctant and ashamed to appear before a Christian functionary, he consented, and visited the legation.

Sir Kirby Green at once applied to the Sultan for my

release, and obtained it without delay. The irons were broken from my feet and hands, and once more I emerged into the light of day and liberty. With the members of the English embassy, and my savior the renegade Belgian—whose reinstatement I secured from the French authorities—I had no difficulty in reaching Mogador, then Safi, Mazagan and Tangier, whence I embarked for Europe.

I had, within a few months, sounded all the deepest emotions which an explorer can experience, from suffering and despair to joy and triumph. I was enabled to bring back a considerable amount of geographical information from a region hitherto entirely unexplored; and the consciousness of having rendered a service, however modest, to the cause of science, is the recompense which I cherish most of all.

MY BOOKS.

THEY dwell in the odor of camphor,
They stand in a Sheraton shrine,
They are "warranted early editions,"
These worshipful tomes of mine.

In the creamy "Oxford vellum,"
In their redolent "crushed Levant,"
With their delicate watered linings,
They are jewels of price, I grant:

Blind-tooled and morocco-jointed,
They have Bedford's daintiest dress;
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
But they gather the dust, no less;

For the row that I prize is yonder,
Away on the unglazed shelves,
The bulged and the bruised octaves,
The dear and the dumpy twelves:

Montaigne, with his sheepskin blistered,
And Howell, the worse for wear,
And the worm-drilled Jesuits' Horace,
And the little old cropped Molière,

And the Burton I bought for a florin,
And the Rabelais, foxed and flea'd—
For the others I never have opened,
But those are the ones I read.

THE ENGLISH GUIDE.

BY M. NOE DAILY.

"If I can only see Molière's jawbone, I shall be perfectly satisfied." The above sentence, seemingly little flavored with poetry or sentiment, becomes the keynote of a romance, as, uttered by a full, soft, fresh voice, it reaches the ear of Arthur Drelineour.

Arthur Drelineour was a young Englishman—an artist by profession—who looked on his past career as a failure.

After working hard for a dozen years or so at his art, leading that semi-Bohemian existence which the world calls merry, but which, for all that, is filled with many a drawback, many a difficulty, he was about to don his cloak of fame, and step into society as an artistic lion, when his father and elder brother were both taken down with pneumonia, and died in less than a week, and he inherited the paternal fortune, under the condition of "going in less for art and more as a gentleman."

His father had been a crabbed old man, with a soul far inferior to those of his horses or dogs, and he could have no more refrained from imposing unpleasant conditions on his heir than he could have refrained from flinging his

bootjack at his unfortunate valet when the latter unluckily displeased him.

Drelincoeur's first impulse was to sacrifice this unexpected wealth and cling to his art; but in the heart of every Englishman there is a pride with regard to the ancestral. So one morning he packed up his canvases, went round and interviewed his lawyers, and started that same night for Paris, to forget there his lost career in the many gentlemanly pleasures that famous city affords. And he did his duty bravely. He drove to the Bois every afternoon in his high English phaeton; he took a box at the Italiens, which was always filled with beauty and grace; he went everywhere, and did everything; he had friends, admirers, followers, and still—he was not happy. He wanted something else. What it was he could not himself have told.

One morning he started out with the determination of pretending he was back in his old life. It was a beautiful bright November day, all the more enjoyable because they are so rare.

He climbed up on the top of one of those great lumbering yellow *Porte Maillot* omnibuses that travel up and down the *Champs Elysées*.

L'Imperiale, the elegant name of that plebeian elevation, has many charms. In one way or another, it appeals to all classes. The novelty fascinates Americans; the democratic character pleases the Parisians; the fare, only three sous, is agreeable to many a decrepit pocket. Up there one feels above the common herd, and the ventilation could not be improved.

There are two rows of seats, you remember, back to back. He sat down moodily, looking neither to the right nor left. Behind him were seated two rather distinguished-looking persons: a middle-aged woman—a perfect type of German governess—and a young girl. She was exceedingly pretty, with a lovely, innocent beauty which appeals to even the most worldly.

But he did not notice them until he heard a fresh young voice express a desire to see Molière's famous bit of anatomy.

"Confound it!" he thought. "Molière's jawbone! Where will she find it?"

But he did not turn round. He felt he had passed the age when it was worth while breaking one's neck or crushing one's collar to get a glimpse of a strange woman, were she even a Venus in petticoats. He merely continued to listen.

"It is in a small glass case, marked, 3708, at the end of Room X, my dear," replied the companion. "I myself never look at it, for I do not approve of Molière's morals."

The girl laughed softly to herself.

"Do you think he was so wicked that even his bones were affected by it?" she asked, lightly. "Oh! Miss Gotlenburg," she continued, more seriously, "when you think how brilliantly that jawbone must have wagged, don't it excite a little unprejudiced admiration?"

There was a sudden gasp.

"I should be sorry if my mind was so poorly regulated," Miss Gotlenburg answered, severely. "No, my dear Theodora; I find a higher, nobler pleasure standing before the ancient tapestries representing the scenes out of the lives of David and Bathsheba."

The young girl said nothing. She had never seen the tapestries, and she was afraid to commit herself.

She was sure David was in the Bible, but about Bathsheba there was a shadowy vagueness.

"Is it a fine building?" she asked, at length.

Miss Gotlenburg cleared her throat.

"We are in for it now," thought Drelincoeur. "I shall have to leave the 'bus if I wish to escape the oration."

He put his glass up to his eye, and turned round. He thought the occasion permitted it. All he saw was a big otter collar, a loose coil of fluffy blonde hair, an exquisite ear—a trifle pink, perhaps—and a little brown velvet bonnet.

Then he settled himself once more comfortably in his seat, and resigned himself for the lecture.

"The erection was begun in the sixteenth century by the Benedictine abbots. It is built in the later Gothic style, with a sprinkling of the Renaissance."

Miss Gotlenburg prided herself on her historical accuracy.

"But after its completion," she continued—her voice dropped to an impressive whisper, "the abbots seemed little inclined to reside there, so it was offered to the King of France. Mary, widow of Louis XII., and sister of Henry VIII., lived there for some time; and on January 1st, 1537, the marriage of James V. of Scotland and Madeleine, the daughter of Francis I., was there solemnized."

She ended with a little cough of satisfaction.

"Thank you, very much," the girl answered, slowly; "I like to hear about things, but I hate sightseeing. England nearly paralyzed me; to stand before Wellington's funeral car, to sit in Napoleon's traveling carriage, is awfully exhausting. I have no emotion left. I don't know which is most wearisome to one's sentiments, St. Paul's or Madame Tussaud's. Besides," she went on, quite oblivious to her friend's shocked expression, "our vocabulary always falls short on such occasions; we have not more than eleven adjectives expressive of admiration; I am so sick and tired of 'beautiful,' 'exquisite,' 'gorgeous,' 'unique,' 'fine,' 'nice.' I even come to 'nice' after a while; and, above all, I hate churches—they are nothing but cold, damp places, which are very much pleasanter to read about than to see."

"Oh, my dear!" pathetically exclaimed Miss Gotlenburg.

"I wish you could go with me this afternoon; it is so stupid going round with Charlotte."

"I wish I could, my dear, but I fear I cannot."

"I would put it off, but we are only going to be in Paris two days longer, and papa insists on my going. I do hope there will be an English guide there, for papa makes me tell him about everything I see, and I can't grasp a word those fearful Frenchman rattle off so quickly."

Drelincoeur turned and looked once more.

"If her face is as interesting as the back of her head, I will do it," he thought.

Five minutes afterward he said to himself: "She is the prettiest girl I ever saw. He was watching the little brown bonnet and the otter collar as they disappeared into the *Hôtel Meurice*. 'I am glad I know where she lives,' Drelincoeur went on. 'She walks well, and there is no doubt about her being an American, for she has on laced shoes. And now the question is, where can Molière's jawbone be?' He took out his watch. 'It is now twelve o'clock. I have two hours to devote to its discovery.'"

Theo Marvin was visiting Paris for the first time; in fact, it was the first time she had ever visited anywhere for heretofore her life had been spent in a "chrysalistic" state on an old farm in Virginia.

Mr. Marvin was a Southerner, whom the war had unsettled, robbed of everything worth possessing, leaving

only the ruined home, where poor little Theo had been left to grow up with the weeds as best she might. Her friends and companions were a few horses, an infinite number of dogs, a deaf and dumb parrot, and old Charlotte.

Her father, losing his wealth and his wife within a year of each other, fled from his stricken home, selfishly forgetting the tiny child, who in the long years of his

found his little child changed to a beautiful young woman, to whom he vowed to be as devoted as he had hitherto been neglectful. Within a fortnight after his return they were on their way for Europe.

They were now in Paris. Two reasons had led him abroad: one, he imagined, it would rapidly repair Theo's lack of education; the other, to study up the "Invisible Animalcula of European Waters."



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Mr. A.—"No; I SHAN'T HAVE ANYTHING MORE TO DO WITH ROBINSON. LAST TIME HE MET ME HE ASKED ME TO LEND HIM A FIVER, AND WHEN I REFUSED HE CALLED ME A LITTLE CAD. NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

Mr. B.—"I THINK IT'S MOST UNFAIR. WHY, I SHOULD SAY YOU WERE FULLY MEDIUM HEIGHT."

absence, grew to womanhood, often suffering from the solitude he dared not share.

For five or six years he traveled round in a desultory sort of way. Finally, coming to the conclusion that repining did not pay, and that it would be as well to do as the rest of mankind, he packed up and went off to California, to make or ruin himself for once and for ever.

Twelve years afterward he returned home, having been more successful than he possibly could have hoped. He

Living alone so much had filled the man's brain with strange theories, and he was now writing a profound treatise elucidating how the physical condition of man depended entirely on the animalcula of the waters he drank, changing with each change, varying with each variety. He was on the lookout for an assistant or amanuensis to help in arranging and collecting notes.

It was Tuesday. On Thursday they were to depart for Portugal.

Mr. Marvin had taken a cottage in Cintra for the Winter. That afternoon he insisted Theo should pay a visit to Cluny; for, shocking as it is to confess, the three weeks they had spent in Paris had been devoted to her wardrobe instead of her education.

But if three weeks is a sufficient length of time to purchase an entire outfit, two days are ample to see and study the sights of a city; so there was still hopes of it not being too late.

About half-past two a cab stopped on the corner where the Boulevards Saint-Germain and Saint-Michel meet, and a young girl in brown velvet appeared. She was followed by a middle-aged colored woman, who, the most ordinary personage at home, had been an object of interest abroad.

She wore a plain black dress, an enormous white

château in Normandy during the French Revolution, and miraculously escaped being destroyed—at last finding its way hither, after belonging to princes and peasants.

It was a very interesting story, the girl thought, and her eyes grew even larger than usual, and her face was full of wonder and pleasure. Then they pushed on to a *priedieu* that belonged to a lovelorn countess, who had wept her life away kneeling before it—praying for her knight, who had gone to fight the Saracens—on to the cases filled with the old bodices and queer specimens of headgear; then a short review of the royal coaches. Theo was fascinated; never before had the past been brought so vividly before her. She marvelled now how she could ever have thought it stupid, it seemed so redolent with poetry and romance. She gave Charlotte the catalogue to carry; it was much pleasanter



SNATCHED FROM THE HUNGRY WAVES.

apron, a brilliant red kerchief, and a bandana of many varied hues.

Half an hour afterward the two might have been seen ascending the beautiful old stairway, accompanied by the English guide whom they were so fortunate as to find there. He was a very handsome man, Theo thought, and dressed quite like a gentleman.

He had come up to them while they were blindly admiring an old Flemish cupboard. At first she had taken him for a visitor—for the other guides all wore a sort of gray-blue uniform—and rather resented his advances; but he soon explained to her his humble calling, casually mentioning that, two nights before, his official garments had been stolen from his room, and he had not yet replaced them.

He made the cupboard much more interesting, telling her how the little figures were carved by hand; to whom it first belonged; how it had been discovered in an old

listening to the guide; he told her a great deal more than she could find in any book.

"Papa will be so pleased!" the girl thought. And so they went up the royal staircase, and the hours sped happily by.

She was "doing Cluny thoroughly," and learning a wondrous lot of the past, present and future. She was a trifle disappointed in Molière's jawbone; it has not that rich, oily coloring we find in the Catacombs.

"What a lovely life that of a guide's must be!" she said, enthusiastically. "You must grow so fond of all these things!"

The guide laughed.

"Not a bit of it," he said. "It becomes a great bore. We get awfully tired of enameled terra-cotta and Dutch stoves. We lose all reverence for altar-pieces; and in Capo di Monte we cease to find beauty."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Why do you stay here, then?" she asked, slowly.

"One must earn a living," he answered, quite cheerfully. "I do not know of anything better to do."

There was a short silence; then, turning to him suddenly, "Do you know anything about the invisible animalcula of European waters?" she asked, earnestly.

He was very much surprised.

"The invisible animalcula of European waters?" he repeated, slowly, after her.

"That is my favorite study."

But she did not pursue the subject, and it puzzled Drelincoeur greatly why she should ask such a remarkable question.

This young girl enchanted him. Never before had he met one who in any way resembled her. She was as amusing as beautiful, and so innocent, so unconscious of the ways of the world.

In the garret of her Southern home she had stumbled across many an old book, which she read with the keenest interest. She knew a hundred things well-educated young women never dream of, and had startled him several times by her wise and unexpected observations.

"It is quite dark, Charlotte," she said, suddenly. "I was enjoying it so much, I never thought of the time."

"Must you really go?" he asked, regretfully.

He hated to think that in all probability he should never see her again.

"Yes," she answered; "I fear I have already staid too long."

She felt tempted to give him her hand as she bade him "Good-by," only she thought it, perhaps, was not quite the thing, he being nothing but a guide.

Going down the stairs, she took a five-franc piece out of her purse.

"Charlotte," she said, "you give it to him."

She could not bring herself to offer money to this charming man.

He went with them to the cab. He was racking his brain to find an excuse to see her again, when she turned to him.

"I wish you would give me your address," she said; "I may need it."

His heart gave a great thump. "She might need it—him!" He was so delighted that he forgot how extraordinary the request was. Besides, American girls are expected to do something out of the ordinary, and he had been talking to her for three hours, and felt they were old friends. It did not seem to him at all remarkable.

He scribbled it on a card, and gave it to her.

"You are sure you know all about the animalcula of the waters of Europe?" she asked again.

"Oh, quite sure," was the answer, as he put her into the cab.

Charlotte held out the five francs.

"You don't pay the *cocher* until you arrive safely," he said, smiling.

"But it's for you," the colored woman replied. "You am der nicest young man we hab ever met, and honey say to gib you dis."

"For me!" and he threw his head back, with a long, merry laugh. "Thank you," he said, in the most grateful of tones, "but we are not allowed to take fees from visitors."

"But you have been very—polite to us," Theo answered, softly; "I should like to give you a little something!" And her eyes met his, entreatingly.

Remember, she was not a woman, or even a child, of the world, only a little country girl who had lived all her life on an old farm in Virginia.

"Will you shake hands with me?" he asked.

"I have wanted to all the time," she answered, innocently, and she held out the prettiest little hand whose beauty even her glove could not conceal.

"Good-by!" he said, sorrowfully. "I shall never forget this afternoon." For a moment he held her hand, looking down at her with a sad, tender expression. "I have found to-day what I have been looking for all my life."

Poor Charlotte was still standing on the sidewalk, looking disconsolately at the five francs.

* * * * *

The next morning, Arthur Drelincoeur waited impatiently for his coffee; his prophetic soul told him a note would come with it; he could see the little tinted envelope, in his mind's eye, lying there on the silver tray beside the Sèvres cup and saucer. It would not be pink—pink seemed too wicked; nor gray—gray is so funereal; nor white—she did not look like an Irish linen-girl; they always have a large correspondence, and she was too young, too innocent to correspond largely. It would be blue—heavenly blue!

Well, the silver tray and the Sèvres cup arrived, but no heavenly blue note.

It quite took away the usual fine flavor of his coffee. Nor did he feel the least interest in the bills and billets that were collected on the waiter. He recognized all the handwritings except one, and that, alas! was a man's. Languidly he plodded through them all—he had nothing better to do—and, in the course of time, he broke the seal of the unknown. Suddenly he showed great interest.

"DEAR SIR," he read, "if you have time, you may find it worth your while to call at the Hôtel Meurice this afternoon. I am on the lookout for a secretary to assist me in that all-absorbing study, 'The Invisible Animalcula of European Waters.' I hear you are not over-satisfied in your vocation as guide; and as it is a rare coincidence to stumble on a man who cares for this noble and neglected subject, I should be pleased to see you. We spend the Winter in Cintra. You naturally would accompany us. I write you these particulars, so you may understand what is expected of you without further discussion."

"By George!" Drelincoeur exclaimed, laughing to himself, as he folded up the letter, "the plot thickens. But I cannot—I cannot do it! And still, why not? Suppose I follow this lovely child—and Heaven knows I never had a fonder wish—suppose I spend the Winter in Cintra in my own character, I would not enjoy the same familiar intercourse as I should in the position of secretary to her father. Will he be a great bore, I wonder? And still, she is so pretty, so innocent! Dear little girl, I understand the marvelous question now! She thought she was doing me a great kindness, and so she was, bless her good, generous heart!"

In this manner he went on rambling for some time, growing more in love every moment, until, finally, the whole of heaven seemed bound up within the walls of the Hôtel Meurice.

"Well, I will go round and interview the old gentleman," he said at last, shaking himself out of his reverie, "and I wager that in four-and-twenty hours I will be spinning with them off to Cintra."

And so it proved. The interview was most successful. He was engaged on the spot, and the three left for Portugal on the following morning.

And now began for Theo a dream of pleasure. She knew nothing of caste. She found Drelincoeur no less charming as her father's secretary than she would if in his own social position.

And, indeed, few girls could have resisted him. Always

with her, always anticipating every wish, every thought, fascinating her with his knowledge of the world and of men; the first who had cared for her, thought of her pleasure; the first who had talked to her tenderly, seriously, as if she were a woman. She was very happy, but she never guessed why.

They had been there a month—seven hundred and twenty hours is a long time for a man to hide his love—and still Drelineour had refrained, regarding as almost sacred the peace, the calm, that reigned in the young girl's innocent heart. But the inevitable—who can struggle against it?

One morning they were sitting under an old Moorish archway. They had spent such a merry hour together. He had been telling her of his youth, when he led his careless Bohemian life, which, to look back upon, seemed full of pleasure, but now, for a half-hour, they had both been very quiet. Theo suddenly looked up at him.

"If you should ever go away," she whispered, softly, "how I shall miss you!"

Was ever a sweeter thing said to man?

"Would you?" he cried.

He could scarcely believe his ears, and, strong as he was, he trembled from very joy.

"I would, indeed," she continued, slowly. "No one has ever been kind before, or tried to understand me. But you—oh, I hope papa will always need you for the invisible *animalecula*!"

"My child," he exclaimed, with a passionate tenderness, "it is of no consequence whether your father needs me or not, you need me, and I need you, and nothing on earth can separate us."

She sat very quietly, looking at him wonderingly, a happiness so great she could not answer taking possession of body and soul, like Galatea when she first felt love. Theo was filled with a divine ecstasy at the first breath of love.

"Theo," he went on, after a moment's pause, and he laid his hand on hers, "has any one ever told you how they loved you?"

"No," she answered, innocently; "only Charlotte."

"Theo, would you care to be loved? to have your life the world of another? your happiness his whole ambition? your smile his paradise? your trust his salvation?" He walked up and down. Could it ever be realized, this dream of his? "Oh, Theo," he cried, sadly, taking her hands again in his, "if I could but make you understand all love meant in my heart!"

"Arthur," she murmured, softly, "all this I have felt for you, but I did not know what to call it."

He caught her to him.

"How can I thank you?"

But cruel Fate, in the guise of Mr. Marvin, stood close behind.

"Ah, my daughter," he said, with an unpleasant sneer, "she has progressed wonderfully since leaving her Southern home. Mr. Drelineour, if you have quite finished your interview with Miss Marvin, I should like to have a little conversation with her myself."

"Mr. Marvin," Drelineour said, quietly, "your interruption is very opportune. I was on the point of seeking you, to ask the hand of your daughter, whose love I have been so very fortunate as to win."

Mr. Marvin laughed disagreeably.

"Have the kindness to postpone your flattering proposals for a short time, at least," he said. "I am anxious now to have a short conversation with my daughter."

There was nothing to do but go, so Drelineour went, casting a long, last lingering look at Theo.

The old gentleman walked up and down several times; then, turning his back on the poor frightened girl, who had sunk down on the stone bench, he began:

"Theodora, knowing what young women were, I might have been prepared for this. Calf's love is as much to be expected as the measles, or any other childish disease, but I scarcely thought my daughter would so far forget herself as to encourage an ex-guide."

"Encourage, papa!" she groaned; "surely I never encouraged him!"

"I think there must have been some encouragement, or the man would never have dared. But, if your heart is so overflowing with affection, I will provide a more worthy object. You will, therefore, my dear Theo, prepare to fall in love with the gentleman you will meet at dinner this evening. He is a French nobleman, who has already proposed for your hand."

"Oh, papa," she cried, "do not be so cruel! I love Arthur so—"

"You 'love Arthur so'!" he repeated, scornfully.

"Well, I command you to transfer this wealth of maidenly affection to my friend, that is all!"

And he turned to leave her.

"Papa, papa!" she cried, vehemently, "if I have to give him up, why must I take another?"

"Theodora," he answered, sternly, "this is no child's reason. Monsieur Ruigée has on his estate a remarkable well. The waters are famous for their exhilarating effect upon certain temperaments, but not one drop will he allow me to examine until you become his *fiancée*. That is *why* you have to take another." There was no pity in his voice. "Do you understand how important it is? Don't suppose for a girl's whim I am going to throw away this opportunity!"

"And my happiness is to be sold for a pail of water?" she cried, indignantly. "Oh, papa, do you call this kind? Better to have left me ignorant of the world in my old home than to have brought me here to make me so miserable."

He turned away angrily from her, for he felt the truth of her words.

"Well, my dear, if you can find a pleasanter home, go to it by all means." And he walked away, carelessly swinging his stick. "Curse the Englishman!" he muttered to himself. "I would send him away, were he not so clever in arranging my notes."

* * * * *

So that is how it happened.

Drelineour was not far off. He persuaded Theo to take her father at his word. He offered her a pleasanter home. At least, she thought love would make any home perfect. And still believing him the poor ex-guide, she went gladly out into the world, following joyfully where'er he led.

Her father was furious. She had not only run away with a pauper, but had deprived him of those splendid water specimens. It was shameful!

However, when he was invited to visit Greatwells Castle to penetrate the mysteries of its many waters, and found it the home of his lost daughter, his anger somewhat abated.

After a time he grew very fond of his son-in-law, but to the end of his days he will always regret Monsieur Ruigée's duck-pond—for it was a duck-pond, after all—and his grandchildren call him an old goose for believing in it, but believe in it he always will, insisting upon the fact that if Monsieur Ruigée would relent and *lend* him but a few drops, he might yet be famous as a scientific discoverer.

FIRE-DAMP AND THE SAFETY-LAMP.

BY IRA REMSEN.

THE side of a pool of stagnant water is not the most attractive spot that could be selected for the purpose of studying nature; but we should not have to remain there long before noticing that the surface of the water is from time to time disturbed by the rising of bubbles. If we should stir up the material at the bottom of the pool with a stick, the bubbles would rise much more rapidly. They might rest for a moment on the surface of the

piece of apparatus is placed over the rising bubbles, they enter the bottle instead of escaping into the air, and as they enter, an equal volume of water is driven out, and gradually the bottle becomes filled with the gas. If the bottom of the pool is stirred up the amount of gas which rises is increased in quantity, and the process of filling the bottle is hastened. The accompanying illustration (Fig. 1) will show clearly how the apparatus is managed.



water, but they would then burst, and there would be nothing visible left. Any one with an inquiring turn of mind would at once ask, What causes these bubbles? They look like air-bubbles, but how can air be given off from the bottom of a pool? In order to determine what the substance is which thus rises through the water and escapes, we must in some way get possession of it, and then study its properties. To accomplish this it is only necessary to bring a good-sized bottle under the surface of the water in the pool, and, after it is filled, invert it, and place a funnel in its mouth. The funnel should be tied to the bottle to prevent its falling. Now, if this

A very slight examination is sufficient to show that the gas in the bottle is not ordinary air. If a lighted match be applied to it, it takes fire and continues to burn. If examined in the laboratory by the most refined methods of chemical analysis, it is found to consist mainly of one gas, while mixed with it are some other substances which may be regarded as impurities. The fact that it is found in stagnant pools, or, in general, in marshes, has given it one of its names, *marsh-gas*. It consists of two elements, hydrogen and carbon, and is hence known as a *hydrocarbon*. A large number of these hydrocarbons are known to chemists, and a great deal of time and labor has been

spent in studying them. It is now known that most of those intricate and interesting substances which are found in the organs of plants and animals may be derived from the hydrocarbons. Petroleum is made up of a number of different hydrocarbons. Some of these are gases at ordinary temperatures, some are light liquids which are converted into vapor by a very slight amount of heat, while others require a greater amount of heat, and so on. Now, of all the hydrocarbons, marsh-gas is the simplest. It is, as it were, the mother-substance of the whole group, and, in consequence, it is of

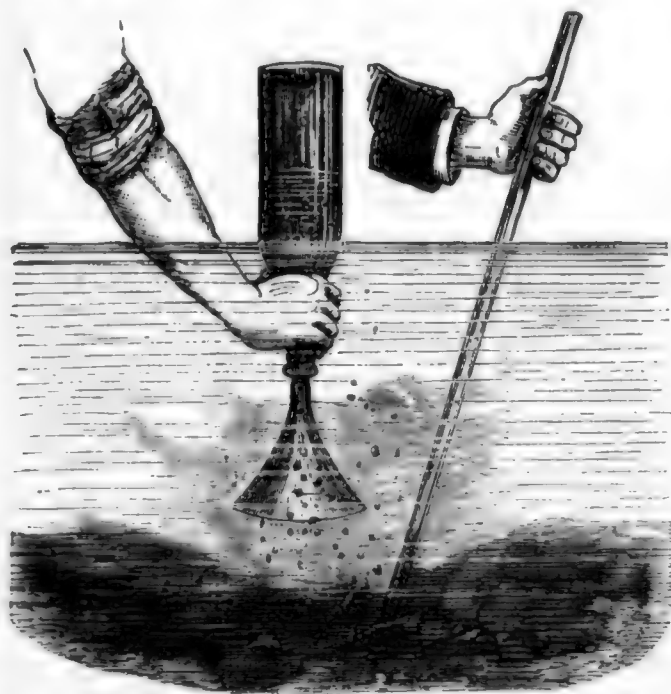


FIG. 1.—COLLECTING GAS FROM A STAGNANT POOL.

great importance in chemistry, and a complete account of it would involve a discussion of many of the most profound problems of the sciences. But let us rather keep in mind matters of more general interest to those who are not chemists, for there is enough to occupy us profitably without going into abstruse scientific questions. Let us attempt to discover why marsh-gas rises from pools of stagnant water; whether it is found under other conditions in nature; how we can make it in our laboratories; and why it has attracted general attention, and, under another name, has become the terror of the inhabitants of coal-mining regions.

In marshy pools there are always the remains of plants in the form of grass, leaves, etc., and these, as we can easily convince ourselves, are undergoing decay. They are made up mainly of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and it appears probable that the marsh-gas owes its formation to this process of decay, but without proof we should not be warranted in accepting this conclusion. There may be other substances in the water or under the earth which give rise to its formation. To test this, we may collect some leaves and other parts of plants, place them under pure water in clean vessels, into which no foreign matter can gain access, and then expose the mass to the action of the air and sun. Slowly

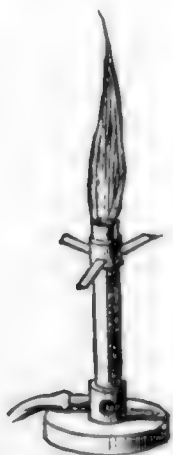


FIG. 2.—FLAME IN ORDINARY CONDITION.

the process of decay will begin, and in time we shall have an artificial stagnant pool. It will be found that this will conduct itself essentially like the pool in the marsh. The bubbles will rise, and stirring the mass at the bottom, will increase the amount of gas given off. On collecting the gas and comparing it with that obtained from the marsh, the two will be found to be identical. The leaves and other materials placed in our tank will be found to have undergone change. They will be seen to be disintegrated and darkened in color. This experiment proves that marsh-gas may owe its existence to the decay of vegetable matter under water, and it is fair to conclude that this is the cause of its formation in marshes.

If the vegetable matter were left exposed to the air it would also undergo decay, but the products would not be the same. The oxygen of the air would convert all the carbon into carbonic acid, and the hydrogen into water. Under the water, however, there is not enough oxygen to effect these changes. There is, to be sure, some oxygen in the substances themselves, and this combines partly with the carbon, forming carbonic acid; but there is not nearly enough of it to convert all the carbon in this way, and that which is left combines with the hydrogen to form the hydrocarbon marsh-gas.

The difference between the process of decay in the air and under water is similar to the difference between burning a piece of wood with free access of air and heating it in a closed vessel. In the former case we know the wood burns up, as we say; that is, it disappears almost completely; and if we were to examine the smoke, we should find it to consist largely of carbonic acid and water. In the latter case, after the high heat has been applied to the vessel, and the change is completed, there is left a black mass, which we call charcoal, consisting mainly of carbon. Among the substances given off there is always, under such circumstances, a considerable quantity of marsh-gas. The decomposition of the vegetable matter in the closed vessel is to be compared with the decay under water, in so far as both processes are effected without access of air.

The simple experiment with the vegetable matter in the tank of water represents in miniature not only the changes which are going on in the marshes, but mightier changes which have taken place in ages past, and which have resulted in the formation of our great coal-beds. It has been shown, by geological and botanical and chemical examinations, that these coal-beds are the remains of vast forests, which were at one time submerged, and then, under peculiar conditions, underwent partial decay. Among the products formed in the first stages of the process there would naturally be marsh-gas, and it is probable that this gas would continue to be formed

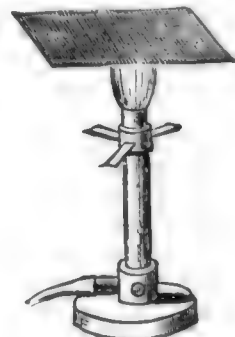


FIG. 3.—FLAME WITH WIRE GAUZE.

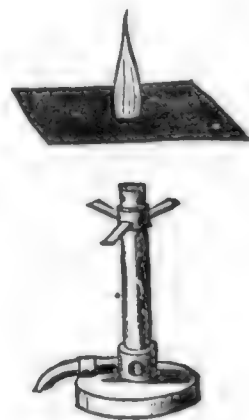


FIG. 4.—FLAME ABOVE THE GAUZE.

as long as the material undergoes change. At first this would escape for the most part, but as the mass of coal by continued change became harder and harder, and as it came to be covered by layers of earth, and these in turn became harder and harder, forming an impervious layer above the coal, the escape of the gas would be, at least partly, prevented. It would tend to collect in cavities in the coal and there remain, accumulating slowly, until, by its own ever-increasing pressure, it forced an opening of escape, or until man, in his advances upon nature's stores, set it free by accident.

Of course, unless marsh-gas is actually met with in connection with coal-beds, the above remarks would be but idle speculation, and would scarcely be worthy of attention. But if, reasoning upon a basis of well-established facts, we are led to expect the formation of a certain substance under certain conditions, and we actually find that the substance is formed under these conditions, then we may fairly conclude, until evidence to the contrary is produced, that our reasoning is correct. This is exactly the state of the case with reference to the occurrence of marsh-gas. The gas is found in enormous quantities in connection with coal-beds, just as we should expect, and not a year passes that we do not hear of its escape, and the awful consequences which usually follow. But we are anticipating.

In some parts of the earth there are fissures in the ground from which a gas is constantly escaping.

On the shores of the Caspian Sea at Baku such a gas is burning, and has been burning for ages, forming the celebrated sacred fire of Baku. This place was formerly visited annually by thousands of pilgrims, and is still visited by a few Persian fire-worshippers. "Fifteen miles northeast of Baku is a fire-temple; a remarkable spot, somewhat less than a mile in circumference, from the centre of which a bluish flame is seen to arise. Here are small houses, and the inhabitants, when they wish to smother the flame, cover the space inclosed with walls by a thick loam of earth. When an incision is made in the floor, the flame arises; and when it is no longer wanted for culinary or other purposes, it is again suppressed by closing the aperture. The whole country around Baku has at times the appearance of being enveloped in flames. It often appears as if fire rolled down the mountains in large masses with great velocity, and at night a bright-blue light is observed to cover the whole western range of hills."

Large quantities of naphtha are obtained from this region, which evidently resembles the Pennsylvanian oil districts. The gas has been collected at Baku, and examined and found to be mainly marsh-gas, and it is supposed that the fissures from which it escapes communicate with subterranean coal-beds, in which the gas accumulates under pressure, and then forces its way out through the earth.

In the village of Fredonia, in the State of New York, the same gas also escapes, but it has never formed the sacred fire of the New World. It has long been treated prosaically, being utilized for illuminating purposes—nature, in this case, enabling the inhabitants to dispense with the expensive luxury of gasworks. Wherever there are petroleum wells this gas is present, and escapes from the cavities which are punctured for the purpose of procuring the oil, and the escape is in some cases so abundant that the material is utilized for heating and illuminating purposes.

I have thus mentioned the chief conditions under which marsh-gas is to be found in nature, and it will be seen that these conditions are probably all of the same

general kind. They are such that the decay of vegetable matter can take place without access of air, and this decay may be looked upon as the cause of the formation of the gas wherever it may be found in nature, whether rising slowly from the bottom of the stagnant pool; bursting suddenly forth from its inclosure in a coal-bed; issuing from the fissures which it has made in the earth; or accompanying the other hydrocarbons which go to make up that valuable and complicated mixture, petroleum.

As was stated above, the gas is formed when wood is heated in a vessel in such a way as to prevent the free access of air. Many other substances are formed at the same time, some of these being liquid, and others gaseous. All the gaseous portions mixed together form a very good illuminating gas, and in some places it is found to be convenient and profitable to heat wood for the express purpose of manufacturing gas. So, also, when the different varieties of coal are heated in closed retorts, they, as is well known, give off gases and liquids, and leave behind a solid. Some kinds of coal yield much more gas than others, and these are used for the purpose of manufacturing coal-gas. Coal-gas always contains a considerable quantity of marsh-gas. Thus it is seen that we may either start from the vegetable matter, and by a very slow series of changes obtain marsh-gas; or we may heat it, and obtain the gas at once; or we may take one of the products of the change of vegetable matter—namely, coal—and by heating this obtain the gas.

But while all the processes mentioned lead to the formation of marsh-gas, and, in some cases, in enormous quantities, to obtain it in pure condition, for the purpose of study, it is much more convenient to simply mix together acetate of sodium, caustic potash and lime, and then distill. In this way we can obtain possession of any desired quantity, and in purer condition than that which we get directly from nature.

And, now, what are the properties of marsh-gas? The fact that it burns has been repeatedly stated. When it burns it is converted into carbonic acid and water, and nothing else. It is not an active poison, but if it were to be breathed into the lungs for any length of time death would ensue from lack of oxygen, in much the same way as in the case of drowning. It has no odor and no taste. But one of its most striking properties is its power of forming explosive mixtures. If it be mixed with air in certain proportions, varying between six and fourteen parts of air to one of the gas, it only needs a spark to cause the entire mass of gaseous mixture to explode with violence, the violence of the explosion varying with the proportions of the constituents. A mixture of one part of the gas with eight to ten of air is the most explosive. We can, of course, easily make such a mixture in the laboratory, and, if this be brought into a vessel with a large mouth, it may be exploded without danger, by applying a lighted taper to the gas at the open mouth. Or evidence of the force of the explosion may also be obtained by inflating a mass of soap-bubbles with the mixture and applying a light. It would require but a few such experiments to inspire us with respect for the gas. Other hydrocarbons besides marsh-gas have this same power of forming explosive mixtures with air. This is particularly true of the hydrocarbons in petroleum, and the lamp explosions which we hear of altogether too frequently are due to the presence in the petroleum of certain volatile hydrocarbons, which should be removed in the process of refining. These are readily converted into gases, which, when mixed with air, give rise to the explosions.

With the facts already in our possession, we are prepared to divine the cause of colliery explosions, and for the consideration of certain matters of importance connected with them. No one need be told of the frequent occurrence of terrific explosions in coal-mines, often involving enormous loss of life and the destruction of a vast amount of property. From what has been said, the cause of these explosions must be clear. The marsh-gas escaping from coal-beds is likely to be met with at any time in a coal-mine. It may be given off gradually, and in small quantity, and do no harm if good ventilation is kept up; but let new cavities be opened, or let fissures be formed, so as to permit of the escape of a large quantity of the gas, and what will be the consequence? As soon as a mixture of the proper proportions of air and the gas is formed, it only requires the momentary contact of a flame, or spark, to cause the dreaded explosion. The miners are familiar with the gas, and, from the fact that it burns, they call it *fire-damp*. In a similar way, carbonic acid, in which breathing is impossible, and which does not burn, is called by them *choke-damp*. The terrors of both of these are encountered in coal-mines, and, in fact, in the case of an explosion, both may contribute to the fatal results. When the explosion occurs, the fire-damp, or marsh-gas, is converted into choke-damp, and an occupant of the mine may escape the direct effects of the explosion, only to be stifled to death by the choke-damp before he can make his escape.

As the setting free of fire-damp is necessarily connected with the opening of coal-beds, and, as the miners must have light to enable them to do their work, explosions would seem to be unavoidable. Of course, we think at once of protecting the flames of the miners' lamps, but if we cut off completely the communication between the flame and the air the flame will certainly be extinguished. Here, then, is plainly an important and difficult problem for solution. We know that the fire-damp of the miner is likely to show itself wherever new openings are made in the coal-beds, that, indeed, in some mines it is constantly escaping; we know that it is very dangerous to have unprotected flames in the mines, and we know that the flames must be there, and must communicate with the air, in order that they may continue to burn. Is it possible to avert the danger? This question had frequently been asked, we may believe, before it was finally answered. In the early part of this century a number of gentlemen residing in the colliery districts of England, being fully aroused to the great dangers connected with the work of the miner, formed themselves into a committee to investigate the subject. They succeeded in engaging the services of Sir Humphry Davy, who was then at the height of his popularity, and he at once began a series of careful studies, which resulted in a satisfactory solution of the problem. He invented a lamp known as the safety-lamp, which is in use to this day, having undergone but slight modifications since it was perfected by him. This lamp is a very simple piece of apparatus, but, in order that we may thoroughly understand it, it will be necessary to inquire into a few principles upon which its success depends.

In the first place, then, we must bear in mind what a flame is. The lamp burns, as we say. That is, the oil with which the lamp is filled is drawn up by the wick; it is then heated and converted into gas, and the gas burns. Now a flame, no matter where we may meet with it, no matter from what it may be formed, is always a *burning gas*. The gas may be furnished directly, as in the case of our ordinary illuminating gas; or it may be made from a liquid, as in the case of lamps; or it may

be made from solids, as in candles, or in the burning of a piece of wood or coal. But in all these cases the material is converted into a gas, or a mixture of gases, before the flame appears. In order that a gas may burn, it must first be heated to a certain temperature, called its *temperature of ignition*. This is equally true of everything capable of burning. Take a piece of wood, for example. We know that this wood must be heated to a high temperature before it will burn, and then the whole piece does not burn at once. The burning begins at the heated point, and from this point heat enough is communicated to the parts immediately adjoining it to cause them to burn. These, in turn, heat up the succeeding parts, and so on, until the entire mass is affected. We know how difficult it is to get a large piece of wood to burn, sometimes. This is due to the fact that we cannot get a large enough part of it heated up to the burning temperature to communicate the requisite heat to the rest. If we cool down any burning body below its burning temperature, the burning necessarily ceases.

By means of a few simple experiments we may illustrate these facts with a flame. The flame of an alcohol-lamp will answer the purpose, but a gas-flame from a Bunsen burner, such as is commonly used in laboratories (Fig. 2), is better. Both these flames have the one property in common, that they do not deposit soot upon objects placed in them. Now light the gas, and bring down upon it a piece of brass or iron wire gauze. A piece four or five inches square may be held at one corner in the hand. It will not grow too hot during the experiment. Although the amount of gas which escapes from the burner is the same now as before the gauze was placed over the flame, there is no flame above the gauze. We may even press the gauze down very near to the burner without the appearance of any flame above it (Fig. 3). But if we apply a lighted match to the upper part of the gauze, a flame appears immediately, and continues to burn, the gauze now having no perceptible influence on it.

If, on the other hand, the gauze be held about two inches above the burner before the gas is lighted, a light applied above it will cause a flame to appear above, but not below it (Fig. 4), while, if the light be applied at first below the gauze, the flame will appear below, but not above it. In either case the flame may be made continuous by lighting the gas above and below the gauze.

Or, further, a spiral of wire may be so introduced into the flame of an alcohol-lamp (Fig. 5) as to extinguish it, though the spiral plainly does not act as an ordinary extinguisher, for it cannot exclude the air. Thick copper wire is well adapted to the purpose. It should be quickly introduced.

How shall we explain these simple facts? It can be shown that they all depend upon the cooling of the gases. The wire gauze placed in the flame conducts off a certain amount of heat, and is not at first as hot as the flame, hence that portion of the gas which passes through the gauze is cooled down slightly below its temperature of ignition, and cannot burn. But if we light it, that is, heat it up to its temperature of ignition, then it furnishes the necessary heat to light those portions of gas which afterward pass through the gauze. A similar explanation of course holds for the second case mentioned, viz., that in which the flame is first above the gauze. There is not enough heat conducted through the gauze to set fire to the lower column of gas. Similarly the alcohol-flame is extinguished because it is cooled down by the spiral.

We have thus given the commonly accepted explanations without giving any proof of their correctness. If

they are correct, then it must be only necessary to heat up the gauze in the first experiments and the spiral in the last to prevent the effects described. This can easily be tested. If the gauze remain long enough in the flame to become heated up to the temperature of the flame,



FIG. 5.—FLAME EXTINGUISHED BY SPIRAL WIRE.

the latter strikes through. Or, if the gauze be hot enough when brought down upon the flame, no effect is produced. So, also, if the copper spiral be heated before it is introduced into the alcohol-flame, it does not act as an extinguisher. A great many other experiments might be described, proving the same thing.

It has been found, further, that metallic tubes of small calibre, as well as gauze, prevent the passage of flame.

Tubes one-fifth of an inch in diameter and an inch and a half long are efficient. Or a bundle of wires placed in a larger tube, in such a way as to fill it as far as possible, forms an apparatus which has the same power. Such a tube is sometimes used for the purpose of safety in connection with explosive mixtures of gases. It being impossible for flame to pass through it, of course its attachment to a vessel containing an explosive mixture will diminish the danger. In short, anything consisting of metal, and in which the apertures are small, will affect the cooling of gases which pass through, and if the gases are burning on one side of the apparatus, the flames are extinguished in passing through.

But what has all this to do with Davy's safety-lamp? The object of this lamp, as we know, is to prevent explosions of mixtures of fire-damp and air, and still permit the use of lights in the mines. When a flame is applied to such a mixture, there is an instantaneous burning of the mass, the burning temperature being very rapidly communicated through the mixture. The elevation of temperature which accompanies the burning causes a sudden and great expansion of the gases; and the rapid burning and expansion together constitute the explosion. Gunpowder explodes in a similar way. It requires but a spark to decompose the smallest particle of the powder, and the action is then communicated with great rapidity through the mass. When it decomposes, it is converted largely into gases, and the volume is enormously increased. In both cases the main act is that of burning or combustion, and this takes place so readily because the substance burned is intimately mixed with the substance which furnishes the oxygen necessary for the

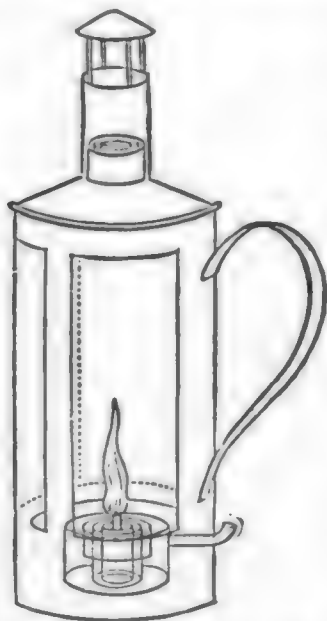


FIG. 6.—THE SAFETY-LANTERN, WITH ITS AIR-FEEDER AND CHIMNEY, FURNISHED WITH SAFETY METALLIC CANALS. THE SIDES ARE OF HORN OR GLASS, MADE AIR-TIGHT BY PUTTY OR CEMENT.

combustion. In the mixture of fire-damp and air, it is the former which burns, and the latter which furnishes the oxygen. In the gunpowder, two substances, carbon (charcoal) and sulphur, burn, while the oxygen is furnished by the saltpetre, the third constituent, which contains a large proportion of the gas.

The explosion, then, is a rapid combustion. But we have seen that a gas must be heated up to a certain temperature before it can burn, and, if we can prevent the mixture in the mine from becoming heated up to this temperature at any point the explosion can be averted. The wire gauze may be brought to our assistance. The first thing that naturally suggests itself is to surround the lamp-flame with gauze. Let us see how this would work. Suppose the flame thus protected should be introduced into the explosive mixture, what would take place? The gaseous mixture would, of course, pass without hindrance through the gauze, and come in contact with the flame. That portion of gas inside the gauze envelope would explode, and perhaps a number of such small explosions might take place. These would distinctly give the word of danger to the miner.

But though the explosions take place within the gauze, the heat necessary to ignite the large mass without is not communicated through it, and the awful results are avoided. This certainly sounds well, but it must be remembered, again, that it is one thing to speculate on a subject, and often quite another to prove the correctness of the conclusion drawn. In this case, fortunately, the reasoning is correct. A candle or lamp, the flames of which are protected in the manner described, may be lowered into a vessel containing an explosive mixture without danger of explosion. The experiment can be easily tried in



FIG. 7.—AN ARGAND LAMP, WITH GLASS CHIMNEY COVERED WITH TIN-PLATE, AND THE SAFETY APERTURES IN A CYLINDER WITH A COVERING ABOVE.

the laboratory, and has frequently been made. There is no doubt as regards the result, and hence the problem which confronted us a few minutes since is apparently solved, and by the simplest means. Minor questions may now come up as to the most convenient form of the lamp, etc., but the problem is essentially solved.

When we consider the simplicity of the lamp we fail to obtain a just idea of the amount of labor which had to be gone through before success was achieved. It is fascinating to turn to-day to the paper of Davy, in which he gives an account of the experiments he undertook in working out the problem of the safety-lamp. We can become familiar with the workings of his mind, and we cannot fail to admire the beauty of his methods. As we read, our own thoughts keep pace with those of the writer, until we can almost imagine ourselves the successful inventors. Here are given some cuts illustrating a few of the different forms of the lamp suggested by Davy. These illustrations are copied from the original paper (Figs. 6-10).

The lamp, in its perfected form, only requires an ideal

workman—that is, one who will always think to put his lamp out before he opens it. But workmen become accustomed to danger, and after a time scarcely give it a thought. To prevent accident from thoughtlessness, it has been found necessary to add some attachments to the lamp. These are mainly—first, one which makes it possible to light the lamp without opening it; and, secondly,



FIG. 8.—A GLASS TUBE FURNISHED WITH FLAME SLEEVES, IN WHICH A COMMON CANDLE MAY BE BURNT.

one which makes it impossible to open the lamp without first extinguishing the flame. In the form in which it is at present commonly used, the lamp is here represented (Fig. 10). It is a stout glass lantern, with wire gauze above, and small openings below to admit the air necessary to keep up the combustion.

It should be mentioned here that at the same time that Davy was engaged in his work, George Stephenson, then an engine-tender in a colliery in Northumberland, was studying the same problem, and that he also succeeded in inventing a safety-lamp, which, in principle, is identical with that of Davy. The lamp illustrated in Fig. 11 is a modification of the Stephenson lamp, the characteristic feature of the latter being the glass cylinder. But it is unnecessary to go into details on this

point.* I have desired to make clear the principles of the safety-lamp, and, believing that this has been done, I can leave the subject, with a brief reference to a source of danger in coal-mines which has only recently been recognized.

It is known that, in spite of all precautions, explosions do occur in coal-mines. This subject engaged the attention of Mr. Galloway, an inspector of mines in England, and, from his investigations, he came to the conclusion that some connection exists between the occurrence of these inexplicable explosions and the firing of shot, or blasting. In seventeen out of twenty-two explosions, occurring within a given period, it was shown

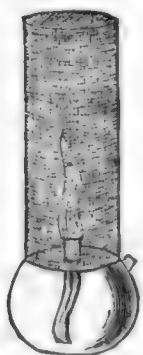


FIG. 9.—A CYLINDER OF GAUZE SURROUNDING A LAMP-FLAME.

that a shot had been fired just before the explosions. It appears that the cause of the explosions, under these circumstances, is the forcing of the flame through the apertures of the gauze of the lamp by the wave of air following the firing of the shot, or the sound-wave, as it is called. Mr. Galloway has shown that certain sound-waves can act in this way. Experiments can easily be performed which prove it. If, for instance, a Davy lamp be placed at one end of a long open tube, and surrounded by an atmosphere of fire-damp and air, and a pistol

be fired at the other end of the tube, the flame is driven through the gauze, and the mixture explodes. Of course this result may be avoided by the use of lamps in which

the flame is surrounded by a glass cylinder, as in Fig. 11.

Thus I hope I have shown that there are interesting lessons to be learned from a pool of stagnant water. We started with the simple observation of an occasional bubble rising through such a pool. From this we were led to the study of marshes, and from these to coal-beds. We found that all of these have certain features in common, and that the formation of marsh-gas or fire-damp is to be noticed in connection with all of them.

The presence of the fire-damp in the coal-beds was found to be a source of danger to the miner, and how to avert this danger was a question which next occupied our attention. The investigations of Sir Humphry Davy,

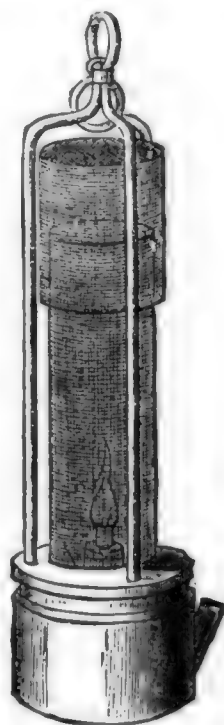


FIG. 10.—THE FINAL FORM.

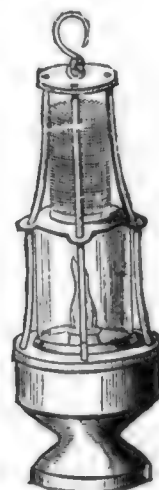


FIG. 11.—MODIFICATION OF THE STEPHENSON LAMP.

which led to the invention of the safety-lamp, were then naturally taken up, and the principles upon which the lamp now in use is based were found to be well worthy of consideration.

THE PRIMITIVE SEAT OF THE ARYANS.

CANON ISAAC TAYLOR discusses recent theories as to the region in which the Aryan race originated. The pre-scientific Japhetic theory and the Caucasian theory of Blumenbach have long been abandoned. A few years ago the theory advocated by Pott, Lassen and Max Müller, which made the highlands of Central Asia the cradle of the Aryans, was received with general acquiescence, the only protest of note coming from Dr. Latham, who urged that the Asiatic hypothesis was mere assumption based on no shadow of proof. The recent investigations of Geiger, Cuno, Penka and Schrader have brought about an increasing conviction that the origin of the Aryan race must be sought, not in Central Asia, but in Northern Europe. These writers have urged that the evidence of language shows that the primitive Aryans must have inhabited a forest-clad country in the neighborhood of the sea, covered during a prolonged Winter with snow; the vegetation consisting largely of the fir, the birch, the beech, the oak, the elm, the willow, and the hazel; while the fauna comprised the beaver, the wolf, the fox, the hare,

* The priority of the Davy over the Stephenson lamp and vice versa has been a subject of bitter controversy. In reality, each inventor worked independently of the other, and deserves equal credit.

the deer, the eel, and the salmon—conditions which restrict us to a region north of the Alps and west of a line drawn from Dantzic to the Black Sea.

It has also been urged that the primitive Aryan type was that of the Scandinavian and North German peoples, dolicho-cephalic, tall, with white skin, fair hair and blue eyes—and that those darker and shorter races of Eastern and Southern Europe who speak Aryan languages are mainly of Iberian or Turanian blood, having acquired their Aryan speech from Aryan conquerors. It has been urged that the tendency in historic times has been to migration from north to south, and that in Central Asia we find no vestiges of any people of the pure Aryan type, while the primitive Aryan vocabulary points to the fauna and flora of Northern Europe rather than to that of Central Asia.

But the Aryans must have had forefathers from whom they were developed; and the inquiry suggests itself, What could have been the race from which the Aryans might have been evolved? A Semitic, an Iberian, an Egyptian, a Chinese, a Turkic, or a Mongolian parentage is out of the question; and the author proposed to show that both from the anthropological and the linguistic point of view the Finnic people come closest to the Aryans, and are the only existing family of mankind from which the Aryans could have been evolved. The Tehudic branch of the Finnic family approaches very nearly to what we must assume to have been the primitive Aryan type.

The only argument for deriving the proto-Aryan from Central Asia was the belief that Sanskrit comes the nearest to the primitive Aryan speech. It is now believed that the Lithuanian, a Baltic language, represents a more primitive form of Aryan speech than Sanskrit, and hence the argument formerly adduced in support of the hypothesis that the Aryans originated in Central Asia becomes an argument in favor of Northern Europe.

If this hypothesis as to the primitive identity of the Aryan and Finnic races be established, a world of light is thrown upon many difficulties as to the primitive significance of many Aryan roots, and the nature of the primitive Aryan grammar. We are furnished, in fact, with a new and powerful instrument of philological investigation, which can scarcely fail to yield important results. Comparative philology must henceforward take account of the Finnic languages as affording the oldest materials which are available for comparison.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE BOTTOM OF THE DEEP BLUE SEA.—Between Cadiz and Tenerife alone, a distance of about 700 miles, 673 soundings were taken on one expedition, resulting in the discovery of two banks, two coral patches and four other shoal spots. Some of the inclines near these banks were remarkable for their steepness. On the east side of one of these the bottom fell precipitously for 450 feet, and on a sounding taken by the *Ducia* during her survey of the Seine bank, a precipice of 18,000 feet was found. A map of the mouth of the Congo showed a most remarkable submarine gully, the contour lines of which were drawn from 202 soundings, many of these having been taken at intervals of less than one mile. In the mouth of this remarkable river a depth of no less than 1,452 feet was found, the Thames in a similar locality giving only about 40 feet. The gully was distinctly traced 100 miles out at sea. It seemed almost incredible that probably one-half of the cables now lying on the bottom of the ocean, amounting to a value represented by many millions of dollars, had been placed on their ocean bed, while those carrying out the work were almost totally ignorant of the bottom on which the cables were destined to lie.

A PRACTICABLE method for recovering the sulphur from alkali waste seems to have at last been devised by Messrs. Chance, and is already being put into operation at several of the largest alkali works. In this the alkali waste is made into a thin cream with water, and placed in a series of vessels connected by pipes, and furnished with inlet and outlet valves; through these vessels a

current of limekiln gases, consisting mainly of carbonic acid and nitrogen, is pumped. In the first vessel the carbonic acid is absorbed by any free lime and by the calcium sulphide, forming, in presence of water, calcium carbonate and sulphureted hydrogen. The latter being driven forward passes into another vessel, where it is absorbed by a further quantity of alkali waste, with formation of calcium hydrosulphide, CaH_2S . When the limekiln gases reach this second vessel the carbonic acid in turn decomposes the calcium hydrosulphide; but as now twice the amount of sulphureted hydrogen is evolved for every equivalent of carbonic acid absorbed, the mixture of sulphureted hydrogen and nitrogen leaving the vessel is sufficiently rich in the former gas to be profitably worked, and is accordingly diverted to a gas-holder, whilst when, after a time, the proportion of sulphureted hydrogen diminishes, the gases are cut off from the gas-holder and passed through fresh alkali waste. By a suitable arrangement of the apparatus and of the number of the decomposing vessels a constant stream of gas sufficiently rich in sulphureted hydrogen passes into the gas-holder. The sulphureted hydrogen can either be burned directly for the manufacture of sulphuric acid or can be burned in a Claus kiln with a limited supply of air, when sulphur and water are formed. The decomposition of alkali waste by carbonic acid was proposed long ago by Gossage, but the sulphureted hydrogen obtained was so diluted with nitrogen as to be unworkable.

EARTHQUAKE sounds frequently precede the shock, are often heard during its progress, and sometimes have been heard after the earthquake proper has ceased. Their character is very varied, from a low, barely audible rumbling, to a loud rattling, like a cart on a stony street, or a volley of musketry. They are heard better in some districts than in others; better, probably, where the earth's structure is hard and solid than where it is loose and soft. After discussing some of the explanations that have been given, Professor Milne suggested that there is a close connection between these sounds and the smaller vibrations which invariably precede the shock proper. He had counted as many as seven per second of these sinusities, and we are warranted in assuming the existence of still smaller and quicker vibrations preceding even these. With more delicate seismographs we might be able to catch the very early infinitesimal movements that herald the approach of an earthquake. With thirty or forty vibrations per second we should have an audible note of very low pitch. It was suggested in the subsequent discussion that as seismographs show a tail-end of sinusities very similar to the initial ones, we should expect to hear sounds succeeding as often as preceding an earthquake.

A STRANGE WHIST HAND.—Many papers (says Richard A. Proctor) contain an account of a case in which the dealer at whist held all the trumps—and all repeat the mistake of asserting that according to Professor Pole the chance of such an event is but one in 639,013,559,600. I feel sure Professor Pole never fell into such a mistake. The chance is really one in 158,753,389,900; but the *a priori* probability that any player will hold thirteen cards of a named suit is that quoted from some misunderstood statement of Professor Pole's. The subject is dealt with fully at pp. 190 and 194-197, in my "How to Play Whist," under the title "Whist Whittlings." It is also a mistake to suppose that because there is but one case among 158,753,389,900 possible dealings at whist in which all the trumps go to the dealer, therefore so many trials would be required to give an even chance of such an event. To illustrate the fallacy underlying such a statement—there are two possible events in coin-tossing, but it does not require two trials to give an even chance of tossing head. *Half that number suffices.*

M. L. CRULS, the Director of the Imperial Observatory at Rio de Janeiro, has made an appeal to all meteorological observers for assistance in the compilation of a "Universal Climatological Dictionary," which is intended to comprise, in a methodical form, the principal meteorological elements from as many stations as possible over the whole globe. The data asked for are the mean monthly and yearly temperatures, together with the monthly maxima and minima, and the dates of the yearly absolute extremes; the relative humidity, amount of cloud, rainfall, number of days of rain, thunderstorms and frost, and the prevalent wind, in each month; the mean annual height of the barometer, and its mean annual oscillation. The work proposed by M. Cruls would be very useful, as, although information already exists for a great number of stations, it is dispersed in many different publications, and is expressed in different measures, so that comparisons are difficult. Details relating to the meteorological elements of his own country, especially, are much wanted.

M. LINDELOF has contributed to the Proceedings of the Scientific Society of Finland (tome xvi.), a paper on the trajectory of a body moving over the earth's surface under the influence of terrestrial rotation. The author considers that the explanation of the movements of atmospheric currents, for instance, as generally given, is far from sufficient, and leads to inexact ideas. The paper is divided into four parts: the first three deal with the equations of the different movements of a body, and with the forms taken by the trajectory; in the fourth part the theory is applied to the calculation of the passage of the atmospheric wave observed after the Krakatau eruption in August, 1883.

SERUM albumen has for many years been in the market, and is a very useful product. It certainly is within the memory of some finishers when slaughter-houses were visited to obtain the serum in liquid state, and which was well adapted for some portions of the finisher's manipulation; but in our day we find serum solidified and a marketable commodity, and largely used upon blank

and other work, for which it is specially serviceable. That albumen in its solid form will, in due time, be quite generally acceptable to the trade may safely be predicted. It is only to know the right proportion of water to be added to any given sample and success will follow. In the hands of intelligent workmen it can be applied upon all leathers with as much safety as the old-time method of securing glair direct from the egg in its liquid condition. As to the origin or introduction of evaporated albumen into this country, it is apparently traceable to the manufacturers of textile fabrics, who, above all others, are most interested in its easy transportation and cheapness, and, in fact, are still offering prizes and medals of honor for new discoveries of production with a view to economy in its use. Among present sources from which egg albumen is obtained Germany, and Russia may be mentioned, although a limited quantity is made in New York from what may be termed a "waste product" in glove-making, the white of eggs being rejected in this manufacture, while the yellow is of primary importance; but in the glove-making district of London the albuminous part of eggs is secured in barrels and retailed to binders as glair, "pure and simple," and this may explain the reason why so little appears to be known by Londoners of the merits of commercial albumen, now so plentifully supplied through our channels of trade and in general favor with bookbinders throughout the United States.

It is not generally known that the art of printing reached the distant Island of Iceland as early as 1584. One Gudbrand Thorlakson, Bishop of Holum, not only translated the Scriptures into the Norse language, but he caused the printing to be done at his own private press, cutting the blocks for decorations and capitals himself. The technical excellence of this first edition of the Icelandic Bible (a stout folio of three volumes) is said to rival the contemporary productions of Germany. The printer's imprint reads: "Printed at Holum, ap Jono Jons syno, 1584."

The University of Upsala has recently been presented with the fossil skeleton of a whale, found in a layer of marl at a depth of ten feet in the Province of Halland, in the south of Sweden. The skeleton, which is almost perfect, is that of a whale which had been called *Eubalana Svedenborgii*, from some portions of a whale skeleton found last century in the Province of West Gothia, and now also in the Museum at Upsala. The skeleton is the only one complete over found. It is that of a young whale.

A NOVEL mode of forming electrolytically deposited copper tubes is attracting considerable attention. The copper is slowly deposited in a thin coating on an iron mandrel kept constantly rotating in the bath. As the copper forms it is pressed by an agate burnisher, which compresses the molecular structure into a hard and solid mass of great tensile strength. Such copper has reached a breaking strain of forty tons on the square inch. The process is due to Mr. W. Elmore.

ACCORDING to a communication by M. A. Pavloff to the Moscow Society of Naturalists, the meteorite which fell in August last at Okhansk, in Perm, is one of the largest yet known. Its weight before it was broken was about 1,100 pounds. It belongs to the group of stony meteorites. As it contains particles of unoxidized nickel iron, it must be classified with the sporado-siderites. Its spherical mineral aggregates bring it under the heading of chondrites.

THE smell of paint, which is frequently so unpleasant in both a new house and one that has been freshly done up, is easily removed by means of a few armfuls of thoroughly damped hay, which should be laid loosely about the rooms and passages, and left for twenty-four hours, after which it may be taken away, and, if necessary, replaced by another lot.

THE works of Zosimus, a writer of the third century of the new era, deals with the extraction of gold by means of its natural ores treated with mercury. This process appears to have been substituted for a still more ancient method, in which the ore was fused with lead, salt, a little tin and barley bran, and submitted to a genuine process of refining.

A PROCESS for making writing-paper from seaweed has been invented. The weed is boiled with carbonate of soda, and the filtered solution is treated with sulphuric acid. This yields a paste more viscous than gum arabic, and it is supposed that it can be properly utilized. After this paste is removed, the fibrous matter left is made into paper.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A CLOSE call—The tailor with his bill.

WHY is a sword like beer?—Because it's no use till it's drawn.

WHAT does a chiropodist mean when he advertises that he has "removed corns from several of the crowned heads of Europe?"

MARY—"Stop your flatteries, or I shall hold my hands to my ears." John (wishing to be complimentary)—"Ah, your lovely hands are too small!"

MANHET—"What are you looking at me in that way for? Do you think I'm a fool?" Barnaul—"Oh, no; I never judge people by their looks! Appearances are deceitful."

A SCHOOLMASTER, describing a money-lender, says: "He serves you in the present tense, he lends you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjunctive, and ruins you in the future."

Of all men, Adam was the happiest—for he had no mother-in-law.

EVERY man has three characters—that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

THE most extraordinary thing about our Envoys Extraordinary is that there is nothing extraordinary about them.

STRANGE that man should have two ears and but one tongue, when, as everybody knows, he would rather talk all day than listen five minutes.

FIRST OFFICER—"I have so many debts that nothing remains for me but to marry or to shoot myself." SECOND OFFICER—"Well, then, marry! You can shoot yourself later, too."

OLD LADY (gazing at an oil painting)—"Who painted that air picture, mister?" DEALER—"Rosa Bonheur." "One of the old masters?" "No, ma'am; one of the old missuses."

"If it were customary in this country to confer titles upon men who rank in literature, what should I be?" asked a conceited journalist of his editor. "Baron of Ideas," was the terse reply.

FIRST SPEAKER—"What a bore it is to have to wear glasses! I can never get a pair to suit both my eyes and my nose." SECOND SPEAKER—"Well, you can't expect the eyes and noses to be unanimous."

OLD LADY (to cabby who has just brought back an umbrella left by her in his cab)—"Oh, cabman, please accept my best thanks!" CABBY—"Beg parding, mum, but I don't think I've a pocket big enough to put 'em in!"

"How is it, my dear, that you have never kindled a flame on the bosom of a man?" said an old lady to her pretty niece, with was portionless. "The reason, dear aunt," replied the young lady, "is, as you well know, that I am not a good match."

A CLERGYMAN, with not much of a clerical gift, came into the place of worship drenched with rain, and said to a brother who stood by, as he shook and brushed and wiped his clothes: "I shall certainly take cold if I go into the pulpit so wet." "Oh, no," was the reply, "you are always dry enough there."

OLD GENTLEMAN (to his nephew)—"I wonder what makes young Dobson so awfully unpopular? He's always seemed a very nice fellow." NEPHEW—"Yes; but, you see, he writes poetry." OLD GENTLEMAN—"Well, that isn't a crime, is it?" NEPHEW—"But, you see, he insists on reading his poetry to people." OLD GENTLEMAN—"He does? That settles it."

AWFUL LONESOME.—A little fellow five or six years old, who had been wearing flannel jackets much too small for him, was one day, after being washed, put into a garment as much too large as the other had been too small. Our six-year-old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked about, and finally burst out: "Ma, I do feel very lonesome in this jacket!"

"PRISONER," said a judge, "what have you to say to this indictment; are you guilty or not guilty?" "Before I answer the question, I'd like to ask your lordship if this little spectacled wretch is all the lawyer I've got?" "That is Mr. Ferguson, sir," responded the judge, sternly; "I have appointed him to defend you, as you seem to have no counsel." "Judge," said the prisoner, sighing heavily, "I'm guilty."

THAT'S WHAT ANNOYED HIM.—Hezekiah Jones's milk trade has not been a success of late, one family, whose custom was most liberal, having deamped in the night without payment. "But of course you watered the milk, and so didn't lose much," said Mrs. Serowdriver, in a conciliatory way. "No," said Hezekiah; "that is where it 'urts—that's where it galls. They was new customers, and I hadn't started worterin'." Then he betook himself to the pump-handle with increased vigor, and sent out for some chalk.

AT AN evening sociable, a musical young lady played and sang a piece called "Sylvan Sounds," in which the singing and notes of the linnet and the lark were imitated. "Did not that young lady's singing remind you of the singing of birds? You might have thought she was really a bird." "Yes, but I never saw a bird sit down at a table after it had got through singing and hide away three or four cups of tea, half a ham, and enough cake and ice-cream to founder a mule. You never saw a lark or a linnet do that, did you?"

COMMON LAW AND EQUITY.—"Pray, my lord," said a gentleman to a late respected and rather whimsical judge, "what is the difference between law and equity courts?" "Very little in the end," replied his lordship; "they differ only as far as time is concerned. At common law you are done for at once; in equity you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet which is instantaneously and charmingly effective; the latter is an angler's hook, which plays with its victim before it kills it. The one is prussic acid, the other laudanum."

A COUNSEL thought that he would overcome Lord Norbury on the bench. One day his lordship was charging a jury, and the address was interrupted by the braying of an ass. "What noise is that?" cried Lord Norbury. "'Tis only the echo of the court, my lord," answered the counsel. Nothing disconcerted, the judge resumed his address, but soon the barrister was compelled to interpose with technical objections to the charge. While stating them the ass again brayed. "One at a time, if you please," remarked his lordship, with a sarcastic smile.



PEASANT GIRL OF THE BLACK FOREST.



COBURN & CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

IN DISGRACE.

1554

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